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# DREAM ISLES At Cut Rates

## Boom in Sale of Islands

Here are Some of the Bargains

By Air Mail from MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England.

There has been a boom in the sale of islands recently.

Islands have always spelled romance, adventure, freedom, and leisure to troubled mankind. Now threats of war, heavy taxation, and artificial living have made an island seem even more a paradise.

IF you can save a few thousand pounds you can be monarch of your own island.

You can survey from your windows—which need not have blinds, as there won't be any neighbors—your own untrampled seashore, your own few thousand gallons of sea, your own motor yacht gently rocking in the little harbor, your own green pastures, contented flocks, your own shepherd, who will treat your monarchial dignity with much more respect than the clerks in the city office.

You can forget what a fence looks like, what a motor horn sounds like, what a pavement feels like.

Except for income tax, and on some islands small land tax, you can even forget what an O.H.M.S. envelope looks like.

A group of fifty wealthy English people and Americans, led by Major Edwyn Tyrrell-Beek and his wife—who thought of the scheme—are taking refuge from civilisation on an island in the West Indies. They will fish, shoot, grow their own food and live under the British flag.

Capt. E. Seacroft is sailing soon with a party of a dozen men and women in a 62-ton trawler to establish an island paradise on Floreana, off the coast of Ecuador.

They will plant coffee, cotton and beans, and breed chinchilla rabbits. From Floreana they will make ex-



peditions to the Cocos Islands in search of treasure.

Miss Dorothy Anderson Sharpe, a Harley Street specialist, has bought an island off the western coast of Ireland, where she will spend her holidays.

Miss Bowen Colthurst ran her own farm in Essex until she had a disagreement with the local municipal authorities. Without bothering to inspect the property, she bought a small island in the Shetlands, where she will re-establish her farm.

### Island-minded

MR. HARVEY BATHURST, the "island expert" at Hampton and Co., one of London's biggest estate agencies, is very island-minded.

He spent some time in the north island of New Zealand breeding sheep, and he is a relative of the Hon. Hugo Brassey, who bought Dunk Island.

He said that island selling is a specialised technique. Sales have to be gently and patiently encouraged.

They require more time, though less eloquent sales talk, as clients frequently have to make long and arduous trips to view them.

He has a nice line in islands for sale. There is Ronay Island, off the

SUNSET ON GREEN ISLAND, on the Great Barrier Reef. There are not many islands for sale in these parts, but elsewhere, reports our London representative, some "bargain" sales are available for those longing for idyllic island life.

coast of Inverness-shire—1500 acres of heathered hills and valleys where snipe and wild duck abound.

Six hundred black-faced sheep graze in the pastures with only one shepherd to look after them, because the sea takes the place of fences and sheepdogs.

It can be reached by car or train, then a short sea journey or by privately chartered plane. The price is £3500.

On the island of Yell the ruins of an old Pictish castle are thrown in for the purchase price of a few thousand pounds.

Benbecula Island is one of the most spectacular island properties for sale. The purchase price is £12,000, but it returns rents of more than £1000 for small holdings, a small inn, a mill, and school-houses. Taxation and the minister's stipend amount to just over £200.

If you like that sort of thing, Benbecula's shooting provides grouse, woodcock, duck, snipe, green plover, pigeons, curlews and rabbits.

A large, modern house surrounded by one and a half acres of flower and vegetable gardens inside a ten-foot stone wall, makes Valley Island, off Inverness-shire, an attractive refuge from civilisation at £6000.

### Good Investments

SEALS abound on the rocky coast, and the lochs are filled with brown trout. Burdens and rates amount to only £30 a year, including the minister's stipend—of £11/10/10.

A ford two miles in length, over which a dogcart can be driven before and after low tide, separates the island from the mainland.

Many of these islands now owned by squires in plus fours belonged formerly to our fur-clad ancestors, the Picts, later to the great Scottish clans, and then became part of huge estates in Scotland.

They became profitable investments when kelp, used for the manufacture of soap, brought high prices.

The drop in price since other materials have been used for soap, explains why some of these islands have been put on the bargain counter.

The island department also offers three islands in Canada. One is South Pender, in Plummer Sound, off British Columbia, with three and a quarter miles of water frontage, cedar and fir trees mirrored in the calm waters of the Sound, fishing and duck shooting—for £2000.

Another, Peers Island, 20 miles from Victoria, and only one mile from the mainland, is almost too civilised with water supply, telephone, electric light and wharf—price, £10,000.

### Tropic Existence

KNAPP ISLAND, next door, has 40 acres of garden, and parkland, a ten-roomed house, with modern facilities, including h. and c. and e.l., a three-roomed cottage for a servant, landing stage, and mail delivered daily—price, £8000.

Romance beneath a tropic moon, swimming in palm-fringed landlocked bays, white breakers on the reefs, exotic tropical flowers and fruit, are for sale with Guiana Island, near Antigua, in the West Indies, for £11,000—taxation, £10.

Cooled by the trade winds, the house stands on a rocky headland. It is the original bungalow built by early settlers, with additions built in the original stone.

A ferry provides contact with Antigua, 70 yards across the channel, and though the island provides idyllic solitude it is only nine miles away from five lines of steamers and one air line at St. John.

So far no islands in the Barrier Reef or the Pacific have been included on the island price list, but Mr. Harvey Bathurst thinks he could dispose of a few to sun-starved English people.

## Scholarship for Dancers

By Air Mail from Our London Office

AUSTRALIA'S dancing world has frequently drawn attention to the fact that while there are many rich scholarships for singers, musicians, and painters, there are none for dancers.

The news that the Royal Academy of Dancing in Great Britain will award two £100 scholarships in Australia every two years will be good news to teachers and supporters who have worked so hard to raise the standard of dancing in Australia.

The first visit of an examiner to Australia last year, when Mr. Felix Demery, conducted 300 major

and 752 children's examinations, proved so successful that an examiner will be sent to Australia every two years.

The scholarships will be awarded every two years during the examiner's visit, beginning in 1937. One scholarship will be awarded to candidates from Queensland and New South Wales, and the other to candidates in Victoria, South Australia, and West Australia.

One problem to be dealt with by the Academy, the question of age of teachers, is of particular interest in Australia, where there have been many cases of children as young as twelve or thirteen giving dancing lessons.

## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



### Mining Company Promoter

MISS GRACE GILLESPIE is a young Australian who has made the promotion of mining companies her career. She took a mining exploration expedition to North-West Australia recently.

She began her career with a few shares, an attractive manner, and a keen brain. Now she has interests in five gold-mines, and has had mining experience in Victoria, South Australia, West Australia, and Queensland.



### Played Lead in Thrillers

MISS LORNA DAWSON, of Adelaide, during her 18 months' residence in England and Scotland, played in many parts on the legitimate stage.

She played lead in several "thrillers," as well as being understudy to Diana Wynyard in a play by Kate O'Brien, who invariably attended rehearsals. Miss Dawson, who had a good measure of success in Sydney before going abroad, is to be married in May to Lieutenant-Commander John A. Walsh, R.A.N., and will make her home in Sydney.



### Deputy For World Chief

SIR PERCY EVERETT, who was deputy for the World Chief Scout (Lord Baden-Powell) at the huf Centenary Scout corroboree at National Park, South Australia, has been honorary treasurer of the Girl Guides for 20 years.

Sir Percy has been connected with the Boy Scouts' movement since its inception in 1907, when he assisted the Chief Scout at the original experimental camp at Brownsea Island.

## Adorable complexion—costs one shilling

WHO'S THE GLAMOROUS LADY YOU'VE BROUGHT TO THIS PARTY, TOMMY?

SHE'S THE GIRL I TOOK TO THE LAST PARTY, AUNT ELIZABETH!

NORMA? WHY SO IT IS! HOW LOVELY HER COMPLEXION LOOKS TOMMY!

EVERYONE IS SAYING THAT—EVEN THE CATTY ONES

OF COURSE, WOMEN ADMIRE REAL BEAUTY IN EACH OTHER.

I WISH THE MEN DID LESS ADMIRING—I LOSE NORMA THE MOMENT I GET TO A PARTY.

I'VE JUST BEEN SAYING—MY DEAR, THAT MOST GIRLS WOULD GIVE A LOT FOR YOUR COMPLEXION.

IT WOULD COST THEM EXACTLY ONE SHILLING... A BOX OF ERASMIC FACE POWDER.

ADD the touch of glamour to your complexion with the special "fineness" in Erasmic Face Powder.

**ERASMIC FACE POWDER**

Erasmic Vanishing Cream—2/6 Jar, 1/6 Tube. A delightful powder foundation. Erasmic Cold Cream—2/6 Jar. Cleanses and softens.



1/- PER BOX

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND LEADING STORES



# The ELOPING HIDALGA

By  
**RAFAEL  
SABATINI**

*The romantic pirate, Captain Blood, figures in another thrilling adventure on the Spanish Main.*



IT was a Spanish atrocity upon a party of English pearl-fishers in the neighborhood of the Gulf of Maracaybo that inspired in Captain Blood the project of raiding the pearl-fisheries of Rio de La Hacha. The enterprise was fraught with more than ordinary danger because the Admiral of the Ocean-sea, the Marquis of Riconete, cruising with a powerful squadron off the Main, was fiercely vigilant. So rudely had Captain Blood handled him that the Admiral dared not return to Spain with the disgrace of it upon him, and his vindictiveness was proclaimed in his far-flung announcement that he would pay the enormous sum of fifty thousand pieces of eight for the person of Captain Blood, dead or alive, or for information resulting in his capture.

If, then, the raid upon La Hacha was to succeed, it was of the first importance that it should be carried out smoothly and swiftly. To this end, Captain Blood undertook a preliminary reconnaissance. Moulting his normal courtly plumage, discarding gold lace and Mechlin, he dissembled his long person in brown home-spun, woollen stockings, plain linen bands, and a hat without adornment. He discarded his black periwig, and swathed his cropped head in a kerchief of black silk that was like a skull-cap.

In this guise, leaving at Tortuga his fleet, consisting now of four powerful ships manned by close upon a thousand buccaners, Captain Blood sailed alone for Curacao in a trading vessel, and there transferred himself to a broad-beamed Dutchman that voyaged regularly between that settlement and Carthagena.

Representing himself as a buyer of hides, and assuming the name of Tormillo and a mixed Dutch and Spanish origin, he landed at Rio de La Hacha on a Monday in June, having arranged that on the following Friday morning, the Dutchman, on his way back from Carthagena, should call to take him off again.

HE took lodgings at the Escudo de Leon, ingratiated himself with the merchants of La Hacha by the quantity of hides he agreed to purchase, and by Thursday evening had smoothly accomplished all that he came to do. He was

## My Favorite Poem

### The Cloud

By Percy Bysshe Shelley.

*I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.*

*From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one;  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.*

*I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under;  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.*

Sent in by Annette Johnston, Bellevue Hill.



Illustrated by  
**FISCHER**

*The woman darted to him and spoke first in Spanish, then in English. "Vamos, George, Vamos! Quick! To the boat! We are almost there!"*

acquainted with the exact armament and condition of the fort, with the extent and quality of the military establishment, and the situation and defences of the royal treasury, where the harvest of pearls was stored. He had even contrived to inspect the fishery where the pearling-boats were at work under the protection of a ten-gun guarda-costa, and he had ascertained that Riconete, having flung out scouts, made his headquarters with his squadron at Carthagena, a hundred and fifty miles away.

All this he had accomplished without a false move that should make his identity suspected. But returning to his lodging as dusk was falling, on that Thursday evening, he received a message that checked his satisfaction.

He was informed that a Spanish gentleman, Don Jayme de Villamarga, had been seeking him there and would return again in an hour's time. The stifling heat of the evening was suddenly diminished for him. But he kept his countenance.

"Don Jayme de Villamarga?" he repeated slowly, giving himself time to think. "There was a gentleman of that name once in Santiago of Porto Rico."

"It is the same, sir," the landlord answered him. "He was governor there, I think, or, at least, alcalde, until a year or two ago."

"And he asked for me?"

"For you, Senor Tormillo," Captain Blood breathed more freely, whilst the host continued: "He came back to-day from the interior with a parcel of green hides which he desires to offer you."

"Don Jayme a trader?"

The fat little vintner spread his hands.

"What would you, sir? In the New World such things can happen to a hidalgo when he is not fortunate."

Captain Blood took off his hat and mopped his brow. Quite apart from the prospect—welcome to a gentleman in adversity—of earning fifty thousand pieces of eight, Don Jayme would be eager enough to lay him by the heels.

There was one thing only to be done. Impossible now to await the return of the Dutch ship in the morning. In some sort of vessel, alone if need be, he must get out of La Hacha at once.

PROTESTING that he could not put a gentleman born to the trouble of seeking him again, he desired to be informed of where Don Jayme was to be found. But when he stepped out of the inn again, it was not to follow the landlord's careful directions. Instead, it was towards the harbor that Captain Blood took his brisk way down a street that was almost deserted at this supper-hour.

He was within fifty yards of the water when the peace of eventide was broken by sounds of murderous strife from an alley on his left. Preoccupation on his own account might have kept him from intervening, but

for an exclamation from one of those busy swordsmen.

"Perro Ingles!" was the vituperative cry he heard. "Dog of an Englishman!"

In foreign lands, to any man who is not dead to feelings, a compatriot is a brother. Blood plunged into the gloom of the alley, his hand on the butt of a pistol inside the breast of his coat.

Then it occurred to him that here was noise enough already; and since the last thing he desired was to attract spectators by increasing it, he whipped out his rapier instead.

By the little light that lingered he could make out the group. Three men were assailing a fourth, a tall fellow, who, with his back to a closed door, and his left arm swathed in his coat so as to make a buckler, offered a defence that was as desperate as it must ultimately prove futile. That he could stand for a moment against such odds argued an unusual toughness.

At a little distance beyond the brawling quartet the slight figure of a woman, cloaked and hooded, leaned in helplessness against the wall.

Blood's descent upon the group was stealthy, swift and practical.

His sword went through the back of the nearest of the three assailants.

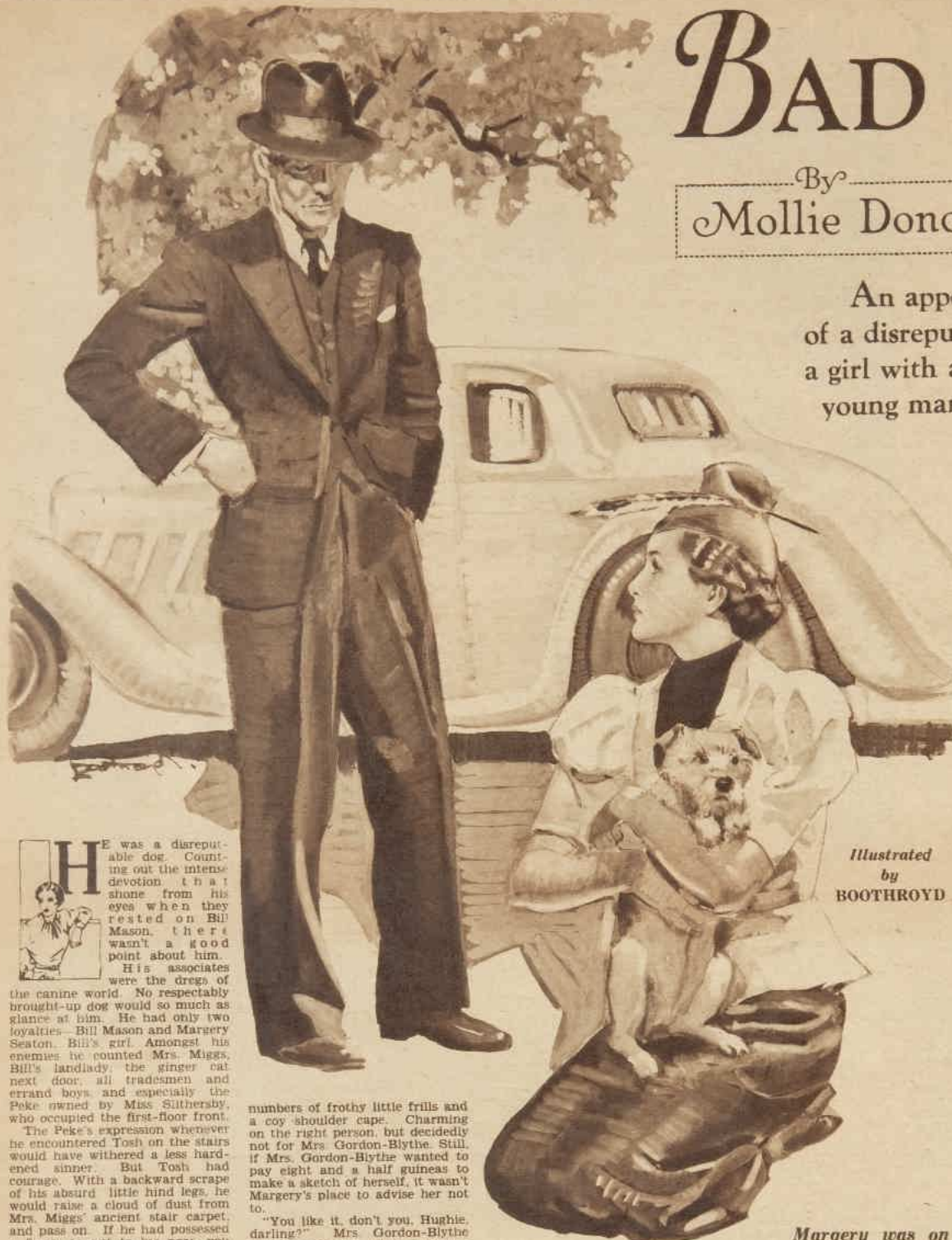
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# BAD Dog

By  
Mollie Donovan Maule

An appealing story, telling  
of a disreputable little dog . . .  
a girl with a temper . . . and a  
young man who was jealous



Illustrated  
by  
BOOTHROYD

**H**E was a disreputable dog. Counting out the intense devotion that shone from his eyes when they rested on Bill Mason, there wasn't a good point about him.

His associates were the dogs of the canine world. No respectably brought-up dog would so much as glance at him. He had only two loyalties—Bill Mason and Margery Seaton, Bill's girl. Amongst his enemies he counted Mrs. Miggs, Bill's landlady, the ginger cat next door, all tradesmen and errand boys, and especially the Peke owned by Miss Sutherland, who occupied the first-floor front.

The Peke's expression whenever he encountered Tosh on the stairs would have withered a less hardened sinner. But Tosh had courage. With a backward scrape of his absurd little hind legs, he would raise a cloud of dust from Mrs. Miggs' ancient stair carpet, and pass on. If he had possessed a finger to put to his nose, you may be sure that it would have been there.

Margery was fond of Tosh in a reserved, defensive sort of way. Her clothes had suffered at his paws many a time. But she bore with him for Bill's sake.

Margery ran a little dress shop in one of the less fashionable thoroughfares leading out of Knightsbridge. It was pretty successful on the whole, for Margery had a way with her.

Sheer racketeering, Bill called it, having watched her dispose of a streamlined confection in ice-blue satin to an over-upholstered customer, who would have been wiser to stick to black lace.

"If I only sold people the clothes they ought to wear, I should be ruined," Margery told him. "Women with the right figure to show up these slinky models are few and far between."

"I bet they all envy you," Bill eyed her admiringly. "Lovely figure and all!"

Margery threw a cushion at him. She was thinking of this now, as Mrs. Gordon-Blythe decided on the pink chiffon.

Mrs. Gordon-Blythe was blonde and full-blown, with prominent blue eyes and a bright complexion. The pink chiffon was one of those intensely ingenua gowns, with

numbers of frothy little frills and a coy shoulder cape. Charming on the right person, but decidedly not for Mrs. Gordon-Blythe. Still, if Mrs. Gordon-Blythe wanted to pay eight and a half guineas to make a sketch of herself, it wasn't Margery's place to advise her not to.

"You like it, don't you, Hughie, darling?" Mrs. Gordon-Blythe turned to her son, whose immaculate length occupied one of Margery's gold cane chairs.

"I think it's perfectly charming," he assured her, his eyes on Margery's face.

She was one of the prettiest girls he had ever seen, he decided, as he watched her throw the pink chiffon dress over the back of the chair beside her desk. He had noticed a tiny twinkle in her eye, which suggested that she was a good sport, too.

**H**E watched her as she sat down and wrote out the bill. He managed to catch her eye as she rose with it in her hand and crossed to his mother.

She smiled. If he had known it, it was Margery's professional smile which she gave to all her customers and her customers' relatives or friends. But Hugh took it as a personal matter. He would follow this up, he decided.

"Oh, just look at the rain!" cried Mrs. Gordon-Blythe, as she fitted tight, white kid gloves on to over-plump hands. "You'd better call a taxi, Hughie."

It was coming down in torrents. Margery was disappointed. She was expecting Bill at any moment.

*Margery was on her knees in the dust, gathering a limp little form into her arms. Yes, it was silly, darling Tosh, and a trickle of blood was oozing from his paw.*

It was Saturday, and they had arranged to go for a walk in the country. But if the weather was like this, they would have to go to the pictures instead.

As soon as Mrs. Gordon-Blythe had gone, Margery rushed round putting things away. It was nearly one o'clock. She wasn't likely to get another customer before closing time.

A few minutes later Bill, buttoned up to the throat in a raincoat, came in.

"I suppose I'd better leave Tosh outside. He's in an awful mess," Margery glanced down at her grey pile carpet.

"Well, I think it would be just as well," she said. "I won't be long now. Just these few things to put away."

Bill sat down and watched her. "Heavenly one," he said. "You look beautiful!"

"You mustn't flatter me, Bill," she smiled at him. "It goes to my head. Oh, listen to Tosh! Isn't he naughty? He's scratching at

the door. He'll take off all my lovely new paint."

"I don't think he'll do any harm if I let him in," said Bill. "I'll wipe his paws on my handkerchief if you like."

"Put him on this," Margery threw him a large sheet of brown paper.

But Tosh wasn't used to brown paper. He disapproved of it from the first. Grey pile carpet was much more to his liking.

Neither Bill nor Margery was noticing him as he sidled off. The soft, warm pile was very comforting to his wet tummy. He wriggled along blissfully. Then he espied the pink chiffon dress. Not that he knew that it was a pink chiffon dress, or for that matter that it was a dress at all. All he knew was that it looked very inviting.

One well-judged bound, and he landed on the chair. Three turns to find exactly the right spot, and he settled down with a peaceful little sigh.

"I've just got to slip a dress

up to the workroom. Bill," Margery told him, "ready for the girls to get on with on Monday morning."

Her eyes widened with horror. "Tosh!" she screamed, dashing forward. "Oh, Tosh! You wicked dog!"

Tosh gazed up at her with wide-eyed innocence. With none too gentle hands, Margery tipped him out of the chair.

"Oh, it's ruined! Absolutely ruined!" Her eyes filled with angry tears. "Look, Bill! Look what your wretched little dog has done. Why on earth couldn't you have left him outside?"

"I say, Margery, I'm most awfully sorry. I'm afraid I wasn't noticing what the little beggar was up to."

Bill gazed at the muddled and bedraggled pink chiffon in dismay. "Can't anything be done about it?"

"Nothing! Absolutely nothing," Margery's voice trembled between anger and despair. "Eight and a half guineas gone up the spout. To say nothing of losing a very valuable customer."

"Surely the dress can be replaced?" said Bill.

"Not in the time. The customer particularly needed it to wear on Monday evening. I can't possibly get another made by then. What on earth can I say to Mrs. Gordon-Blythe?"

"I should tell her the truth," said Bill. "If she's anything like a decent sport, she'll understand."

"Tell her the truth!" Margery's voice was full of scorn. "Tell her that I allow a dirty, disreputable little dog to do what he likes in my shop, and climb all over my customers' dresses, smothering them with mud? It would sound nice and business-like, I must say."

"It's rotten luck," said Bill, "and I'm awfully sorry about it. But the heavens won't fall even if you do offend one customer. Has she paid you yet?"

"No," Margery admitted. "She was sending me a cheque."

"Then you'll have to accept mine instead," Bill told her. "How much was the dress?"

"I don't want you to pay for it," Margery stormed. "That isn't the point at all. In a small business like mine, I can't afford to offend a customer."

**T**OSH had withdrawn to a corner. He knew he was in disgrace, but he didn't in the least know why. He had always been allowed to jump on chairs. How was he to know that this chair was different from any other?

He discovered a belt that had fallen off one of the frocks as Margery tidied up, and commenced to chew it ruminatively.

"Well, don't let it spoil our day," said Bill. "Look, there's the sun trying to break through. I believe it's going to be a fine afternoon, after all."

"I'm afraid my day is already spoiled," Margery's mouth was mutinous. "I don't feel the least inclined for going out now. As for Tosh, I—I feel I never want to see him again."

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# FLOWERS from FREDA

*She threw away  
her one chance of marriage  
for a man she  
could not forget.*

*Complete  
Short  
Story*

**F**REDa saw the young man coming into the flower shop. She saw him framed in the green doorway. Tall. Dark. Eyes that sought hers pleadingly and implored: "Please serve me!"

Freda left the bowl of primulas that she had been arranging and went forward, smoothing down her green smock. All the girls employed by Country Flowers Ltd. wore green smocks. All of them had reddish gold hair and flower-like faces. The company were particular about that. Freda had come to the work because she needed a job badly and because she loved flowers. But most of the people who purchased here did not love them her way. They wanted them artificial and stilted and sophisticated. Long-stemmed roses. Forced lilies-of-the-valley. The sort of violets that live in frames and never dream of the loveliness of a mossy ditch.

The young man advanced. "I want some flowers, please." She sized him up instantly. A white gardenia to wear to-night with tails? Orchids for a lady friend, to whom perhaps he might act as dancing partner? Roses and lilies for a fiancée?

"To send to a lady?" she inquired.

He laughed. "Yes, I suppose so, only she isn't a lady really. I don't think I like ladies, do you?"

"Well, I don't know." She caught the corners of her mouth twitching, and instantly brought them back again. Furtively she touched a green bowl of long-stemmed pink roses.

"Now these are lovely and fresh," she said.

"Yes, but they look so grand. Would you choose those yourself?"

**C**AUGHT un-  
aware, she flashed back: "No, of course I wouldn't. I'd choose something that wasn't forced." She stooped and lifted up a glowing ruby bowl of wallflowers.

"Smell these," she said.

Politely he smelt them.

"Grand. Let's have the lot."

"Shall I send them?"

"You don't suppose I can walk down Regent Street carrying them, do you?"

"Of course not." She wanted to giggle.

"I'll give you the address. It is Miss Elvira Tomkins. She was our cook for a long time, and she deserves everything in the world for the divine way in which she made steak and kidney pudding. Tell me, you like it?"

"I have it whenever I get the chance," said Freda, "and not only because she liked it, but because it was so expensive only on a restaurant menu and provided meat and pudding in one. But he would not know of such economies. He was well dressed and smart and could afford to send the cook flowers."

She wrote down the address carefully. Then he went round the shop.

"I love flowers. I adore the smell of them. Shall you mind if I come in here and look at the flowers sometimes?"

"Well, we are not supposed to be an exhibition, you know," she said. "We are here to sell the goods."

"Oh, I'll buy some and send them to somebody; it is difficult to find anyone to send them to, isn't it?"

"Is it?"

He said quickly: "Aren't you difficult? Most girls melt, but you freeze. Were you always made that way? Where do you live? Why do you work here?"

And because it was her habit to answer straightforwardly she said:

"I live at 12 Redley Gardens, and I work here because, unfortunately bread and butter is not to be found growing in the London parks."

Then the manageress came forward. She was austere and aloof; she did not like customers who stayed too long and only ordered wallflowers. She believed in the more expensive kind of flower. He saw her approaching and fled.

Funny that Freda could not forget him. There are some men like that who stay in your mind. It is so seldom that you find a man sending flowers to his cook.

So seldom that you find one who is little boyish and has beseeching brown eyes. But fast, of course, she told herself hurriedly. A man who had adopted a boyish way of talking because he knew it was charming.

She thought of him through the economical little lunch. She thought of him as she caught the bus home to 12 Redley Gardens. She saw his eyes as she cooked her evening egg on the gas-ring, and envied the people who did not live in bed-sitters, but who had real homes to which they could return.

She was even thinking of him when Hal Grey called to take her to the movies.

Hal Grey was the young man round the corner. She had known him ever since she had first gone to work at Country Flowers Ltd. He was young and dapper. He was in a good job, and it was going to be much better a little later in the year. When you know nobody at all in London save one person, that one person is liable to become precious. Loneliness drives hard. Freda wanted a home of her own.

That was Hal all over. She could not tell him she was thinking of the young man who sent wallflowers to his cook. She merely told him of a wearying day in the shop.

"Well, why stay on in the shop? At Whitsun I'll get my salary put up. We can take a bungalow in a decent suburb—somewhere where there is fun. We can run a baby car. Go on a cruise for a honeymoon."

She thawed slightly, but all the while she saw the dark eyes of the young man she hardly knew laughing at her.

"This is a stupid, sentimental

show," said Hal. "I wonder why we came." And he bustled out into a gay cafe where they could sup and dance and sit there with a jangling, discordant band playing and people bursting balloons in the belief that it was all extremely good fun.

When she got to bed she told herself: "I'm old and stodgy. That's it! I'm ten years older than my twenty-three really. Hal is the reasonable and sane proposition in my life, and unfortunately I don't feel reasonable and sane about him. What'll I do?"

That time when Freda had fainted

he wanted a little car, she wanted a man to love her, and later on rumpled-headed kiddies. Well, and why not? Aren't they every girl's dreams? Hal was the only man likely to offer her these things, and she did not like him—very much.

He was a good sort. He was kindly disposed, a trifle conceited, and egotistical. His position was secure and he knew it. He realised that Freda would eventually become his, because her position in Country Flowers Ltd. was not secure. At any time it might fail her and the manageress with the eagle eye had never quite forgiven that time when Freda had fainted

on to a box full of expensive "La France" roses. She had stored that up against her. You could never trust that manageress.

Hal took Freda out to the pictures. It was a most sentimental show. They sat in the good seats, and Freda took off her hat and held it in her lap so that Hal could not hold her hands.

"You're being very quiet," he said. "It's tough luck on a chap who brings you out and pays good money to make you enjoy yourself, and then you go all ga-ga. What's up?"

By

URSULA BLOOM

show," said Hal. "I wonder why we came." And he bustled out into a gay cafe where they could sup and dance and sit there with a jangling, discordant band playing and people bursting balloons in the belief that it was all extremely good fun.

When she got to bed she told herself: "I'm old and stodgy. That's it! I'm ten years older than my twenty-three really. Hal is the reasonable and sane proposition in my life, and unfortunately I don't feel reasonable and sane about him. What'll I do?"

That time when Freda had fainted

he wanted a little car, she wanted a man to love her, and later on rumpled-headed kiddies. Well, and why not? Aren't they every girl's dreams? Hal was the only man likely to offer her these things, and she did not like him—very much.

He was a good sort. He was kindly disposed, a trifle conceited, and egotistical. His position was secure and he knew it. He realised that Freda would eventually become his, because her position in Country Flowers Ltd. was not secure. At any time it might fail her and the manageress with the eagle eye had never quite forgiven that time when Freda had fainted

And next day the young man came into the shop again. She knew he was there before she saw him. She felt a thrill, ecstasy and enchantment, all of which was ridiculous considering that she did not know him.

He came across to her. "The wallflowers were not a success," he said. "Cook says they make the water smell. Absurd, isn't it? What can you suggest to-day?"

"The tulips are very good. Perhaps she would like those tall red ones? They look rather like cooks themselves."

"By love, they do!" She lifted a sheaf of them out of water.

"I think she would like these," she said.

"Send her a dozen."

"Certainly."

Mechanically she took down the order. She knew that he was watching her all the time, and it gave her a curiously perturbed feeling.

"You seem nervy to-day," he remarked. "What's happened? Wasn't your young man good to you last night?" His eyes laughed.

She ought to have replied that she had not a young man and that he wasn't to ask foolish questions, but instead she told him the truth, simply because she couldn't help it.

"He is the young man who is in my life by force of circumstances," she said rather primly, "and I am not at all sure that he is the right young man."

"I'm quite sure he isn't," was the startling reply.

Then he had gone.

Please turn to Page 18



Illustrated  
by  
**SHREVE**



# MARCH OF THE MODE by *René*

## Black Lace and Lame



• ABOVE: Guipure edingote with curving belt, cuffs, and neckband of satin worn over silver lame gown. At Right: Gown of gold sheer lame. Dramatic lace mantilla.

• ABOVE: Flared tunic coat of black lace worn over pale pink lame sheer. Flowers at waist and in hair.

*René*



# SUITS..With an Air of Distinction



● **CENTRE.** Three-piece ensemble of black duvetyn, featuring unusual cape with stiffened conical shoulders, trimmed with Persian lamb. Three-quarter tunic with round buttons.

● **ABOVE:** A three-piece suit with plain rust cape worn over a dashing little suit of rust-and-grey check. The hat of Burberry felt is of the same tone as the cape, softly pliant in texture.

● **THE ATTRACTIVE** two-piece suit at the extreme left of the page is of smoke-blue pointed Venetian, it features shirred sleeves and the longer jacket line. The hat of smoke-blue felt is of "Anthony Adverse" type.

## Burberry Models In Sophisticated Weaves

**EXQUISITE** fabrics of subtle color and weave, extravagant silhouettes, gay check, bepoeketed jackets, glistening cire linings, inverted pleats lined with contrasting color—these are features of the new Burberry collection.

Gone are the days when "Burberry" meant a serviceable raincoat or a sturdy, unromantic tweed suit for country wear.

The crest of Royal patronage now gleams over a superb collection of suits designed to give elegance in any surrounding.

Fabrics are distinctive and unusual. Earlier autumn collections favored rough and knotted textures in homespun tweeds, but the more sophisticated of the Burberry models are carried out in smooth weaves of

duvetyn, velour and a new material called "pointed Venetian"—a soft facecloth gleaming with long silvery hairs.

Most interesting is a three-piece ensemble carried out in black duvetyn. Shoulders of the flared, knee-length cape rise to stiffened cones trimmed with deep circles of Persian lamb. Underneath a simple tunic is fastened from neck to knee with round, material-covered buttons, and the skirt slinks neatly to mid-calf. A silver-buckled "Anthony Adverse" hat of fine black felt slightly steeple-crowned is worn on a curled fringe.

There is a military flavor about a two-piece suit with a diagonally-striped cape swinging happily from the shoulders over a plain, straight-skirted frock with high short revers of similarly striped material.

A swagger suit in canary Venetian features high squared shoulders. The black flared three-quarter coat swings to show its unusual black cire lining, matching a pleated scarf.

Grey and rust check frieze allied with plain grey tweed shows a check underskirt through the split tabs of a slightly shorter skirt of plain grey, matched by a short jacket with check flaps on the breast pockets.

Snowdrop tweed is used for a simple frock with two inverted pleats in the back. It is a lovely weave with white bell-shaped knots on a black ground. The jacket is of black duvetyn with a short basque standing out from the hips on stiffened ribs. Sleeves finished with cuff muffs of Persian lamb—cosy affairs for tucking the hands into.

From **MARY ST. CLAIRE**, our Special Correspondent in London, by Air Mail

# Amazing

HEARNE'S Bronchitis Cure obtains its amazing results **WITHOUT** the use of narcotics. Doctors are fighting for many a life to-day because a "simple cold" was neglected in its early stages. If all "Colds" were promptly treated with HEARNE'S, there would be fewer cases of Pneumonia.

## HEARNE'S BRONCHITIS CURE

C12



# The Fashion Parade by Petrov



## Midseason SPLENDOR

● REGAL FABRICS are part of fashion's homage to this Coronation year. Battleship lame fashions the dignified evening gown at the left. Slim-fitting, its tunic and hemline swing into a vivacious flare. Both at the back and front the decollete adopts the Elizabethan line. The next gown, of black silk velvet, has a separate skirt, and the bodice is cut high to the waist in front. The fullness in the back of the skirt is achieved with two long, floating panels.

● AN INTERESTING dress with a sloping neckline is fashioned of earth-red crepe. The frock fits snugly to below the knees, the back train and front fullness being cut from one piece of the fabric. The next frock is in Patou-blue crepe. The bodice adopts a flared tunic effect, triangular pieces above and below the waist at back and front ensuring a form-fitting line. Straps and belt are of diamante.



# Our Brilliant Serial . . . . . LADY with CARNATIONS

**K**ATHARINE LORIMER has achieved fame as an antique dealer. At 35 she buys a valuable miniature, "The Lady With Carnations," for over 9000 guineas.

NANCY SHERWOOD, her niece, has chosen a stage career and after a rapid courtship announced her engagement.

CHRIS MADDEN, wealthy American, is her choice, and Katharine takes a dislike to him for some unknown reason.

Katharine is planning a trip to America to dispose of the miniature. Meanwhile Nancy is on tour with a new play, and Chris, who went with the company, returns unexpectedly to London and telephones Katharine.

NOW READ ON—

By . . .  
**A. J. CRONIN**

Illustrated  
by  
**FISCHER**

"**H**OW is the play going?"

"Oh, fine, fine," he answered, perhaps a shade too quickly. "Nancy is an absolute knock-out. I want to tell you all about it. Say, Miss Lorimer, will you come to lunch?"

Katharine reflected quickly. She was free of engagements. Yet she had no desire to be under obligation to Madden. She said, "No! You come to lunch with me."

"All right." He accepted without demur. "Pick me up here. Only let's go somewhere quiet. Suppose we go to one of those Fleet Street chop houses I've heard about."

About an hour later Katharine, having acceded to his request, sat opposite Madden in one of the stalls of the Cheshire Cheese, surrounded by the cheerful bustle of hospitality which always fills this famous hostelry, and hearing his account of the northern trip. He spoke warmly. The opening had gone well, they were playing to good houses, and Nancy in particular had been grand. Yet Katharine, listening without comment, her eyes fixed upon his dark, mobile face, read a hesitancy between his words and a refusal to commit himself upon the play.

"They're tightening up some of the scenes," he concluded. "And changing the end of the second act. That ought to improve it when it comes up here."

"You don't think much of it," said Katharine bluntly.

"Well, no," he admitted candidly. "It isn't near good enough for Nancy!"

Though he did not know it and Katharine herself made no sign it was the most telling answer he could have given. Spoken with ingenuous simplicity it went straight to Katharine's heart and swept the last of her prejudice away. She decided at that moment that she liked Madden and henceforth would accept him without reserve.

"You're very much in love with Nancy, aren't you?" she asked.

"I certainly am, Miss Lorimer," he answered steadily.

There was a pause, then she said, crumpling her roll into tiny fragments, "I daresay you've found me pretty tiresome. I might even have said suspicious. But then I'm fond of Nancy, too, terribly fond of her. She means really everything in the world to me." She looked up quickly, almost apologetically, a faint color in her cheeks. "Sorry to be so sentimental and old-fashioned, but I'm only trying to explain my attitude. I do so want Nancy to be happy and in spite of all this horrible modern cynicism I know the only way she will be happy is by marrying the right man, the man who loves her, who'll take her away from this silly business of the stage and make a

real home and—oh, dear, oh dear," she broke off self-consciously, "there I go again. But I can't help it. Out of date or not, it's exactly how I feel about Nancy."

"Believe me," he replied very seriously, "I'm darn glad you do feel that way, for it's just how I feel myself. Nancy's a great little actress, but . . . well . . . when she marries me, though I guess I'm no Romeo, I'd expect her to play all of that Juliet act back home."

She smiled at the turn of phrase which epitomised all that she had struggled to say.

"Then we do understand each other. We're friends. And you go right ahead with Nancy."

"That's a real break for me, Miss Lorimer. And while we're about it, if you don't object, I think I'd better make it Katharine."

"You make it anything you like. So long as you don't blame me for being such a dragon."

"If you're a dragon," he drawled, "I guess you're the nicest I ever saw."

They both laughed and the tension which had grown insensibly during those last few moments suddenly relaxed. A silence followed. Madden, as though sensible that enough had been said upon a difficult subject, made no effort to pursue it. Instead he looked around the old room, on whose time-darkened walls hung many relics of the past, the pewter pots and old churchwardens, handled by famous men in literature and law.

"**I**'VE always wanted to come here," he remarked. "I suppose that sounds very banal and American to you. But it's true. It'll always give me a real kick to think I've lunched at the Cheshire Cheese."

"The food is good," she agreed. He smiled.

"Oh, you know it isn't that, Miss Lorimer—sorry, I mean Katharine. Of course this pie is marvellous. Who would think of putting steak and oysters and larks all in the same dish? But I'm thinking of Dr. Johnson and Boswell and Goldsmith. How they came here and talked and wrote and had their ale under these old rafters. And nothing changed either. The waiters still running about in aprons and bawling through the hatch like the stage coach had just come in. Oh, I daresay that's raw stuff, naïve I suppose you'd call it, but I love these old things and I guess I'll never have enough of them."

His enthusiasm was infectious. She said:

"There's lots to see in London if you're interested."

He nodded and helped himself to celery from the old glass dish that stood on the chequered tablecloth.

"Yes, I know. I've been too busy with Nancy to have much opportunity—I wouldn't expect her to come trailing through museums," he smiled again; then was serious. "But I guess I'll have a wander

round this afternoon. There's plenty I want to see right here in the city if I can find it."

He was so genuine in his intention that Katharine's heart warmed to him. She reflected that he probably did not know a soul in London beyond herself, and she had a swift vision of him asking his way of policemen and getting lost rather disconsolately in the gathering gloom of the Inns of Court. She exclaimed on an impulse:

"Suppose you let me show you round. I ought to know my way about if anyone does."

His face lighted up in a manner which was extraordinarily attractive.

"Oh, would you? But it would bore you. And you've far too much to do."

"I think I can find time." Her

Beyond the outer traffic  
mutter the quiet was absolute, the sole  
movement the sleepy pecking of a few pigeons among the  
cobblestones.

lips compressed themselves upon a smile. "And it mightn't bore me as much as you think."

It was half-past two when they came out into Fleet Street and with the high cupola of St. Paul's filling the bright sky above them, walked up towards the Strand.

Katharine had not been in this part of the city for years, and it gave her, as she had half-anticipated in her remark to Madden, an extraordinary thrill to walk those pavements which had known the hurrying footsteps of her youth.

As they passed outside the Law Courts she recognised the familiar landmarks—St. Clement Dances, her tube station, the tea-shop where she had lunched usually on

sausage roll and cocoa—the whole panorama of those early days flashed back upon her with a quick and exquisite nostalgia. How little, despite the march of progress and the jam of panting vehicles which now encumbered the streets, how little it had changed—the same black-coated clerks and pale-faced typists, top-hatted bank messengers, shouting newboys, the same square-set commissionaires, stock-brokers, whining beggars, and fat aldermen—at least in her youthful innocence she had so supposed them—all pressing forward, forward in that inexorable stream which was life itself.

Please turn to Page 48





# WOMEN'S PART in Greatest SHOW

## Comprise Almost One-third of Total of 11,000 Exhibitors

Women are again preparing to take their part in Australia's greatest annual show—the Royal Easter Show, which opens in a fortnight's time. Over 3500 women are included among the 11,000 exhibitors.

One of the youngest exhibitors this year will be little Edwina Hordern, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Hordern. A saddle pony has been entered in her name.

EDWINA'S father is one of the vice-presidents of the Royal Agricultural Society, and her uncle, Sir Samuel, is president.

Although Edwina is already a splendid little horsewoman and is a well-known figure, mounted on her pony, Dumbell, in the Bowral district, she will not herself enter the show ring as yet. Her mother considers she is still far too young to become a Show equestrienne. She

will not be four until next month. Mrs. Hordern will ride her own mount, Rusty, in the ladies' hacks, and has also entered Hereford cattle in eleven different sections.

Women exhibitors from all parts of the Commonwealth will be well represented at the Show.

Mr. Skidmore, assistant secretary of the R.A.S., said that there are approximately 11,000 entries for the Show this year, and 3500 women are included.

"Women play a very important

### Two Women Will Exhibit Pigs

THE names of two women are included in the list of exhibitors of pigs at the forthcoming Royal Show.

They are Lady Stewart, wife of Sir Frederick Stewart, and Mrs. M. R. Bean, of George's Hall.

part towards the success of the Show," he said.

"They contribute particularly in the lay-out and display of the district exhibits. It is because of their help that the decorations in these sections are among the most outstanding exhibits of every Show."

Exhibits cover a large field, but it is interesting to note, especially,



ALICE VAN and Johnny Schneider, American trick riders, who will appear at the Royal Easter Show.

that some of the more rare varieties of dogs are being shown by women.

Women who will show some of the biggest dogs are Mrs. R. A. Gale, great danes; Mrs. M. Campbell, of Coonamble, and Mrs. V. B. West, of Epping, Afghan hounds; while the exhibit of Mrs. G. Aitings, of Waverley, will be an Irish wolfhound.

The cute little Cairn terriers which have been so fashionable, with the Royal Family leading, will be represented by entries received from Mrs. M. Skene, of Barwon Heads, and Mrs. Lindsay Smith, of Sandringham, Victoria.

### Girl Riders

THESE owners have been induced to bring their dogs to the Sydney Show by Mr. Randle Berry, who is a very keen admirer and breeder of Cairn terriers.

Schnauzers will be represented by an entry from Mr. Horace Whiddon, who is a member of the council of the Royal Agricultural Society.

In the dog section a number of the less popular breeds are being exhibited by lady owners, notably Mrs. E. C. Hirst, of Ingleburn, who will show both Dalmatians and dachshunds. Other Dalmatian breeders whose dogs will grace the Show benches are Mrs. A. F. Waters, of Auburn, and Mrs. R. J. Markell,

wife of Dr. Markell, of Darlinghurst.

Victoria and South Australia will be represented in the classes for hacks, hunters, and harness horses. Miss Mary R. Baillieu, of Toorak, is bringing over a team of hacks and harness horses, and Miss Phyllis C. Bray, of Glenelg, South Australia, hacks and hunters.

Another lady breeder of hacks who will be represented is Miss Noreen Dangar, of Goswick, Uralla, with her sister, Mrs. W. G. Giblin, also of Uralla.

Mrs. Harry Meeks, of Bellevue Hill, will show both hack and pony. Mrs. C. M. McLean, of Burradoo Park, Burradoo, has entered her ponies, while Mrs. A. D. D. Maclean, of Yan Yean, Victoria, specialises in Shetlands.

Among the lady riders will be Misses Madge Keane, Emily Roach, and Marcia McKenna, and Mrs. A. A. Laidlaw, of Ararat, Victoria.

Girl riders will be well represented in cattle drafting, where they ride with the men and compete on level terms. In every other phase of the Show women will play their part.

One of the Show's most spectacular roles will be played by Miss Alice Van, the champion trick rider of the United States, a cowgirl of 19 years who holds a five years' unbeaten record.

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Did you know that in Nepal women of the Newars never become widows? Each infant girl is married to a bel fruit, which is then thrown into a sacred river.

Have you heard of a newly-discovered tribe of Venezuela, brought to light a few years ago in the dense forests of the Guiana highlands, a backward race, who had never seen a white man?

THESE and other strange, little-known facts concerning the habits, traditions, and beliefs of all the peoples of this amazing world of ours are brilliantly told in picture stories in The Australian Women's Weekly's special Easter concession book, "Peoples of the World in Pictures," soon to be available to our readers.

This book, worth £2/2/-, handsomely bound, containing 512 pages, and over 700 splendid photographs, is being made available for 5/6 to readers who fulfil the conditions as advertised on page 32 of this issue.

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A native of New Guinea swallowing a cane, with old men of his tribe waiting to seize the end protruding from his mouth and dance round him in a wild, initiating ceremony... A Ucaiali Indian mother holding her baby, moulding its head with a wooden contrivance so that the head will assume the shape ap-

proved by fashion... Pictures of the Turkana, a nomadic people living on the borders of Kenya and Uganda, the tallest race on earth, wearing the hair of their dead ancestors...

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If you want to be sure of securing this splendid book, make your reservations early. Supplies are limited, and already bookings have been so heavy that it is likely the offer will have to be withdrawn very soon.



# ROMANCE of MRS. BERNARD O'REILLY

## Charming Wife of Australia's No. 1 Hero and Her Daily Life

### BRAVE PIONEER FAMILY

Australia has acclaimed the heroism and the genius for bushcraft shown by Mr. Bernard O'Reilly in his search for the Stinson plane lost in the wild Lamington Plateau in Queensland. At the week-end Sydney had the opportunity of seeing the hero and his wife, who are now on holiday in N.S.W.

*The romance of the O'Reillys is one of Australia's most charming love stories. The history of the whole family, indeed, is a picturesque chapter in our pioneer records.*

**MRS. BERNARD O'REILLY** was born and educated at Mount Morgan, Queensland, but went with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. King, to live in Brisbane in 1926.

When Mr. Bernard O'Reilly set out alone on what seemed the impossible task of locating the lost Stinson plane, he was cheered on his journey by his wife.

She was on holiday from her home in Brisbane, and staying at the now famous Lamington Hostel, when she first met Mr. Bernard O'Reilly.

It must have been a case of love at first sight, for soon after meeting the young couple became engaged and were married a year later.

Some idea of the rugged nature of the country in which her future home was to be made may be judged from the fact that the task of getting their furniture into their new home involved tremendous difficulties.

The furniture was taken from Kerry Siding and left at the foot of the mountain. Then every piece of it had to be carted six miles on pack horses. Some of it the O'Reillys took on their own backs. The travelling with the furniture was over country similar to that in which the lost Stinson was found.

**MR. AND MRS. BERNARD O'REILLY** called their home by the appropriate and charming name of Goblin Nook.

Their house is quite separate from the hostel, and Mrs. O'Reilly takes no active part in the hostel management, devoting herself entirely to the care of her home and the little daughter of the marriage, Rhelma.

Rhelma is a bonny little four-year-old whose curly locks and general charm have made visitors call her Shirley Temple.

The problem of her education is now puzzling her parents, and it looks as if the only solution is for Mrs. O'Reilly to teach Rhelma with the assistance of a correspondence course.

Her parents feel that she is too young to attend boarding school for a few years yet.

### Devoted Family

**MR. O'REILLY'S** mother, who, like the rest of her family, shrinks from publicity, is now over 70. She is Australian born, having lived in New South Wales for many years in the Blue Mountains district, and for the last 20 years in Queensland.

In the early days, she used to ride a great deal. She is a practical farm woman and even now will take a turn attending poultry and butter-making. She is a very fine needlewoman and attends to all the sewing and mending connected with the hostel.

She was widowed in 1917 and the same week lost a son in the war. Other members of the family are the Misses Molly, Rose and Ann, and Messrs. Mick O'Reilly, who lives with his wife at Maleny; Herbert O'Reilly, living at Kerry; Thomas and Peter, who live in North Queensland; and Joe, who is at the hostel. The Misses Rose and Ann are trained nurses.

Members of the family are all very devoted to each other and great home-lovers. Their main hobbies are reading and studying English literature.

Like her brother, Bernard, the girls greatly prefer to avoid publicity. Miss Molly was educated at St. Joseph's, Penrith, N.S.W., and



MISS ROSE O'REILLY, sister of Mr. Bernard O'Reilly. A bush lover, she is here shown in the surroundings she loves in Queensland.

**BERNARD O'REILLY**, expert bushman, and proprietor of the Lamington guest house in the Queensland National Park, who, on foot and alone, made the tragic discovery of the Stinson's whereabouts.



her sister Ann at the Convent of Mercy, Blackheath, N.S.W.

Molly and Rose welcome and look after the guests at the hostel, Miss Molly doing most of the cooking and generally superintending the place.

Miss Rose, who was trained at the Brisbane general hospital, loves outdoor life, and spends much of her life in the saddle.

When the search party set out for the plane, she accompanied the rescuers, as she felt that her services as a trained nurse might be needed by the doctor giving attention to Messrs. Frowd and Hindle, the survivors of the plane disaster.

Modestly, the family thinks that too much is being made of Bernard's achievement.

"After all," said Miss Molly, "it is just the true country spirit that Bernard has shown and he has had such wonderful assistance from so

### The O'Reilly Hostel

THE O'Reilly family started dairy farming at Lamington 17 years ago. They were then the only settlers there. They secured a free-hold property of several thousand acres in extent in the middle of Queensland's National Park.

Eleven years ago they started the hostel with a slab hut and two tents. They were induced to embark on this venture by nature lovers who visited the farm and wanted accommodation. They have gradually added to the hostel until to-day it can accommodate 70 visitors.



A CHARMING STUDY of Mrs. Bernard O'Reilly, wife of Australia's No. 1 hero. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. G. King, of Brisbane.

was asked if she would like to travel. "Yes," she said, "but the opportunity to travel has not come yet. Although I frequently go to the city, it is the bush I really love best, and am happiest in. I am always glad to get back."

"We are all like that. Our sister, Ann, likes moving about a little more than the rest of us, and she often takes a nursing case away from home. All the same she comes home quite often during the year and loves it all the time she is there."

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# An Editorial

MARCH 13, 1937.

## THE LESSON OF AIR DISASTERS



THE recent crash of the Stinson plane in wild, hazardous country, and the rescue of the survivors by a skilled bushman after the official search was abandoned, forcibly direct public attention to the shocking neglect of ground organisation by our Governments.

Whatever the immediate cause of this appalling disaster, the chief contributory cause was absence of efficient ground organisation and control; and this lack was also the cause of the ineffective search for the lost plane from the air.

Had adequate official ground reports, supplemented by wireless control, been available, the inaccurate rumors of the plane's position would have been discounted, and a search of the crash area immediately undertaken.

Modern commercial air transport is based upon effective ground control, just as modern railway transport is based upon an effective signal and telephone system.

Along directional radio beams, and protected by the additional aid of two-way short-wave radio telephony, the modern American, British, or European commercial plane travels an air route just as a train travels a set of rails.

But in Australia pilots of commercial planes are forced to trust to luck and skill when adverse conditions for flying arise.

The Government authorities now hastily promise a complete chain of radio beacons, talk of making two-way wireless compulsory, and in many cases are framing more stringent regulations governing air reports and landing grounds.

In other words, they are "wise after the event"; it has needed a spectacular tragedy to reveal to them their neglect of safeguards which are simply a matter of common sense, and have been adopted as natural preliminaries to air transport elsewhere.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Boosting the Best

WOMEN as house-managers, says Countess Haig, should help along Empire trade by making up their minds to "buy British."

A statement to which every loyal woman will subscribe. But a housewife must also study economy when buying for a family. If British goods are better than cheap, foreign trash, she must be persuaded they are so.

This is where attractive "get-up," labeling, display and advertising weigh heavily with purchasers. As in Empire trade with the East, British manufacturers have been somewhat remiss in this matter. Luckily they are now "catching up." The British Trade Fair touring Australia just now provides a splendid example.

## Back Door Needs Polishing

ONCE again Darwin, "Australia's Back Door," is under criticism. Aeroplane travellers passing through stigmatise its ugly, ramshackle buildings as a disgrace to Australia.

Local residents plead that tropical conditions impose much of the straggling appearance of the town. This is only partly true. One has only to compare the efficient neatness of the American tropical settlement in the Panama Canal Zone.

Darwin, as aviation goes ahead, is destined to become not the back gate, but the front door of Australia. As a visitor's first impression it needs a thorough "once-over" before it is too late.

## Iron Nerves

REFERRING in this column to the fact that Crown Prince Michael, of Rumania, recently had his appendix removed under local anaesthesia only, it was stated that such operations, common in Europe, are rare in Australia.

Mrs. Jack Deacon, of Parkes, N.S.W., writes to tell us of two Australian cases, both operations being performed over six years ago. One patient was her father, aged 58, operated on at Condobolin Hospital. Retaining consciousness on the "table," he held no terrors for him, we are told.

We can only envy this lucky Australian's lack of "nerves." For most of us the wait for merely a tooth-extraction is a pretty harrowing affair, however painless the sequel.

## Cooee, Coronation!

HUMOR and tragedy jostle in recent Coronation news items. Possibly spurred by the fact that Haile Selassie, ex-Emperor of Abyssinia, is to be a guest, "King Billy," an Australian aborigine, has put in a claim. All he needs is a top hat, frock coat, striped trousers, a fancy tie, and his fare, to join the contingent of dispossessed monarchs at the ceremony.

King Billy claims descent from the warrior king who confronted Captain Cook at the historic "landing" at Botany Bay. His request has a touch of pathos. Like Haile Selassie, his ancestor was actually overwhelmed, not by any particular leader or King, but by that irresistible force, Civilization. And it is the outward trappings of that dubious blessing which now appeal to our native "King," the tie, the creased pants, and the glory of a top hat.

## Music and Annoyance

"WHAT is noise?" will soon become a pressing problem, when the various Noise Abatement Societies formed throughout Australia tackle the matter.

A prima-donna practising scales may ravish the ears of a music-lover, and yet be a (something) nuisance to a sick person, or a student of mathematics next door.

Consider also the flat-dwellers who open all windows and turn the radio full on, "to give the neighbors a treat," and merely succeed in irritating them to murder point.

Even classical music is merely a nuisance if blared from a gramophone at midnight. But not every music "fan" will admit that this is so.



THE KING has passed this design for Coronation medals. The double head portrait of Their Majesties on the obverse of the medals was designed by Mr. Langford Jones. The medals are for supply to municipal and other bodies.

## Millionaire-Land

RUB eyes and look again—but it's true. Once-famous American film-producer Griffith, who has already paid his ex-wife \$250,000, is now suing to get half the amount back.

Griffith claims that this astounding all-mony was extracted from him by "threats"—a statement which will send sympathetic shivers down the spine of many Australian Henry Henpecks.

But as for getting it back—as the poet sang, "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

## Lyric of Life

### A Lady

Night wears a velvet, purple wrap  
And gems are scattered in her hair  
And in tranquillity she wears  
The moon, a pendant solitaire.

A lady of a hundred moods,  
Perhaps of gracefulness and  
rest—  
Or yet a very termagant  
With passions raging in her  
breast.

—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . . By Wep



# Nursery Schools For Abnormal Children

By Our Medical Correspondent

The dire need for occupational centres for mentally deficient children is now provoking much thought in Australia.

MUCH is being done, and much more will be done in the near future, to make life happier for the child who is crippled in body. The child who is crippled in mind is a far greater problem.

In England, nursery schools for physically backward children and occupational centres for mentally deficient children are growing up throughout the country.

Those interested in child welfare work would like to see these two movements grow and flourish side by side in Australia.

There is a centre in Staffordshire where nurses interested in occupation centres do a training course.

Every maternity and Child Welfare centre in England has pamphlets available on the backward child. Every Health Centre sister in Australia should have an information book available for distribution to mothers of mentally deficient children.

The education of these children if begun on adequate and enlightened lines in infancy will make their lives much happier, and help them to fit into the home much better.

## Wrong Approach

IN an article in the Medical Journal of Australia, Dr. D. M. Emberton, honorary physician to out-patients at the Children's Hospital, Melbourne, recently wrote:

"General knowledge of the necessary preparation and care of food has practically eliminated summer diarrhoea from the out-patients' departments, and reduced infant mortality in Victoria in the first year of life from 80 per 1000 to 40 per 1000 in 1934."

"The guidance vouchsafed to mothers with such dramatic results in relation to the problems of what enters the stomach can be provided in relation to that which enters the baby's mind."

"Through ignorance or inability to create a right environment, parents often frustrate the normal social development of the child, and cause maladjustment of his environment."

"The degree of maladjustment determines the resulting nervous tension and abnormal reactions to what would be normal environment."

"Reduced to its simplest terms, maladjustment means a wrong way of approaching, thinking about and tackling ordinary daily problems."

"From such nervous tension and inability to find a way out of their difficulties, spring temper tantrums, convulsions, breath-holding, epilepsy, lying, truancy, thieving, crime and insanity."

Nursery schools are beginning to help these maladjustments, but there is still the problem of the mentally deficient child.

The responsibility for the degree of his abnormality does not rest with the child, but with society. The child bears the punishment.

## Work of Centres

SISTER F. GRILLIS, who is in charge of the Infant Welfare Department of the Returned Soldiers' Association in Melbourne, has been in touch with the Staffordshire Association for Mental Welfare for years, and has gathered together much useful information about occupational centres.

She is trying to interest Australian authorities to such an extent that they will at least establish these centres in all capital cities as a beginning.

"If only we could establish one centre, where the practicability of the scheme could be demonstrated, I am sure that women who are moved by a spirit of service to these children will come forward to be trained for the work," she says. "It will be highly specialised work, and can only be undertaken by women of great understanding and patience."



# GEMS From The LOWER ANTHOLOGY

## His Philosophy About Raising Money And Washing His Neck

By L. W. LOWER, Australia's Foremost Humorist.

I have been viewing the Test Match between Australia and England. If you have ever worn (awfully sorry, I'm looking for my cuff-links). If you've ever watched a Test Match (you can never find the damned things when you want them).

If you have ever watched the closing stages of a Test Match (I've got them. In my vest pocket all the time). It's a funny thing but have you noticed that you can put a thing down carefully in a certain place and when you go back to it is isn't there?

I WOULD like to tell you what (strange, but I have forgotten what I was going to tell you). People keep coming in. I am the most visited bloke in Melbourne. If all the people who have visited me were placed end to end they would reach all over the place. I meant to tell you . . .

I'm sorry I just can't carry on with all these lads mucking around. Mr. Oldfield sends his love.

I meant to tell you that in between watching the Tests I've been compiling my anthology. (What's

an anthology? Oh, just one of those things. . .)

Thought you girls would like an advance view of some of the gems from your Uncle Lennie's collection. So, in the inimitable Lower manner, here goes:—

IT is frightfully hard to raise a hundred quid on the spur of the moment. One dashes up to one's best friend, and says, "Old boy, I'm stuck for a century; can you cough it up?"

The friend laughs heartily, and, turning to an adjacent playmate, says, "He does this for a living, you know. A professional humorist."

ALL this racing stuff like, "Did it. in 1.10" (approximately twenty past one) is nonsense. What one wants is the real turf instinct. You have a good look at the horse as he walks out of the saddling paddock. Then you have a good look at the jockey. Then you have a heart to heart talk with the trainer.

After that you say to yourself, "Oh, yeah!" and go and have a meat pie and a glass of that curious beer you get at racecourses.

AFTER all, washing the back of the neck is merely affectionation when a man wears a collar.

PROFESSOR BROWNE, of the Royal Microscopical Society, predicts a world without men.

By courtesy of Professor Harvey Sutton I am able to inform him that this is well on the way.

In 1910, says Professor Sutton, there were 110.55 males to every 100 females. Now we are down to 102.92.

Get that? One hundred and two men and one crooner. In 1910 there were 110, and a man on piece work.

I HAVE been warned by the police to closely scrutinise all the New Zealand £10 notes I get, as they are mostly forgeries.

It has been bruited abroad that the New Zealand Government doesn't issue £10 notes.

I have a shrewd suspicion that the Australian Government doesn't, either.

If they are issued, it's being kept pretty dark. Probably a limited edition bound in morocco and signed by the author.

THERE is a thrill in successfully harpooning a goldfish. The idea is to stand on top of the wireless cabinet and wait until a good specimen comes around on its beat.

A swift lunge, a piercing yell from the goldfish, and then the wild chase. The thrust and parry. If I may use the name of an old firm.

YOU remember the rhyme—"A banana by the river's brim just looked like indigestion to him, and it was nothing more." All color and no soul.

Now, take milk. Milk is the perfect food. It must be, because they rear bulls on it.

And soya beans. An excellent opportunity to say, "I soya first. Where ya bean?"

ON my last visit to the Bloody Tower I spoke to an old Bull-fighter. (Beefeater! Dammit, how many times have I got to tell you?)

I spoke to an old Beefeater, who

complained bitterly, about the beef issued to the Yeomen.

"It ain't what it wuz," he said, as I was standing contemplating the Crown Jewels. "The gravy isn't the same, neither," he went on. "They put flour in it. Weakens a man, it does."

"Where's the great ruby gone



People keep coming in. I am the most visited bloke in Melbourne.

the Flying Handicap, we're sunk. "Unless," he added in a thoughtful manner, "they postpone the Coronation until after the Derby's run."

## "How my ASTHMA ended when I bought a Stamp"



This was said the other day by a woman who formerly suffered agony from acute asthma. She told how, after years of suffering, she rid herself of the choking gasping attacks which were ruining her life. The first real step to this blessed relief was when she placed a stamp on an envelope addressed to us . . . for by doing so she learnt the BASIC CAUSE of Asthma, and how Dr. Hayle's treatment gave permanent relief.

ENDS STUBBORN CASES  
Dr. Hayle's new treatment has earned the praise of thousands of men and women who have had cause to bless its marvellous healing action. They all tell of the amazingly quick and PERMANENT relief it brings. They all praise the simplicity of the treatment. There is no resorting to noxious drugs, sprays, injections and other useless and expensive "remedies."

RELIEF FOR YOU!  
This same marvellous help is offered to all sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. By posting the Coupon below, you will be sent, absolutely FREE, a copy of the 32-page book in which the discoverer of the only NATURAL Asthma treatment tells of his wonderful work. From this book you will learn the REAL cause of Asthma and Hay Fever. You will learn how all those distressing symptoms, which are making your life a misery, arise from this cause. Most important of all, you will learn how you can clear out all traces of this agonizing complaint from your body. We do not offer you any free sample. Relief can only be gained by a proper, scientific treatment, and this book tells you HOW!

Clip out and mail the coupon below. Relief is waiting for YOU. Every day you delay, your insidious disease is gaining a stronger hold. Send for this book and banish Asthma from your system AT ONCE. Why delay, when relief can be YOURS for no more trouble than the licking of a postage stamp?

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Please send me FREE a copy of the 32-page book, "Discovery of Cause of Asthma, Hay Fever and Bronchitis." I enclose 2d. for postage.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

9-6d. : 18-1/- : 27-1/6 Also Flat 50s, Flat 100s, and Round Airtight 50s.



SHE threw a withering glance in the direction of the culprit, who gazed up at her ingratiatingly.

"Oh, I say, Margery! That's a bit thick," said Bill. "The poor little blighter didn't know he was doing wrong."

"Well then, he ought to know!" she snapped. "You should train him better. He's always had disgusting manners, and if anything, you seem to encourage him."

"Look here, Margery!" There was a glint of anger in Bill's eyes. "I've said how sorry I am this thing should have happened. I can't do more. Can't we forget it now?"

"I'm afraid not," Margery told him stubbornly. "I want to know what you intend to do to prevent such things happening in future. Why, you haven't even scolded Tosh. He's probably feeling very proud of himself, and is just waiting for the next time he sees a beautiful evening dress that he can jump on and ruin."

"Margery! Don't you think you're being rather childish?" Bill protested. "It's not a bit of good my punishing Tosh for a thing like that. If it had been an old frock, you wouldn't have minded a bit. How is he to know the difference?"

"That's right! Put me in the wrong!" Margery's lips trembled. "I believe you think more of that wretched little dog than you do of me."

"Look here, Margery," Bill's voice was full of exasperation. "If

## BAD DOG

Continued from Page 4

you want a row, say so, and let's get it over. But for the love of Mike don't keep on nagging at me like this."

"Nagging! Nagging!" Margery's voice rose on an hysterical laugh. "Well, I like that! Anyone would think you were the injured party, not me."

"If you're going on like this, I'm off," said Bill.

"Good! The sooner the better," Margery flounced away and sat down at her desk.

Bill eyed her indignant back for a few moments in silence. Then with a shrug he strode to the door.

Tosh scrambled up delightedly and followed as fast as his absurdly short legs would allow him. "Sure you won't come with us?" asked Bill of that expressive back.

The back remained rigid.

"Quite sure?" Bill's voice was pleading.

Three rows of neatly arranged fair curls shook determinedly. Bill closed the door behind him.

He hadn't been gone five minutes before Margery regretted her decision. She was still very angry, but she realised she was only punishing herself by sending Bill off like that. The afternoon stretched before her—a dreary waste.

Disconsolately she got up from

her desk, and then her heart nearly did a somersault as she saw a broad masculine figure pass the window and turn in at the entrance.

Bill had come back to apologise. She wouldn't have to spend a lonely afternoon after all. The shop door opened, and the tall, masculine figure entered. Margery could have cried with disappointment. It wasn't Bill, but the young man who had accompanied his mother whilst she chose the fatal pink chiffon dress half an hour ago.

"I say, what a bit of luck!" exclaimed Hugh Gordon-Blythe. "I was so afraid you would have gone." He smiled at her charmingly, showing even, white teeth.

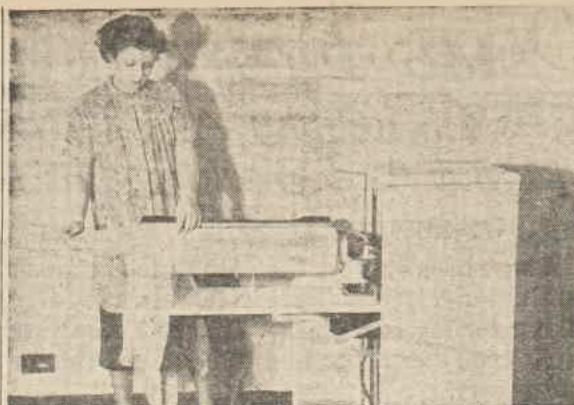
"I—I was delayed," Margery told him. "The shop ought to be shut by now."

"It's evidently my lucky day," said Hugh, "but we'll talk about that later. First, I've got a message from my mother about the dress she's just bought."

Margery knew a moment of panic.

"Oh, ye-es?" she faltered between dry lips. How on earth was she going to confess the truth?

"She's decided that pink isn't her color," Hugh explained. "And she wants to know if you'll be perfectly charming and let her come



NOVEL FASHION in ironing machine. An overseas idea for an electric ironer which folds up and when not in use looks like a refrigerator.

in on Monday and choose something else?"

HE looked slightly alarmed as Margery's face flooded with sudden color. He wasn't to know that she was feeling such relief that she could have shouted aloud and danced a Highland fling in the middle of the showroom.

"I know it's too awful of her," he went on hastily, "and I wouldn't have dared to ask you, only you looked so sweet and understanding, and—"

"It's quite all right. I don't mind in the least," Margery hastened to assure him. "I shall be only too pleased to show her something else on Monday."

"There! I knew from the first you were a sport." Hugh's blue eyes, that were so like his mother's, rested on her flushed face appreciatively. "You won't regret it," he went on. "Mother will be so bucked at you not kicking up a row that she'll probably be a customer for life. She's like that. And now just to prove that you're really not angry, what about having a spot of lunch with me?"

Margery gazed doubtfully at her feet.

"Well—" she began. Actually, such a procedure was strictly against her principles. She didn't believe in mixing business with pleasure, but after all she was at a loose end, and Bill had been terribly unreasonable. "All right," she said.

She was rewarded by one of Hugh's most dazzling smiles.

And that was how it was that Bill, having hared back from Hyde Park Corner on the off chance of finding Margery still at the shop, found the humble pie he intended to eat turn to dust and ashes on his tongue.

He knew a fierce, burning pang of jealousy as he watched the girl he loved being gallantly handed into a taxi by a disgustingly well-dressed fellow who looked as if he'd stepped out of a tailor's catalogue.

Bill clenched his hands and a thorn from the bunch of roses he had bought Margery as a peace-offering ran into his thumb.

AT seven o'clock that evening Margery decided she would ring Bill up and suggest that he should come round for a bit of supper. She felt in a forgiving frame of mind and quite ready to meet Bill half-way.

She would even tell him about Hugh Gordon-Blythe and the amusing lunch she had had at a quaint Spanish restaurant off Piccadilly. There would be no need to confess to all the charming, flattering things that Hugh had said, for she was sensible enough to realise that they meant absolutely nothing at all. Hugh was that type.

She had only gone out with him this once out of pique; just to prove to herself that she wasn't unattractive to other men. But she had no intention of repeating the experiment.

"It's Margery," she told him in her most conciliatory voice, when she heard Bill's gruff tones at the other end of the wire. "I thought perhaps you'd like to come round and see me. I've got the makings of a savory omelette, and—"

She got no farther.

"Why, has the chap I saw you getting into a taxi with at lunch time let you down?" Bill demanded rudely. "Why couldn't you have been honest and told me you had

another lunch appointment, instead of staging a row in order to get rid of me?"

Margery's cheeks flamed.

"I didn't do anything of the sort, Bill!" she told him hotly. "I can explain to you about the man you saw. I had no previous appointment with him. The whole thing was arranged on the spur of the moment. I never even saw him before this morning."

"That makes it worse!" Bill's voice was scathing. "Or are you in the habit of lunching with men you've never seen before?"

"Bill! Don't be so exasperating!" Margery's voice was quivering with anger. "You're purposely trying to misunderstand. In any case, even if I was I don't see that it's any business of yours. I have a perfect right to lunch with whom I please."

She was far too hurt and angry to think what she was saying. She only knew that she'd rung Bill up, ready to be sweet and forgiving, and here he was, accusing her of all sorts of ridiculous things that weren't true.

"In that case," cut in Bill gruffly, "there's nothing more to be said. I'm afraid I haven't the temperament to be one of a crowd. I want to feel that the girl I'm going to marry belongs to me alone."

"You might have more right to lay down the law if we were properly engaged," Margery was goaded to retort.

"Perhaps it's just as well we're not!" Bill growled, "since we appear to have such different ideas."

"I agree with you!" she snapped.

There was a loud click as Bill banged the receiver.

Margery felt as though she had received a smack in the face. She stared for a moment or two at the unresponsive black instrument in her hand, and then it, too, was replaced with a bang. Her eyes were smarting with unshed tears, and her throat ached unbearably.

She flung herself down at her dressing-table and dragged a comb viciously through her hair.

The tears which had stood in her eyes began to roll down her cheeks.

On Monday morning Margery was serving in her little shop as usual. Except that her eyelids were faintly tinged with pink, and her face a little paler than usual, she showed not a trace of the emotional upheaval she had been through over the week-end.

Certainly Mrs. Gordon-Blythe hadn't the slightest idea that the pretty girl who was serving her now was far from being the same pretty girl who had served her on Saturday, as she selected two new and equally unsuitable dresses in place of the frothy pink chiffon.

"And now," Mrs. Gordon-Blythe confessed, as she handed Margery her cheque. "I want to let you into a little secret. That silly romantic boy of mine has gone quite crazy about you. Now, now, you needn't blush! She wagged a playful finger at Margery. "It's really only natural, for you're a very attractive girl, my dear. I've promised Hughie that I would invite you to dinner one night. When will you be free?"

Margery thought artfully for a moment and then admitted that she would be free on Friday. No sense in letting Mrs. Gordon-Blythe know that her silly quarrel with a certain rude, obstinate young man had left her every night woefully free.

Please turn to Page 16.



## Lose Your FAT as these 4 Trained Nurses did

### Quick, Safe Way Eat Big Meals

Trust a trained nurse to recognize the best way to lose her fat. Above we show the photographs of 4 of them whose professional knowledge showed them that BonKora is safe, harmless, pleasant and quick. Results as they did. Take BonKora.

One of them, Mrs. Francis Rudolph, Trained Nurse (full address on request) writes: "Other remedies failed to reduce me. But I lost 40 pounds in 8 weeks taking BonKora. It improved my health too. I look 10 years younger than I did."

**Doctor Tries It. Loses Weight**

Dr. R. P. Rimmberg, head of the famous San Anselmo Sanatorium, San Anselmo, Marin County, Calif., says he lost 7 pounds in the first 10 days taking BonKora. So he began to advise it for stout patients at his sanatorium.

### Loses 70 lbs. in 14 Weeks

Mrs. F. W. Moran (full address on request) writes: "I took BonKora and lost 70 pounds in 14 weeks, or at the rate of 5 pounds a week. I used to weigh 210 pounds, now weigh only 140. My health has improved too."

### Why You Lose Fat So Quick

BonKora treatment reduces fat new 3-stage way. Triple action, triple speed. It has reduced fat for people who say they had tried other methods in vain.

Just take a little BonKora daily to remove heavy wastes and moisture from fatty tissues and help body function normally. EAT BIG MEALS of delicious foods, as explained in BonKora package.

Reduce fat all over if you wish. Or, if you are just fat around waist, bust or hips, this fat goes first. When it is gone, you can stop if you don't want to reduce elsewhere.

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No dangerous drugs in BonKora. In fact, the treatment builds health while reducing fat the quickest way. Many say they look YEARS YOUNGER since they lost fat this beautiful way.

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SCHAFER & CO., Box 26821, G.P.O., Sydney.  
Please send me your FREE SAMPLE and full details of BonKora Treatment.

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ADDRESS .....  
IF YOUR CHEMIST CANNOT SUPPLY BONKORA, I enclose postal note for 4/6 and the full-sized bottle will be mailed to you post free, in a plain wrapper.

W.W., 12/2/37.



# Occasions And Technique For Kisses



**POLITICAL KISS.** Senator Robert Reynolds, of North Carolina, plays the role of the dashing gentleman from the South as he "welcomes" Jean Harlow to Washington with a smack on the lips. Note the cigarette. Would England's Anthony Eden do this with more polished grace?



**ANTI-FLU KISS.** This idea was introduced in Hollywood recently when a flu epidemic threatened the stars. Masks were used for the rehearsal of kisses. Of course, they had to come off when the movie camera was clicking. Perhaps Mr. Spooner would like to see the idea universally adopted!



**THE BRIDAL KISS.** Mr. H. Copeland, known as "Argus the Prophet," kissed his bride after the wedding ceremony in Sydney last week.



**CHUMS KISS.** An amusing little study on the beach.



**A SOLDIER SAYS GOOD-BYE.** One of the many poignant farewell scenes in London when English soldiers were recently transferred to Palestine.



**A SAILOR'S FAREWELL.** Cadet Knowles says good-bye to a young admirer before he sails for Hobart.



**MOTHER'S KISS.** Happy ending of a tragic murder trial in America. Mother and son embraced and kissed when the Court acquitted the son, A. Simpson, of the alleged murder of a girl in a dance hall.



# HOORAY!



*Easter Gifts  
for Lucky Lasses*

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present

*Two of their best loved Styles at  
Popular NEW Prices*  
**Gay Deceiver**

*The Loveliest of all 4-Thread Sheers*

Called Gay Deceiver because it is so gay, sheer and alluring, yet beneath it all there are cunningly concealed long-wearing qualities. Here is a name that has captured the imagination of the fairest in the four corners of the land. Born in 1922—the year of need, when women were starting their search for sheer and lovely hosiery, it has sped on its triumphant way—until today finds a more glamorous Gay Deceiver in its fifth year of popularity. At the new price, it is definite that never before has so much loveliness in hosiery been offered at such a reasonable price.

**6<sup>11</sup>**

**All-in-One**

*The Stocking With Everything*

You'll love them at first sight . . . and ever after. For in no other stocking will you find the clever TWO-WAY-S-I-T-I-N-G, due to the magical crinkly crepe treatment of the silk . . . or such sheerness, softness and outstanding wear and perfect fit for every leg-size. Plenty of knee action, too, absorbing the strain and giving longer wear. That's the reason they're called All-in-One.

**7<sup>11</sup>**

*Give Yourself an Easter Gift*

## For Slim Beauty

That slim, healthy, youthful figure you admire is not hard to attain, providing you observe correct treatment. Beauty, too, must have bright eyes, smooth skin and clear complexion. Chamberlain's Tablets, if taken regularly, will help you to attain this. They cleanse the system, purify the blood, remove food wastes by causing you to be thorough as well as regular in your bowel habits. You'll be surprised how quickly your system and figure respond to the Chamberlain's Tablets Treatment.



AFTER that, it might be said that Mrs. Gordon-Blythe "took Margery up" while her son contented himself with taking Margery out. It wouldn't be true to say that Margery was averse to this arrangement. Now that it was quite evident that everything was over between herself and Bill, she was very glad to have Hugh to take her out. He was a charming and amusing companion, and it saved her having to think.

He owned a snappy little cream sports car, through the windscreen of which Margery saw quite a lot of the English countryside rush by on Saturday afternoons and Sundays. It wasn't the way in which she and Bill had enjoyed the country, and she often felt a queer longing to see Toshi's funny, short-legged little form rolling ecstatically in the long grass by the roadside or scrambling through a hedge after a rabbit.

But it was something to do, and infinitely preferable to sitting moping at home.

Of Bill she had heard not a word, though it was six weeks since the row. Margery had reached the stage when she was almost able to convince herself that she didn't care, when something happened which completely jolted her out of her self-deception.

It was a hot Saturday afternoon. The sun glared down as the little open car sped along among hundreds and thousands of others towards the coast. Margery's head ached, and she longed for a cup of tea.

She had tentatively voiced her desire, but Hugh was determined to reach the coast and partake of tea at a particularly large and noisy hotel on the front.

And then suddenly Margery leaned excitedly over the low door of the car. It was a little scrubby figure with ears that were too long and legs that were too short, and she was snuffling about on a bit of common land surrounding a row of small cottages set back from the road.

"Toshi! Toshi!" she cried excitedly. The scrubby little figure leapt forward. "Stop, Hugh! Stop! You will run over him!" she screamed.

THERE was a screeching of brakes, a shrill yelp, and then a dusty little form with one of its absurdly short legs hanging inert and limp lay by the side of the road.

"You idiot! Why did you scream out like that?" Hugh exclaimed. "That's done quite a bit of damage to my brake linings!"

But Margery wasn't listening. She was on her knees in the dust by the roadside, gathering a limp little form into her arms. Yes, it was Toshi. His own silly, darling little self, and a trickle of blood was oozing from his paw.

"Oh, Toshi!" she sobbed. "Why didn't you look where you were going? Oh, Toshi, my poor precious!" And the tears fell thick and fast on to the little warm, quivering body.

"Good heavens, Margery, what's all the fuss about?" cried Hugh irritably, coming round the other side of the car. "Does that dash into the road like that deserve to get themselves hurt. Just look what a mess you're making of your dress. You won't be fit to be seen, and I wanted you to dance when we got to the Splendid."

Margery looked up at him through new eyes. His face was rather red, and his blue eyes entirely lacking in sympathy. At that moment Margery wondered how she had ever found him attractive.

"You'll have to wait a little, Hugh," she said. "I must stay and find out about Toshi. You see he happens to belong to a—friend of mine."

A stout woman came bustling from the cottage. "Oh, lor!" she cried, throwing up her hands. "So that's what all the noise was about. Has the doggie hurt himself much? The poor gent'll be that upset."

Margery looked up eagerly. "You mean Bill—er, Toshi's master?"

"He's having tea out in the back garden, Miss. I s'pose he didn't notice his dog had strayed. I'd better go and tell him."

"No, let me," Margery scrambled quickly to her feet, still holding Toshi in her arms. Her crisp linen suit of leaf-green had a smear of blood down the front of the skirt, and her up-turned, shallow-crowned hat to match was tipped over one eye. But Margery didn't mind. She only knew that her heart was doing gymnastics and that Toshi had opened one eye

# BAD DOG

Continued from  
Page 14

and was attempting to lick her hand, so he couldn't be so badly hurt after all.

"I won't be long," she told Hugh. "but I must just go and explain about Toshi."

"Well, if you think I'm going to hang about while you go all girlish and sentimental over a little mongrel, you're very much mistaken!" said Hugh angrily. "Either you come with me now, or I go to Brighton alone."

"Then you go to Brighton alone," said Margery, with an attempt at dignity which was definitely marred by the rakish angle of her hat.

"Right!" Hugh leapt into the car and jammed his foot on the self-starter. He wasn't used to being treated like this. "You can telephone me if you want me to take you out again," he threw over his shoulder.

Toshi gazed up at her with large brown eyes that were slightly clouded with pain, and again feebly licked her hand. Margery choked, and followed the woman to the shady garden at the back of the cottage.

"IT'S your dog, sir," the woman exclaimed, as Bill jumped up from a small table beneath the trees. "He's gone and got himself hurt."

"Margery!" Bill stared incredulously.

"The young lady'll explain, sir." The woman tactfully withdrew.

It took the young lady quite a long time to explain, and all the time Bill gazed at her tear-stained face with a look that told Margery that he apparently didn't hate her after all.

"I don't think he's very much hurt, Bill," she concluded. "He's looking better already. Look, I'll bind up his paw with my handkerchief, and we'll ask the woman where we can find the nearest vet."

At the mention of the word "vet" Toshi struggled into a sitting position and put on his most pitiful expression. He had a memory of something administered out of silly little white papers that went with the word vet, and he decided that he wasn't so very much hurt after all.

"Why, Toshi, you rascal, I be-

lieve you were shamming!" said Bill, his voice full of delight as he rubbed Toshi behind the ears.

With a little sigh, Toshi settled down again. He had a feeling that everything was going to be all right now. There was a note in master's voice that hadn't been there for ages, and he couldn't help feeling that it was something to do with the girl whose lap he was on.

"But you might have tried to see me, Bill," Margery was saying some little time later. "I was all ready with the olive branch if you'd made the very slightest effort."

"What! With that blighter's car always outside your shop?" Bill's voice was hoarse with indignation. "I've got a bit of pride, Margie."

Margery glowed. His words had given him away. He must have tried several times to see her, otherwise how did he know that Hugh's car had been so often outside her door?

"Well, that's all over, Bill," said Margery. "Hugh didn't seem to like Toshi, and I could never like anyone who didn't like Toshi." Her hand caressed the little warm body. Bill's closed over it.

"We agree about that, anyway," he said. "Shall we try to make the habit more general?"

Margery smiled up at him.

"Yes, let's, Bill," she whispered.

A long time later Toshi opened one eye and shifted his rough little body. Truth to tell, he was finding the weight of two hands rather too much for him, for Bill had forgotten to take his away from where it rested over Margery's.

Or had he forgotten? People were funny, Toshi mused. They were awfully cross if you happened to settle down quite comfortably and carefully on a skimpy frock, and yet if you went and got yourself run over by a car and left blood on somebody's skirt, all you got was a hug and a kiss.

He got up and stretched himself, bruised leg and all. The two hands were still together. He looked at the faces of the people who made up his world. He licked their hands with his rough tongue, then settled himself happily on top of them.

(Copyright)

## The TECHNIQUE of Effective Make-up



by  
**Kathleen  
Court**

To-day the dominating idea in make-up is the logical one of having all your beauty aids harmonising. The old haphazard idea of using this make of face cream, with that make of powder, a third brand of lipstick, and still another rouge has caused much of the criticism that has been levelled against the otherwise perfectly proper and desirable efforts of women to make the most of their appearance.

### THE TECHNIQUE OF EFFECTIVE MAKE-UP!

If her appearance is faultless a woman is not open to criticism. Here is a simple method of faultless make-up . . . a method which, if followed to the letter, cannot fail to bring about results that all must say are perfect. . . .

First remove all trace of deep-seated impurities from the pores of the skin by using "Facial Youth" Cleansing Cream. Wipe off. Now apply a little "Facial Youth" Beauty Cream as a foundation for "Velvet Skin" Powder. For a touch of colour select your shade of "Rose Petal" Rouge, and one of the thrilling Kathleen Court Lipsticks. Make your Eyebrows longer and your Eyes more alluring by using the Kathleen Court Eyelash and Brow Cosmetics (Mascara). Define your Eyebrows with the Kathleen Court Eyebrow Pencil. To keep the hair soft, wavy, and lustreous, use Hennafoam Shampoo. "Hennafoam" will give you that

smart "Brownette" hair so popular in Hollywood to-day. Obtainable in Powder or liquid form. Always remember that Harmony in Make-up is essential. By using the preparations mentioned above you can have a perfect Make-up, harmonising in both Colour and Features.

**Prices at All Chemists and Stores:**  
Cleansing Cream, 2/6; Facial Youth Beauty Cream, Tubes, 1/- and 1/6; Jars, 2/6; "Velvet Skin" Face Powder, 1/- and 2/6; "Rose Petal" Rouge, 1/6; Lipsticks, 1/- to 5/6 (ask to see the new "lipstick" display, remembering value—2/6); Eyelash and Brow Cosmetics (mascara), complete with brush, 1/-; Eyebrow Pencil, 1/6; "Hennafoam" Shampoo Powder, 6d.; Liquid Form, 1/6.

**kathleen court**  
**AIDS TO CHARM**



# Some... NEW LAUGHS

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen,  
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



ARTIST: Yes, I use my intelligence when I paint.  
LADY: You didn't tell me you only painted miniatures.



YOUNG BRIDE: I have a wonderful husband.  
DIVORCEE: Beginner's luck.



BOOT SHOP ASSISTANT: A trifle tight, eh, sir?  
CUSTOMER: That's none of your bishness.



"When you go to the city with him, does he raise objections every time you want something?"  
"Oh, no—he lets me want anything I like!"

## Polished Rhymes by "NUGGET"



SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE, A POCKET FULL OF RYE,  
FOUR AND TWENTY BLACK SHOES BAKED IN A PIE,  
WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED THE SHOES BEGAN TO SING,  
NUGGET KEEPS US BLACK AS INK AND FIT FOR ANY KING



# NUGGET

Shoe Polish

It not only keeps shoes black as ink, but brown as a berry or white as a lily, for "Nugget" comes in ALL the colours—Black, Dark Tan, Brown, and White. "Nugget" your shoes every day and see the difference!

## Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

THE new gas-meter collector finished his first week's work and adjourned to the hotel with a pocketful of coppers.

"Hello!" said a fellow collector. "Just drawn your first week's wages?"

"Gracious! Do they pay us as well?"

"I DON'T know what to do about my wife's cooking."

"Cheer up, my friend; the first hundred biscuits are the hardest."

"DIETING makes a woman bad-tempered."

"Well, don't they live on scraps?"

"ARE you going to see the new play to-night, Mrs. Bock?"

"No. My daughter is seeing it first, and then she will let me know if I am too old for it."

WARDER: What do you want to see the governor for?

Convict: Well, I've been here a year now, and I haven't heard a word about my holidays.

LANDLORD: You made the waiter fetch me. What can I do for you, sir?

Client: Bring me a tablecloth with a spotless past.

TEACHER: Now, Johnny, name the greatest centurion in history.

Johnny: Don Bradman, sir.

BOSS: What the devil is that red mark on your cheek?

Clerk: It—er—it must be a typist's error, sir.

## TEDDIE is always with you!



The instruction in my postal course is so fascinating—so simple to understand—that it is as if I were standing right beside you at the piano in your own home! Thousands have already learned and expressed their entire satisfaction. Why not you? Be the envy of your friends! No matter where you live, nor whether you are an Absolute Beginner, a Medium Player, or an Advanced Classical Pianist—I can teach YOU!

### YOUR SUCCESS POSITIVELY GUARANTEED!

Remember "KEYBOARD KAPERS" from 2GB, 3UE, 2SM, 2CH, 2KO, 4BC, 4GE, 4MB, 5KA, and 6AM!

FILL IN COUPON BELOW, AND POST AT ONCE.

TEDDIE GARRATT, STUDIO W, NATIONAL BLDG., 250 PITT ST., SYDNEY.

I have a piano at my disposal and can spare at least 30 minutes daily to practice, so please send me your handsome, new, illustrated 44-page booklet, "The Secrets of Synchopation," and your special brochure—a unique and surprising musical novelty—for which I enclose 2/6 (P.N. or stamps). This payment does not place me under any obligation.

NAME (Print in Block Letters) .....

ADDRESS .....





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SINCE THE '90s

"ORDINARY"  
for Dark Hair"CAMOMILE"  
for Fair Hair"SHAMPOO BLEU"  
for White HairTHERE is no substitute for  
"EVAN WILLIAMS"

to ensure perfect hair health

throughout life. This is the advice

that has been handed down mother

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40 years...

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Chemists and Hairdressers

Asst. Agents, R. O. Turnley & Son, Mels.  
Agents for N.S.W., Turnley Ltd., Sydney.

SHAMPOO

## FLOWERS from FREDA

Continued from  
Page 5

"HE bought tulips?"

Inquired the manageress a trifle acidly. "That's right. Run him up. We don't want people just after wallflowers. When young men come in to buy flowers for their girls, make them buy something expensive. They can and they will."

"But these were for his cook," said Freda.

The manageress drew herself up, pursed her mouth and looked a little bewildered.

"Really!" said she.

He came in nearly every day. Bit by bit Freda strung bits of news together about him. His name was Riley Dean. He was comfortably off and lived in a select district. He had lots of girl friends, for sometimes they came with him. All the while Freda was conscious of a growing excitement. It was absurd, she told herself; something she must stop.

So one day she pushed Lucy Elliot forward to serve him.

"Tell him I'm busy," she whispered hurriedly as she slipped into the little room behind the shop. "Tell him anything in the world—I can't serve him."

Lucy went. Freda stood, her back to the shop, trying to help with the half-finished bridal bouquet that lay there. White glory. Lilies that looked as though they might be made of velvet. Fragile little bells

of the valley against soft pale green.

Lucy came back. "He asked where you were, and I said you were busy. He ordered the flowers to be sent to you at your address."

"Oh, my goodness!" "Yes, he did. Pussy willow. Wild bluebells. Cowslips. A big sheaf of those golden tulips. He is in love with you, Freda."

"Oh, rot!" She had to turn her head aside to hide her color.

He had sent her flowers! She thought of the bed-sitter which was too hideously simple, because it was all she could afford. Tonight it would be a Titania's bower.

"One of you girls must run round with that bridal bouquet at one o'clock," said the manageress.

"One of us?"

"Yes, you know what Brown is on that tricycle of his. He is always getting held up in the traffic. I can trust you. One of you girls."

"She went off in a flutter."

"I can't go, I've got a date," said Lucy desperately. "Do you mind missing your lunch?"

"No, I'll go."

She had missed something more than her lunch to-day, she felt, even though he had ordered the flowers to be sent to her. In a daze she went into the shop.

"You'd better not be late," warned the manageress.

Freda seized the bouquet, now swathed in tissue paper. She held it carefully and got into a taxi.

"They'll want it in good time, for the wedding is at St. Giles', and it is a longish step from Eaton Square," said the manageress.

That was a frightful journey. They seemed to get up against every red light in London. They seemed to crawl instead of to race. Time was on the wing. In vain did Freda tap on the window and urge the taximan on. He was the slowest taximan she had ever met.

He wore a cap pulled down low, and had a ridiculous walrus moustache trailing over his coat collar. In the end she changed her tactics.

"St. Giles' Church," she said.

So they went straight to the church.

It presented a gay scene in the fitful sunlight. It looked spring-like. There was a scarlet-and-white awning up. Most of the crowd seemed to have gone inside already, and from the grey gloom within speared through with candle flame there came the deep sound of the organ. Freda went up the steps and stood on the top one in the porch among the bridesmaids. She must not run the risk of allowing the flowers to get touched by the wind.

The bridesmaids were in palest gold. They wore fillets of cowslips and carried baskets of them. They were lovely.

Freda unwrapped the bouquet carefully. She exposed its white fragile glory. She stood there with it. And then she saw him.

He had come hurriedly forward, dressed as an usher. He had a white carnation in his buttonhole, and she realised that he had not been to Country Flowers Ltd. to buy it.

"Bride or bridegroom's relation?" he inquired. "Spot or plain?" Then he recognised her. "Oh, hello!" said he. "This is a curious place to meet, isn't it?" Her blue eyes met his across the flowers.

"We were late with this. I brought it here for her. I do hope it won't make her late."

"And my brother will be having forty fits. He is waiting inside." He smiled cheerily. "You ought always to carry white flowers. They suit you."

She wished she had not lost her heart to him. Wished she did not feel like this about him. Then instantly there was a rustle in the crowd, and the bride's carriage appeared. Everybody craned forward. She was coming up the steps, white and immaculate and exquisite. Freda pressed the flowers into her hand, explaining hurriedly.

Please turn to Page 20



cocktail  
proof  
LIPSTICK

Lenthéric gives you perfect shades to suit each type of colouring, a smooth texture which is easy to apply, and an indelibility that's cocktail-proof—even salt water won't affect it! Lenthéric lipsticks are available in containers as illustrated at 3/9, refills 2/6 each. New Streamline container 10/6, refills 6/6 each.

Lenthéric  
Paris



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stockings  
after every  
wearing

Lux saves LADDERS because it restores elasticity. Threads stretch instead of snapping. Slim, trim, unwrinkled fit returns.

A Luxor  
Product



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All dead  
nuff sed  
PING

THE KING OF INSECT SPRAYS

'WE DO NOT SAY  
PING IS BEST  
OUR CUSTOMERS DO'

A NIGHTINGALE PRODUCT

## Rheumatism

Questions that every Sufferer should ask himself—

Why do I suffer the excruciating pains of Rheumatism?

Why are my joints painful and creaky?

Why do my muscles feel as if they are tied in knots?

There are thousands of other men and women of my age who live in the same conditions as I do, yet they do not have to put up with all this awful agony.

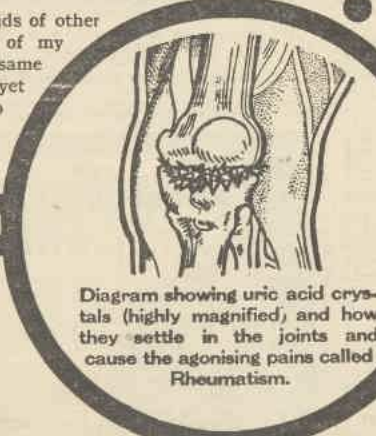


Diagram showing uric acid crystals (highly magnified) and how they settle in the joints and cause the agonising pains called Rheumatism.

### THE ANSWER IS

Look to your Kidneys

The kidneys are wonderful filters of the waste matter which is being constantly formed in the body. But if the kidneys get run-down, through a chill, weakness, or as the result of some illness or over-indulgence, you soon become aware of something wrong. First, occasional pains shoot through the limbs, the back will ache, the urine will look muddy or otherwise discoloured. Later come pains in the joints and muscles.

De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills are specially compounded to restore sick kidneys to health. Working gently but efficiently, they bring the kidneys back to health, reduce the inflammation, and so tone them up, that they are able to do their work again—remove waste from the system. Your Rheumatism will then quickly disappear.

Weak Kidneys are allowing poisons to accumulate

De Witt's Pills will help your kidneys back to health, and the pain will soon disappear.

# DE WITT'S

## Kidney & Bladder PILLS

Of all Chemists 3/6 & 6/6



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Each week £1 is paid for the best letter, and 2/6 for every other letter published here.  
Pen names are not used following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page.



**WRITE NOW!**  
Everybody is welcome to write to this page on any interesting topic. Letters should be short and concise. Address to which entries should be sent may be found at top of page 11 of this issue.

## WOMEN IN BUSINESS

WOMEN, and more women, invade the business world from year to year. They find employment chiefly because they are paid lower wages than men, not because of their capabilities.

They like to fill in the time between leaving school and getting married. Where can they do so more congenially than in an office? And by the time they reach 25 to 30, and have attained a certain degree of efficiency, they get married.

Women, to a large extent, lack that spirit of co-operation which is so essential in business. There are a few, but, believe me, very few, women in offices who take an interest in their work.

£1 for this letter to M. Eagle, 29 Robey St., Maroubra, N.S.W.

## MARRIED LIFE

I AM sure that children are obstacles to a happy married life. A mother is never free from work and worry.

But the childless couple can make their life together very happy, following out their own inclinations. And the wife is given an opportunity of developing her own talents and interests.

Mrs. Dickson, 74 Wellington Pde., East Melbourne, Vic.

## WOMEN AND WORK

IT always seems to me out of all proportion to see a woman who has had every advantage in the way of education, travel, upbringing, spending most of her time and energy doing housework. Far better to employ somebody to do it for her, and use her time more profitably and pleasantly to herself.

T. Kennard, Barrangarry, Carlisle, N.S.W.

## WHY BE SNOBBISH?

DESPITE Australians' claims to be democratic, there is a large amount of snobbery and class distinction, particularly among women, prevailing here. In a young country like ours, the whole thing is a lot of nonsense.

Away with pretence and accept each other for what we really are—disregarding bank balances.

Errol Herbert McKillister, 33 Hurtle Square, Adelaide.

## BAD CARRIAGE

IT is quite a common sight to see girls to-day walking in a very slouching and careless way. Seemingly they give every attention to the style of their frock, coiffure, hat and shoes, yet none to their carriage.

It seems such a waste of time and money.

Mrs. F. Leiblinger, Rosemount, Beenleigh, Qld.

## Bigger and Better Libraries for Australia?

I AGREE with Miss K. Robertson (20/2/37) that Australia is shockingly deficient in public libraries, as compared with other countries, but excuse can be found when we take note of the very small percentage of our people who patronise such libraries. The modern trend is towards novels of all descriptions rather than more instructive or technical literature.

Students, whom such libraries would benefit, are so few that the extra expense of such a scheme would not be warranted.

Miss E. Matyear, 32 Russell St., Clayfield, Brisbane.

## Expense Unwarranted

LIBRARIES take money to endow, Miss Robertson, and I think Australian youth at the present time is in far greater need of money for other purposes—Government employment bureau, health clinics, general secondary education, and the like.

And I haven't heard complaints about the libraries from the students themselves, anyway.

Miss Betty Bridges, King William St., Kent Town, S.A.

## We Need a Carnegie!

MISS ROBERTSON is right in saying that Australia is badly in need of more reference libraries, where the youth of Australia may continue to develop its mind after school days.

In the city we are supplied by the public and municipal libraries, excellent institutions, but I am sure there is much scope for the building of libraries in country centres; also for more libraries in the cities. Australia needs a Carnegie. But then, she needs so many things.

Mrs. G. Anderson, 53 Upper Pitt St., Kirribilli, N.S.W.

## No Demand for Them

WHY consider the expenditure of large grants of public money when the reading public does not express its demand for more public libraries by overcrowding those already in existence?

I do not say reading is on the decline. Note the amazing circulation of women's periodicals alone! But I do say that the greater part of the public is not interested in reference and technical works. Therefore such expense would not be warranted.

Mrs. A. C. Kent, Advancetown, via Nerang, Qld.

## Quite Adequate

KNOWING nothing about public reference libraries in other countries, I cannot compare them with our own, but I find those that we have here quite adequate.

Students specialising have access to University libraries and others in addition to the usual municipal and public libraries.

Mrs. Harris, St. George's Terrace, Hobart.

## Do Women Enjoy and Try To Foster War?

I DO not agree with Miss Ivy Morris (20/2/37) when she says that "if it wasn't for women war would have died out long ago."

It seems to me that women, on the contrary, have always hated and dreaded the thought of war, supporting it only when their country is actually fighting and when nothing further can be gained by opposition—for the time being, at least.

Since 1918 women have been prominent among peace workers, and the reason so little has been accomplished is certainly not because they have more say in public life than hitherto, as Miss Morris claims. It is flattering to know someone believes that women have the power to make or break war.

Miss J. Saxelby, 64 Young St., Cremorne, N.S.W.

## Women Are Primitive

WOMEN are certainly more primitive than men—more reckless, impulsive, prey to emotions rather than intellectual arguments.

During the last war they became hysterically patriotic, and the giving of the white feather was by no means rare.

Still, I cannot see that the growth of women's political power is an in-



Women prey to emotions.

fluence to war. The world to-day is no more disturbed by arms than it was in the 18th and 19th centuries, with the Succession wars, the Seven Years' War, Napoleonic wars—when woman's political power was negligible.

Miss Anderson, McLeod St., Bairnsdale, Vic.

## Men More Primitive

FEW will agree with Miss Morris that women are primitive. Men show far more primitive traits. What woman would deliberately send her husband to war or rear her sons for the battlefield?

Men have fought since the world began, and will always fight, regardless of their womenfolk.

Miss M. Gramshaw, Rose St., Cronulla, N.S.W.

## Don't Blame Women

MISS MORRIS has a poor opinion of her sex. It seems ridiculous to blame women for wars, when they have most to lose by them, and know it. There have been terrible wars through the ages, when women had no political power.

Mrs. M. Gilchrist, No. 2 Flat, 35 Albert St., Petersham, N.S.W.

## No Proof of This

IF Miss Morris had backed up her argument with some proof her letter would have had more point. But she has not done this.

Consequently, one can only point out to her the very genuine hatred and contempt for war women have to-day. They are doing all they can to prevent further strife. Note the many societies being formed by them for the prevention of war.

Mrs. Tanner, Giblin St., New Town, Tas.

## Woman Is Gentle

I AM surprised at Miss Morris' statements. She says, firstly, that women are more primitive than men—hardly true, when you compare the essential feminine and masculine characters. For a woman by nature is gentle, kind, passive, while man is aggressive, belligerent. Further, how can the growth of woman's political power help to cause war? Women have never had anything to do with it.

Mrs. Curtis, Flowerdale, Tas.

## Girls Who Delight In Keeping Escorts Waiting

I THINK Miss Crawford (20/2/37) is a little old-fashioned in considering that nowadays women are invariably late for appointments with the opposite sex. I hold the reverse to be true. With the passing of Victorianism, its politesse and etiquette, man has suffered a revolution from dancing attendance on woman, and it is generally he who is late for an appointment!

Miss J. Beale, 79 Ninth Avenue, Campsie, N.S.W.

## Women Are Unfair

WHEN an appointment is made it is only courteous that both parties should be there on time. A woman thinks nothing of keeping her escort waiting, sauntering to the rendezvous without even an apology; whereas the man has only to be five minutes late, and she demands an explanation, and often causes a scene.

Miss Norma Sees, 24 Anglo St., Chatawood, N.S.W.

## Mustn't Be Eager

WE all know that punctuality is good manners, but I think there is another side to the question. Miss Crawford, I have heard it said that a maid must not be too eager, so I suppose that's why the modern miss keeps the young man waiting.

What ought to be called to notice is people of the same sex—women usually—who keep each other waiting.

Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

## Men Don't Mind

GIRLS are mean! They keep their menfolk waiting without compunction. They usually, in fact, start getting ready about the time they should be meeting—which is, really, quite unforgivable. But the amazing part of it is that the men cheerfully accept the fact.

Mrs. Jessop, Survis St., Brighton, S.A.

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"D O I look all right?" she asked of the head bridesmaid. "Glorious. You're late."

"Well, he'll have to get used to that in me."

She wasn't thinking of her bridegroom; she was only thinking of herself. Somehow it seemed to Freda as she leaned back against the grey wall of the porch that it was all wrong. This ought to be the most exquisite moment of the girl's life. It wasn't.

The choir moved forward. The organ began its new music. Here Comes the Bride. Here Comes the Bride. Slowly she took her place and passed on her way. The golden bridesmaids followed her. There was nothing for Freda to do but to go home.

That night the bed-sitter was full of flowers. She sat there staring listlessly at them, not knowing what she wanted. It was so unsettling to be in love with a man who knew nothing about it, and who was in such a different position. Besides, there was Hal. Hal had recently seen a "perfect little snip" of a place out Purley way. It had ingles and lattice windows and a Dorothy Perkins rose on the porch. It had a garage which would house the baby car. There was a cruise advertised for a couple of months ahead which would just about give them time. A cruise to Madeira.

She realised suddenly that she did not want any of these things, anyway not with him. Only one could not turn down the only chance in one's life for a mere mirage. It would be madness. She would outgrow this feeling of longing for a man she hardly knew. She would overcome it. Or wouldn't she? To-night she hardly knew.

# FLOWERS from FREDA

Continued from Page 18

The best thing to do was to see less of him. The best thing was to forget that he existed—let Lucy go on serving him and try to forget.

So next day Lucy served him again. That night the bed-sitter had a bowl of primulas in it, the soft pale pink ones. And the next day it was bluebells in a riot.

"Who is it wasting their money sending you flowers?" asked Hal when he brought her back from the cinema. "As if you didn't get your fill of them all day!"

Of course she had to lie about it. She simply dared not admit the truth to hear him laugh about it. She said:

"Oh, they fling out the ones that won't keep for the next day, and I bring them home."

"Awful bad for you to sleep with flowers in your room at night," he told her.

He was that sort of man! "Yet he is nice, and lots of girls would jump at him, and if I say no now, in five years' time I shall probably be sick as mud about it," she told herself wretchedly.

**T**HE climax came the first real spring day. It was a warm and generous day. The buds were on the trees in the park. The daffies were growing in the grass in a smother of yellow. It was the sort of day which tempts you out, and because of it Freda bought herself a couple of sandwiches and a bar of chocolate and sat down in the park to eat them for her lunch.

It was her one chance of real fresh air.

And as she sat there he came along. She had had a feeling that something would happen; she had had an idea that life was too lovely not to offer you some particular plum, and here it was. He said, "Fancy seeing you here!" and sat down beside her on the bench.

"I brought my lunch out, it was so lovely," she said.

"A good idea," and then: "You've been avoiding me lately."

"I'm sorry."

"Why did you do it?"

She simply could not confess the truth.

"I've been busy," she said. "I've had other things to do. I ought to say thank you very much for the lovely flowers you have sent me, but, you see, it has been difficult, too. The manageress doesn't like it."

"I can't help her troubles. Does it get you into a bother? That's the main thing."

"Well, it makes it awkward."

"I'm sorry."

He sat there idly. A fat pigeon strutted up to them. A flight of cocky little sparrows perked inquiring heads. Absent-mindedly he took up a sandwich and crumbed it for them.

"Excuse me," said Freda frigidly, "but that happens to be my lunch."

"Your lunch?" He was surprised, she knew that. "My hat! You don't mean to tell me...?"

"It really doesn't matter."

"But it does. You are coming along with me to have a decent lunch. No, I'm not listening to

any does. You are coming along with me."

There are times in our lives when we cannot resist temptation. She was driving along to a smart restaurant. She was sitting in a discreet room with an obsequious waiter attending them. Everything was quiet and orderly and gentle. He was looking at her across a bowl of golden daffodils mingled with slender creamy freesias, and the world was very good.

"Tell me about yourself?" he asked.

"I'm just nothing, just nobody. I used to live in the country. Then the home got broken up. There wasn't any money. I have always loved flowers, and I got a job with Country Flowers Ltd. because of that. I'm not much good on the wreath and bouquet side, and because of that I'm always expecting to get fired. I hate to see flowers wired."

"So do I."

"I like them to be natural and sweet. I feel the manageress will have me out before long, because she has her knife into me. Then I don't know what I'll do."

"What will you do?"

"Marry Hal, I expect."

"Hal?"

She told him about Hal. He travelled. He had a good salary, and he had heard of the "perfect little snip."

"I don't think I like the idea of Hal much," he said.

"Oh, he is terribly kind! He is conscientious. But he does things that grate on me. He can't help it, and I daresay I'm fussy."

Please turn to Page 22

## The others aren't in it with CORN Flakes

Votes "Yes."

Extra Flavour. "I like a crisp, flaky breakfast food—but I never dreamed that any breakfast cereal could have so much extra flavour until I tasted Kellogg's Corn Flakes." Mrs. N. Phillips, one of the guests at "Lyn Lea."



"The others aren't in it with Corn Flakes!"

—vote all Guests  
at "Lyn Lea" Guest House,  
21 Nelson Bay Road

We introduce to you Mrs. R. Williamson, of the "Lyn Lea" guest house, 21 Nelson Bay Road, and her guests. Everyone at "Lyn Lea" made Kellogg's sensational blindfold test. Each of these people tasted, whilst blindfolded, four different cereals, including Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They were asked to vote "YES" for the cereal that made the biggest appeal to their palates. It was a "Yes" vote for Corn Flakes every time. If you wonder at this result then you're welcome to make the Kellogg Blindfold Test, too. You'll find that malted corn gives Kellogg's Corn Flakes an EXTRA richness of flavour. No other breakfast food ever tastes half so good after Corn Flakes.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes, made from a special Australian white corn, are the only Corn Flakes you can get in Australia.



All guests participate when Kellogg's Blindfold Test is made in the dining-room of Mrs. Williamson's guest house at 21 Nelson Bay Rd.

Votes "Yes." PLEASES ALL GUESTS.

"You have to manage a guest house to realise how difficult to please most people are. That's why I was so amazed when all my guests chose Kellogg's Corn Flakes in this blindfold test." Mrs. R. Williamson, Proprietress of "Lyn Lea."



Another "Yes" Vote.

"THAT'S WHAT I CALL A FLAVOUR. I could make a meal of Corn Flakes any time." Mr. A. Wilkins of the "Lyn Lea" Guest House.



# Mandrake the Magician



## THE STORY SO FAR:

**MANDRAKE:** Master magician and **LOTHAR:** His faithful Nubian servant, have just rescued **PRINCE SEGRID:** Who has been held captive in his own house in Gizeh, in Egypt, by **EMIR KRIM:** A potentate of Egypt, with whom he and his sister, **PRINCESS NARDA:** Had previously been friendly. Narda has been entrapped in the Pyramid of Gizeh by

Krim's men, and taken to the tomb of Prince Ankh, from which she flees in terror when a dreadful spectre, the missing mummy of Prince Ankh, advances upon her. Mandrake, in search of the missing princess, allows Krim's men to take him to the tomb, meets Krim himself, who tells him she is missing, and hears the dreadful voice of the mummy. He then goes in search of Narda. **NOW READ ON.**





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# FLOWERS from FREDA

"I DARE SAY you are nothing of the sort."

"Let's forget him," she said. Conveniently they forgot him, and they talked of each other and of life. Riley was a second son. He had just enough money and no more. He loved beauty, he adored flowers and pretty girls.

It was exactly the story she had expected to hear, and if it had not been such a bright spring morning she would have realised that she had no part in it. From a neighboring table a middle-aged woman beamed at them both.

Freda knew her as a customer at the shop. Riley introduced them. "It's my Aunt Mabel," he said.

"She won't want to know me," thought Freda.

Continued from Page 20

She started late to return to the shop. He took her in a taxi. Somehow they seemed to draw closer to each other. His hand held hers and she liked it. Just before they got there his lips brushed her cheek. Warm lips that set her tingling. Well, why not take the kisses life offered instead of being a prude? He was attractive. He was glamorous. Why not have something to remember?

He said to her as she left him: "I'm not going out of your life again, don't forget that."

And then she saw the manageress' face glaring at her and knew she was in for a ticking off.

"This must never happen again," said the manageress. "I will not put up with unpunctuality."

That was a difficult afternoon. It was a more difficult evening, because it entailed going out with Hal.

Hal was like dross after gold. He might be conscientious, but he was dreadfully ordinary. Freda had told herself that to-night was not the night for decisions, and that she must forget the lunch before she did anything drastic, but suddenly she bubbled up.

"It's no good, Hal. I can't go through with it. I don't want to marry you. I shan't ever want to marry you."

"Here, I say. What's up?"

She didn't know what was up really, it was just that she couldn't. He said she was overfed. She'd feel different in the morning. She assured him he was wrong: she would not feel different, because she had been feeling like this for weeks.

"There is some other chap?" he suggested.

"Yes, there is," she said. "Now you've got at the truth."

It was the end. Hal wasn't the sort of man to take a thing of that kind well. He tried to argue and became hurt. In the final discussion he lost his temper.

Freda sobbed herself to sleep.

"I'm a little idiot," she told herself. "Everybody will say I've thrown away a good chance, but I can't marry a man just for the sake of being married; I can't do that when I love somebody else."

After that she did not see Hal again; but neither did she see Riley.

He did not come to order flowers for his cook or for Freda's bed-sitter. Morning after morning she waited for him. As she arranged the later spring flowers she thought of the ones that he would choose. The anemones, pink and prune-colored, and the rich hue of claret; the heliotrope and verbenas. White stocks with their marvellous perfume.

"He's forgotten you," said the manageress coldly.

"Taxi-riding always ends that way," said Lucy, who had been let down by her own young man.

One kiss. That must have been what he wanted. He had had that, and it had ended everything.

"I knew I was being an idiot," Freda told herself, but that was indeed poor consolation.

ONE day, "Aunt Mabel" came in. She came in to buy delphiniums—the first ones were in, in tall blue spikes.

"I want them for my nephew," she said, and then she drew Freda aside. "I came here because I wanted to see you. It's about Riley."

Freda felt as though her heart was making a tremendous noise.

"He had an accident," said Aunt Mabel, "and broke his leg. He is in plaster of paris and stuck in dull lodgings."

"But surely he has a home . . ."

"He had one, but there was a row." She looked at Freda with a twinkle in her eyes. "It was about you. He went out in a huff and took rooms."

"He's badly hurt?"

"Well, I didn't know about it till the other day. I mean I did not know where he was, and then he told me things. I want to buy him all those delphiniums, and I want you to take them from Freda."

"You want . . . ? But I couldn't. I'm sorry, but . . ."

"I think you could," said Aunt Mabel, "or the world has changed a great deal since I was a girl. There is the money and that's the address. I want him to have them in the lunch hour."

Freda took the blue delphiniums, and she took a taxi. She did not know whether she wanted the taxi to break down or whether she wanted to get there all in a hurry. She was in that sort of a bewilderment. Yet when she got to the side street and the house where he was living she was a little afraid. He had a service suite. Should she just leave the flowers and run?

When the door opened she heard his voice from within the room, and after that she couldn't run back. She just went forward, and she knew quite well that it was going to be the fairy-tale romance.

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# What Women Are Doing

## Ribbons to Burn

RIBBONS are one of the admitted foibles of femininity, but every woman cannot collect them in the way that Miss M. Kyle-Little, of Nanango, Queensland, does.

For twenty-five years she has been garnering them at shows, big and little, with her champion horses. With a beautiful grey mare, Britomarte, she won 800 ribbons, of which 600 were firsts and champions. Fairlight, another fine big chestnut horse, won many prizes, and now she relies on a horse called Colin Laddie to keep up the good work.

## Heat of the North Did Not Worry Her

MISS GWLADYS EVANS, dramatic soprano, of Sydney, who recently left Townsville to go home to see her mother, thoroughly enjoyed her experience in the north of Queensland, where she was running a women's session for a broadcasting station in Townsville.

Miss Evans said the heat of the north—and she was there during the hottest months—did not worry her at all, and the scenery and colorful country justify the reports one hears of the beauties of the north.

## New Women's Club Is Assured of Success

MISS H. DANIEL, headmistress of Ruyton Girls' School and president of the Old Girls' Association, has been active in establishing a new women's club in Melbourne—the combined Old Collegians' Club, which is being sponsored by the combined Old Girls' Associations.

It should have a successful future, and already there is a membership of more than 500.

## Australian Composer's Works From Empire Station

MARGARET SUTHERLAND, of Melbourne, Australian composer-pianist, is widely known already for her original compositions.

Having won fame for their author in the recent A.B.C. composers' competition, a trio by this gifted artist was prominent in the London regional programme from the B.B.C. last month, and featured again in a relay from the Empire station in a programme by Australian composers.

## Won Scholarship at Birmingham University

MISS KATHLEEN CRISP, formerly employed at Hawthorn City Council, has been awarded a scholarship entitling her to two years' study at Birmingham University, and intends to qualify for the social service diploma.

She left Australia a year ago to study social service and international affairs in England, and has been actively engaged in social work. She also advertised Australia in the course of several addresses and lectures and was one of the leaders at numerous Y.W.C.A. camps.

Miss Crisp is now a resident student at Woodbrook College, Selby, Oak, Birmingham. Before leaving Australia she was admitted to associate membership of the Federal Institute of Accountants and Australasian Institute of Secretaries.

## Upheld Prestige of Her Sex

TO be the only woman representative at the first Undergraduates' Conference, held in Adelaide recently, was an honor that fell to Miss Noel Henderson, of Perth. She represented the W.A. Guild of Undergraduates in her capacity of honorary secretary.

Although she is only twenty, Miss Henderson already has her Bachelor of Arts degree, and will continue this year with an honors course in Modern Literature. She will also edit the Perth University's literature annual—"The Black Swan."

## Says Heels Too High, Food Too Starchy

SYDNEY girls were criticised by Miss Brenda Bannehr, of Swedish extraction, a specialist in dietetics, who has been working in New Zealand, and who is now in Brisbane.

She observed that the Sydney girls walked badly because they wore such high heels, and that though they were smartly dressed their figures were not well proportioned as a rule, the result of eating too much starchy food.

In New Zealand her services were requisitioned in the treatment of golfers' cases, in which correct diet plays an important part.

## On Advisory Committee for Sesqui-Centenary

MRS. EDMUND GATES, an ardent worker for charity in Sydney, was recently selected as a member of the Women's Advisory Committee of the Sesqui-Centenary Celebrations, N.S.W.

She is the founder of the Big Sister Movement, of which she is also president. This movement is to assist all women, friendless, penniless, or needing advice or help in any way. She is also treasurer of the National Council of Women, and among the many societies she has helped are the Royal Welfare Society, and the Returned Soldiers' Association.

## Making Her Sixth Tour Abroad

TALL, gracious, and much travelled, Lady Stewart planned to leave this month for her sixth tour abroad. With her will go her younger son, Bill, who recently became a Bachelor of Agricultural Science. Her elder son, James, at present in London, recently received his F.R.C.S.

Lady Stewart, whose husband, Sir Alexander Stewart, was among the recipients of New Year honors and is accompanying his family abroad, has been connected with the Children's Aid Society for twenty years. Characteristically enough, she celebrated her husband's knighthood by working extra hard to prepare for the opening of the new playground at the society's home.

All the flowers in the home on the great occasion came from the beautifully-kept grounds of Kinnoull, her Malvern home, for she is a great gardener, and likes others to enjoy the results of her gardening.

## Tasmanian Nurse To View Coronation

MISS MURIEL FOLDER, who has been chosen as Tasmania's Army nurse representative in the Services Coronation contingent, is eagerly looking forward to her trip. She has always been devoted to her profession, and has the reputation of being a particularly skilled and capable member of it. Miss Folder was trained at the Hobart General Hospital, and since her return from the war 17 years ago has been senior sister at the Repatriation Hospital in Hobart. Her war service was in Salonika, and she is principal matron of the Army Nursing Service in Tasmania.

## Popular Member Has Good Home-coming

MEMBERS of the Brisbane Lyceum Club missed one of their prominent members, Mrs. J. P. Lawson, very much last year. She returned last week with Dr. Lawson from her trip abroad. They were away eleven months, and while in Scotland Mrs. Lawson undertook a walking tour in the Highlands.

Theatrical productions Mrs. Lawson can tell her friends about include "Night Must Fall," "Red Pepper," with Noel Coward and Gertrude Lawrence, and Eugene O'Neill's "Ah, Wilderness."

The day before Mrs. Lawson returned her friends went out to her home and decorated it brightly with flowers, and installed a wireless.

## Interesting Visitor From Northern Territory

MELBOURNE has an interesting visitor in Mrs. Henry Griffiths.

With her husband, the Rev. Henry Griffiths, she brought a fascinating collection of curios, gems, agricultural products, native birds and reptiles for the Northern Territory Exhibition at the Melbourne Town Hall, the first of its kind to be held in Melbourne.

They covered the arduous journey from the heart of Australia by car and motor-truck.

Mrs. Griffiths is an enthusiastic advocate for Central Australia. For seven years she has lived in the Territory, travelling from centre to centre helping her husband with his work.

## Returned to Collect Material for Novel

MISS GERTRUDE MACK returned by the Orana from London to visit her family in Australia.

She has collaborated in the writing of several books recently and assisted Serge Ivanoff, a Russian Journalist, in translating a book of Baikov's short stories, and is herself a prolific writer of short stories. During the few months she will spend in Australia, she intends to collect material for a further book having a fresh viewpoint on her native land. Miss Mack is a sister of the late Louise Mack and Amy Eleanor Mack, (Mrs. Harrison), well known as a Sydney writer of girls' stories and on nature study subjects.

## Dealing With Food Problems

CATERING and cooking for the masses is a very different proposition to that of meeting the demands of a small family, and the Emily McPherson College of Domestic Economy, Melbourne, has a special teacher who instructs students on this subject and on the management of institutions in general.

She is Miss M. B. Heaton, an Englishwoman who, after graduating at the Manchester Training College, where she gained the Board of Education diploma of Great Britain, spent a year in a Continental hotel. She later conducted a restaurant and catering business in one of the market towns in England, and at the College of Technology, Manchester.

## Sydney Lyceum Club Begins Activities for 1937

SYDNEY Lyceum Club, after its annual recess, opened activities for 1937 with a club At Home. Mrs. A. G. Thomas, who succeeds Dame Mary Gilmore as president, was in the chair to welcome old and new members.

Interesting literary, art, and other circles are a feature of the club. This year Miss A. T. Newman is president of the Art Circle, Mrs. Lance Thompson of the Dramatic Circle, Mrs. George Pring of the Flower Circle, Mrs. Gore Newell of the Literary Circle, Miss Esther Kahn, of the Music Circle, and Dame Mary Gilmore of the Pioneer Circle.

## New Warden at Teachers' College

SUPERVISING the activities of the women students at the Adelaide Teachers' College is the main duty of

Miss G. M. Barbour, who was recently appointed successor to Miss Phoebe Watson as warden.

Miss Barbour has been on the staff of the Adelaide High School for the last fourteen years, and before her new appointment was head of the senior mistresses there.

A Master of Arts, her new duties will include lecturing the students in method and accompanying them to the practising schools for demonstration and criticism lessons, as well as supervising the boarding arrangements for country students and the sporting activities of the whole college.

## New President For Voluntary Helpers' Club

AT the first annual meeting of the Victorian Baby Health Centres Voluntary Helpers' Club, Melbourne, Mrs. L. Odgers was elected president.

This club was formed twelve months ago with the idea of bringing the voluntary helpers together socially, and with the object of raising funds for the training school.

There are in all fifty voluntary helpers working at the various Baby Health Centres.

## To Direct State-wide Campaign for W.C.T.U.

ONE of the chief aims of the State-wide educational and legislative campaign which the Women's Christian Temperance Union of South Australia is conducting this year is to get women representatives in the State Parliament.

Miss Ada Bromham, National Recording Secretary of the W.C.T.U., who has been appointed campaign director, will keep in touch with the local unions throughout the State and help them with the many and varied subjects under discussion.

Miss Bromham also holds the position of National Chairman of the Pan-Pacific Women's Union, and is gathering data on "Traffic in Women and Children," which is one of the subjects for discussion when the Union confers at Vancouver this year.

## Japanese Woman to Preside At Pan-Pacific Conference

WHEN the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference meets at Vancouver this year to discuss the "Problems of Peace," a Japanese woman, Mrs. Tshume Gauntlett, will preside.

Mrs. Gauntlett, whose home is in Tokyo where her husband, an Englishman, is Professor of Economics, is an accomplished speaker. She is State Secretary of the Japanese Women's Christian Temperance Union, very interested in education, and teaches English at one of the model schools for girls which have been formed throughout Japan.

## Works Among the Natives of India

MRS. R. L. RUST, who is in Adelaide on furlough from the East, has spent fourteen years working among the natives of the lowest castes in the south of India.

Mrs. Rust, who is a Salvation Army officer, helps her husband to train the natives as officers at the Mission training college in Trivandrum, the capital of the native State of Travancore. There are usually about forty students, mostly natives from the lowest class, residing at the college, and they undergo a ten-months' training course before they become officers in the Salvation Army and help to further the work of the Mission.

## My grandfather—my father—and I—owe kidney health to Warner's Safe Cure—

"Three generations of us have used Warner's Safe Cure—and been glad of it. My grandfather for rheumatism, my father for gout, and I for neuritis. These are all symptoms of kidney or liver trouble—and that's where Warner's Safe Cure scores off other prescriptions. It gets rid of all the symptoms of kidney or liver disorder—for good—by wiping out the cause at its root. That's why Warner's Safe Cure is still on the market after sixty years."

Other common symptoms of malfunctioning liver or kidneys are: biliousness, backache, insomnia, sciatica, dyspepsia, sick headaches, etc.

## WARNER'S SAFE CURE

Original Form Concentrated  
5/- 2/9

To ensure one free movement of the bowels daily, take Warner's Safe Pills, 4/- per phial.





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To enjoy normal health and prevent colds and chills, Vitamins "A" and "D" must be taken regularly. Vitapan Pearls are a concentrate of these vitamins in their most potent form. Each pearl is equivalent to 1½ teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil, and is absolutely tasteless.

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**SEND 4d. FOR SAMPLE**

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"THAT will adjust the odds," he explained, and cleared his blade in time to engage a gentleman who whirled to face him, spitting blasphemies with Castilian fluency. He broke ground, nimbly enveloped a vicious thrust in a counter-parry and drove his steel through the blasphemer's sword-arm.

Out of action, the man reeled back, and the only remaining Spaniard, not liking the odds of two to one, gave way before Blood's charge. In a moment, though still shouting threats and curses, he and his wounded fellow were in flight, leaving their fallen companion to lie.

At Blood's side, the man he had rescued almost collapsed against him, breathing in gasps.

"Darned assassins!" he said. "Another minute would have seen the end of me."

The woman darted to him, and spoke in fearful urgency, first in Spanish, then in English.

"Vamos, George, vamos! Quick! To the boat! We are almost there."

This mention of a boat encouraged Blood to hope that in help-

## THE ELOPING HIDALGA

Continued from Page 3

ing a stranger he had helped himself. His hands played briskly over the man, and came away wet from his left shoulder. He made no more ado. He hitched the fellow's right arm round his own neck, gripped him about the waist to support him, and bade the girl lead on.

Her ready obedience, in spite of obvious panic on the score of her man's hurt, was a proof to Blood of wit and courage. They came out of the alley and across the mole, disregarding the odd wayfarers who paused to stare after them, to a spot where a long-boat waited.

Two men rose out of it—Indians or half-castes, their bodies naked from waist to shoulder. One of them sprang ashore, then checked, peering through the gloom at the wounded man.

"Que tal el patron?" he asked.

"He has been hurt. Help him down carefully. Make haste."

She flung fearful glances over her shoulder whilst they obeyed

her. Then Blood, standing in the boat, proffered her his hand.

"Aboard, ma'am!" He was peremptory. "I am coming with you."

"But we sail at once, sir. We dare not stay."

"FAITH, no more dare I. It is very well. Aboard, ma'am!" And he almost pulled her into the boat, ordering the men to give way.

If she experienced surprise, this was lost in concern for her wounded companion. She went to crouch at his side in the stern-sheets, and then, as they sped over the dark water towards a ship's lantern half a mile away, the deft fingers of the buccaneer, who once had been a surgeon, located the wound, high in the shoulder, and announced it no great matter.

To confirm him, the fellow, recovering already from a faintness due to loss of blood, answered the girl's fond crooning with a soft laugh and an allusion in jesting terms to his escape.

From the scraps of talk that followed between them, Blood pieced together the situation. They were an eloping pair, these two, this tough Englishman whose name was George Fairfax and this little hidalga of the great family of Sotomayor, who, fearful of pursuit, continually looked back towards the receding mole. But by the time that agitated lights came dancing at last at the water's edge, the long-boat was bumping alongside a two-masted brig, and a gruff English voice was hailing them from the deck.

The lady was the first up the accommodation-ladder. Then followed Fairfax, with Blood immediately and so close behind him as almost to be carrying him aboard. In the waist Fairfax steadied himself against a bulkhead, and by his sharp orders interrupted the questions of the mate who had received them.

"No time to get the boat aboard, Tim. Take her in tow. And don't stay to take up anchor. Cut the cable. Hoist sail, and let's away. Thank God, the wind serves! There'll be the alcalde and all the alguaziles of La Hacha on our heels. So stir your bones, Tim!"

A blast of the mate's whistle brought a patter of naked feet across the deck. His orders to the four men who sprang to obey, and to the two still in the boat alongside, were brisk and savage.

"But this gentleman, George," the lady cried. "You forget him. He does not know where we go."

"It's little I'm caring where you go," said Blood. "So long as it's away from La Hacha."

There was a pause. Then Fairfax laughed softly.

"You're running away, too, are you? Well, it seems all of a piece. Come along, then."

The girl preceding them, they made their way down to the cabin, a place of fair proportions, rudely equipped, and lighted by a slush-lamp swinging above the bare table.

A NEGRO, emerging from a stateroom on the port side, cried out at sight of the blood with which his master's shirt was drenched.

Blood assumed authority. He ordered the negro to find the ship's medicine-chest, and to fetch hot water from the galley, then he almost lifted Fairfax in his arms, carried him through the doorway which the steward had left open, and got him to bed just as his senses were beginning to swim again. There, having disposed him in a sitting posture, propped by all the pillows available, Blood cut away his sodden shirt and laid bare his vigorous torso.

When presently the steward returned, the lady followed him, to stand hesitating in the doorway, offering her help. Through the ports that stood open to the purple night she had heard the creak of blocks and the thud of the sails as they took the wind, and it was in immense relief that she felt at last the forward heave of the un-leashed brig.

Please turn to Page 25



Young Leaf and Old

The young leaf of the tea-plant is rich in flavor.

Older leaves are weak in flavor.

Young bud-leaves only, are picked for Bushells Blue Label. They are richest in the fragrant sap-juice which makes your cup of tea.

This is why Bushells Blue Label Tea gives you a finer flavor than ordinary tea, and more cups from a pound.



Her lips said "Darling" but her breath said "CHEESE"

HOW easy it is to spoil an effect entirely. That piece of cheese at dinner . . . a small thing, yet enough to make your breath go on saying "Cheese"! all the evening.

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CLEAR YOUR BREATH

1/- a tin at all Chemists

## ROMANCE and FRAGRANCE go together!



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ITS irresistible . . . the sweet, haunting perfume like a breath from an old-world garden . . . Cashmere Bouquet.

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The Aristocrat of Face Powders

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# THE ELOPING HIDALGA

Continued from Page 24

SEEN now in the light, she confirmed the impressions Blood had already formed of her. A slight wisp of womanhood, little more than a child not long out of the hands of the nuns, she showed him a winsome, eager face and two vivid eyes intensely black against the waxen pallor in which they were set. Her gold-laced gown of black, with beautiful point of Spain at throat and wrists, and some pearls of obvious price, was, like the proud air investing her, that of a person of rank.

Assisted by her and by the negro, who answered to the name of Alcatraz, Captain Blood worked upon the man for love of whom this little hidalga of the great house of Sotomayor was burning her boats. Carefully he washed the purple lips of the wound, which was still oozing. In the medicine-chest he had found, at least, some arnica, and of this made a liberal application. It produced a fiercely reviving effect.

"Stop!" cried Fairfax. "Do you burn me?"

"Have patience. It's a healing cauter." The lady's arm encircled the patient's head, supporting and soothing him.

"My poor Jorgito," she murmured, her lips lightly touching his dark brow.

Blood tore linen into strips, made a pad for the wound, applied a bandage to keep it in position, and then a second bandage to hold the left arm immovable against the patient's breast. Then Alcatraz handed him a fresh shirt, which he drew over Fairfax's head, leaving the left sleeve empty, and the task was ended.

"You'll sleep in that position," Blood instructed him, "and avoid movement as much as possible. In a week you'll be whole again."

## Plenty thrill now

"You know," she said to me, "a while back I didn't feel like such a thrill. I was just an average woman in her forties, playing a fair game of golf, or bridge, or going to the pictures or theatre occasionally. You know... just the usual life."

"Then I started to use CREME CHARMOSAN, and in a little while, instead of that middle-aged look in my skin, I found it becoming younger and prettier looking every day. It is nice, isn't it?"

"Now, Jack tells me people talk about his pretty wife, and he's thrilled to bits. That's me they talk about. Do I like it?"

CREME CHARMOSAN takes away that middle-aged look from your skin. A charm against the hot summer sun, dust and winds. Holds powder for hours.

## Creme Charmosan for skin youth

Big jars for your dressing table, 2/6. Handing tubes 1/6. Sold everywhere. It's greaseless, of course.

P.S.: Charmosan face powder is French. It gives instant charm to your skin. It stays on with sweet witchery hour after hour. You can motor, dance, play golf or tennis, do what you like. Charmosan face powder stays put. How lovely to be able to forget all about your powder pad for hours. It is the best powder that money can buy and costs but 2/6 per large box. Used by famous film and stage stars. It is the powder of youthful skin charm and endowment no matter what your age. In all shades and sun tan. Sold everywhere.

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A light for the gas stove, bath heater, etc., that is always there—that is clean, safe, and CHEAPER THAN MATCHES—the Ever-Ready Automatic Gas Lighter. A British product by the makers of the world-famed Ever-Ready batteries; heavily plated and built to last a life time, with batteries that give over 7000 lightings. Equipped with convenient ring hanger. Price 5/6 complete. Battery refill, giving up to 2 years' service, 2/6 each. If unable to obtain locally write direct to G.P.O., Box 2088V.

Whilst the man's answer was no more than a grumbling oath, Blood's hands were suddenly gripped by the lady across the narrow bed. Her pale, dark face was solemnly intense.

"You have been so good, so brave, so noble!" Before he could check her, she had carried his hands to her lips.

When, protesting, he wrenched them away, she smiled up at him wistfully.

"They are the hands that have saved my George's life, that have healed his wounds. All my life I shall love those hands."

Blood had his doubts about it. He was not finding Jorgito prepossessing. The fellow's shallow, sloping, animal brow and wide, loose-lipped mouth inspired no confidence, for all that in its total sum and in a coarse, raffish way the face might be described as handsome.

He wore his own hair, reddish-brown and luxuriant, reaching to the nape of his neck, and some tendrils of it were matted now by sweat across his brow. In age he could not have passed the middle thirties.

His eyes, rather close-set and pale, shifted under Blood's scrutiny, and he began to mutter belated acknowledgments.

"I vow, sir, I am in your debt. That's nothing new to me. God knows. But this is a debt of another sort. If only you had skewered that rat who got away, I'd owe you still more."

"No, no, Jorgito. Ah, no!" To soften her remonstrance the little lady stroked his cheek. "If that had happened my conscience would never be quiet again. If my brother's blood had been shed..."

"Wasn't he eager enough for mine? Him and his bullock." "Querido," she soothed him. "It was to protect me. He thinks it his duty. I could not have forgiven him ever if he killed you. It would have broken my heart, Jorgito. Yet I can understand. Let us thank God—God and this so brave gentleman—that no worse have happened."

And then Tim, the mate, a big red man, rolled in to discover how his master fared and to report that the course was set, that the Heron was moving briskly before a steady, southerly breeze, and that La Racha was already five or six miles astern.

"So all's well that ends well, Captain." And he drove out Alcatraz, to set a hammock in the cuddy for their passenger.

Fairfax laughed softly, and Blood noted that always when he laughed his loose mouth seemed to sneer. He was recovering vigor of body and of mind with every moment now, since he had been made comfortable and the bleeding had been checked. His hand closed over the lady's, which lay on the counterpane.

"Ye'll have the jewels safe, sweetheart?" he murmured.

"The jewels?" She knit her brow in thought a moment, then came to her feet in consternation. "The jewels!"

"What now? Ye have them?" "Vaiga me Dios! I must have dropped the casket when we were attacked."

"Dropped the casket?" He stared at her, first in stupefaction, then with a blaze kindling in his light eyes. "Dropped the casket!" he repeated, and his voice cracked.

The fury of it shocked her. She looked at him timidly, her lip quivering.

"You are angry. But you must not be angry, Jorgito. I was distracted, and I let it fall. Then, when you are wounded, and I think perhaps you may die, how can I think of jewels? You see, Jorgito? They do not matter. Let them go." Her soothing hand was stealing round his neck again. But in a rage he flung it off.

"Don't matter?" he echoed, his loose mouth writhing. "Heavens! You drop thirty thousand ducats in the kennel, and you say it don't matter!"

Blood intervened. Gently he pressed the furious man back upon his pillows.

"Will you be quiet, now? Haven't ye spilt enough of your blood this night?"

But Fairfax raged. "Quiet! Rot my bones! Quiet, when this little fool..."

Please turn to Page 26

Don't let **NERVES** get you down THIS SUMMER!

# CHILDREN

How to keep them

**WELL AND STOP CRANKY TANTRUMS, NERVES AND SLEEPLESSNESS**

Summer drags children down. Often they become cranky, grizzly, and just simply pick at their food. Healthy play tires them too quickly and then when you do get them to bed they suffer from disturbed nights, night terrors, and they cannot get proper rest.

## MINERAL STARVATION A BASIC CAUSE

As with adults, "Mineral Starvation" is a basic reason for such a condition. The hot summer drags down the child's strength, and then, as he runs or plays, the drain of mineral salts from his system is much more rapid than usual.

Furthermore, summer comes right after a strenuous school year when children have not recovered thoroughly from the strain of examination and homework. And this, too, adds to the mineral loss.



## Replace Lost Minerals With Bidomak

To make your boy or girl well again, these mineral losses must be regained. The safest and most certain way to regain them is to give the child Bidomak. A course of Bidomak and he will once again be a bundle of bounding, happy energy, eating, sleeping, looking, and feeling well and fit again.

# BIDOMAK

The Tonic of the Century

## WHY BIDOMAK DOES GOOD SO QUICKLY

Bidomak restores to the system the vital mineral salts — ferrum, calcium, sodium, potassium, phosphates, glycerophosphates, and sucrose, which have been drained from the body by study, over-active emotions, or too vigorous play. Bidomak thus feeds the mineral-starved tissues with all the necessary food minerals in the easiest assimilable liquid form. Nerves, stomach, liver, kidneys, and heart are all greatly benefited.

Safe and pleasant to take, there is not a single substance in Bidomak which may not be given with absolute safety to even very young children. Bidomak will not harm the heart, eyes or teeth in any way. It contains no bitter, dangerous drugs nor opiates. It is a mineral food supplement, not a drug — a modern, up-to-date treatment for modern conditions.

Children like it, and take it readily because of its pleasant, fresh, wild-cherry flavour. Get a bottle to-day — and give it to your's.

## AMAZING REPORTS FROM USERS

(Original letter on our files)  
**Child's Nerves in Shocking State** —  
Balladonia, 5th Oct. 1936.

Douglas Drug Co.,

My little boy had gastric flu at the age of 2 years, and it left his nerves in a shocking state. He was irritable, cranky, and had sleepless nights, also no appetite. I was almost worried out of my mind as I had tried several tonics and prescriptions recommended by different advisers which were of no avail. This last winter he developed flu again and for 3 weeks he was just unbearable. I happened to glance at your advertisement in the "Sydney Morning Herald" which had a wonderful testimonial. I decided at once to give Bidomak a trial and was delighted with the sudden change with just a few doses. My little boy has had one bottle and a half of Bidomak and he looks the picture of health and he is enjoying life. You can use this letter in any way you wish and I'm sure anyone seeking the help cannot go wrong with Bidomak.

I am, Yours faithfully,  
Mrs. G. F. McGarity,  
Balladonia, N.S.W.



## Benefit Guaranteed OR YOU PAY NOTHING

So many nerve sufferers have obtained immediate relief from "BIDOMAK" that if you do not benefit from the first bottle we will refund your money within 14 days of purchase on its return, nearly empty, to the Douglas Drug Co. Thus we guarantee you positive relief or you pay nothing.

GET A BOTTLE OF BIDOMAK TO-DAY





**NO UGLY HAIR**

**ON ARMS AND LEGS**

*to mar her summer loveliness*

Bathing suits this year reveal more than ever. Feminine limbs simply must be free from disfiguring hair. An amazing discovery enables you to get rid of it in two minutes. No odour, no mess or bother. Simply spread on the skin a dainty toilet cream called New Veet (new and improved formula). Wash it away with water—every trace of hair is gone as if by magic. Skin is soft and velvety smooth. New Veet contains a newly discovered ingredient that dissolves the keratin in the hair and its roots. The hair simply falls away. New Veet, 2/6 and 4/— (double size).

SHE interrupted him there. She had stiffened. Her lips were steady, her eyes more intensely black than ever. "They were my jewels, George. My jewels. You'll please to remember. If I lose them, I lose them. I should not count the loss on a night when I have gained so much. Or have I not, George? Were the jewels such great matters to you?"

That challenge brought him to his senses. He retreated before it in the best order he could contrive. After a moment's pause he broke into a slow laugh.

"I am like that," he explained. "The jewels? Bah! Rot the jewels, though thirty thousand ducats be a loss to make a man forget his manners. Come, Isabella."

He held out a coaxing hand. "Kiss and forgive, sweetheart. I'll soon be buying you all the jewels you could want."

He held out a coaxing hand. "Kiss and forgive, sweetheart. I'll soon be buying you all the jewels you could want."

Tim shuffled uncomfortably. "I'd best get on deck, Captain."

He turned to Blood. "That black-amoer will have slung your hammock."

Blood sighed and stirred. "You may be showing me the way. There's no more I can do here."

While holding the door for him, Tim spoke again. "If this wind holds we should make Port Royal by Sunday night or Monday morning."

Blood paused. "Port Royal? Where will you be going after that?"

The question amused Fairfax. He uttered his unpleasant laugh. "Faith, that'll depend upon a mort o' things."

Blood's growing dislike of the man sharpened his rejoinder. "I'd thank you to make it depend a little upon my convenience, seeing that I'm here for yours."

"For mine?" Fairfax raised his light brow. "Od rot me! Didn't I understand you was running away,

## THE ELOPING HIDALGA

Continued from Page 25

too? But we'll see what we can do. Where was ye wishing to be put ashore?"

"From Port Royal it would be no great matter for you to carry me through the Windward Passage, and land me either on the north-west of Hispaniola or on Tortuga."

"Tortuga!" There was a quickening of the light, shifty eyes. They fastened intently on Blood for a long moment, and behind them the man's mind was obviously at work. "Tortuga, eh? So ye've friends among the buccaneers? Well, well. That's your affair, to be sure. Let the Heron make Port Royal first, and then we'll be obliging you."

"I'll be in your debt," said Blood with a hint of sarcasm. "Give you good night, sir. And you, ma'am."

When he had gone, Fairfax looked at Isabella, a mysterious smile on his lips.

"It's queer the difference the lack of a perwig makes to a man who's an Irishman, a surgeon, and wants to land at Tortuga."

TO Dona Isabella this was Greek. But she remained incurious. Her concern at the moment was that Fairfax should sleep. A tormenting thirst, however, kept him wakeful, and she gave him frequently to drink, water mingled with the juice of limes, and once, on his demand, with brandy.

And then, when her vigil had lasted some three hours and he had turned so quiet that she thought he slept at last, he suddenly stirred with an oath and a laugh, and ordered her to summon Tim.

Of Tim, when he arrived, Fairfax demanded to know the time and the ship's position.

Eight bells, he was told, had just been made; and they were already a good fifty miles from La Hacha.

Then came a question that was entirely odd:

"How far from Carthage?"

"A hundred miles, maybe, or more."

"How long to make it?"

The mate's eyes opened wide in surprise. But he answered stolidly. "With the wind as it blows, maybe twenty-four hours."

"Make it, then," was the astounding order. "Go about at once."

Tim's expression was suddenly of concern.

"Ye've the fever, Captain. What should we be doing at Carthage?"

The loose mouth twisted humorously. If in full possession of his vigor, Fairfax would have admitted no partner to the enterprise conceived. But in his present condition he had no choice.

"Riconete is at Carthage, and he'll pay fifty thousand pieces of eight for the head of Captain Blood." He paused; then added: "There'll be five thousand pieces for you, Tim, when the money's paid."

Tim's suspicion was now a certainty.

"To be sure. To be sure. But where do we find Captain Blood?"

"In the cuddy where you be-stowed him."

"Ye're light-headed, Captain."

Exasperated, Fairfax snarled at him.

"Od rot you, Tim! My head is clearer than yours will ever be. I recognised him when he asked to be landed at Tortuga. I'd have recognised him sooner if I'd been more than half awake."

Tim blinked foolishly in amazement and loosed an oath or two.

"Be off now, and put about, when that's done, you'd better make this fellow fast. If you take him in his sleep it'll save trouble. Away with you!"

Dona Isabella, sitting with a face of horror at what she heard, did not find her voice until some moments after Tim had hustled off in an excitement tempered by no qualms.

"You cannot do this, George. You cannot sell the man who saved your life."

HE considered her with amusement, confident of his ascendancy over a mind whose innocence he mistook for simplicity. "Fish, child! It's a duty. Blood is a pirate rogue. The seas'll be cleaner without him."

She rose in vehemence.

"But you owe your life to him; he is here in your ship because of that."

"That's a lie, anyway," said Fairfax. "He took advantage of my condition. He's come aboard the Heron so as to escape from the Main in her. He'll find out his mistake to-morrow."

She wrung her hands, a fierce distress in her white face.

"Oh, que infamia!" she cried.

"Infamy be hanged!" said Fairfax with his ugly, contemptuous laugh. "It's a duty, I tell you, the duty of every honest gentleman, to lay this rogue by the heels."

"Honest?" she echoed, a deepening scorn in her dark eyes.

"If you don't like it, you may blame your own stupidity in losing the jewels. How else now am I to pay Tim and the hands, buy stores at Jamaica, and pay for the graving of the Heron to make her fit for the ocean voyage? How else?"

Her bosom was in tumult.

"It was for that? My jewels were for that? Que verguenza!" A sob shook her. "Dios mio, que villadi!" Then changing to a pleading tone, her two hands on his sound arm, "Jorgito . . ." she began.

He flung her off with a violence that knocked her breathless against the bulkhead at her back.

His evil temper was now thoroughly aroused. He was perhaps the more savage because his impetuous movement had brought a twinge to his wounded shoulder.

"Enough of that, my girl. Devil take you, if you haven't set me bleeding again. D'ye think a man's to be pestered so? You'll learn different afore we're acquainted much longer. Get you to bed." As she still lingered, white-faced, aghast, incredulous, he raised his voice in fury. "D'ye hear me? Get you to bed, rot you. Go!"

Please turn to Page 36

Now . . .  
in light  
and dark



**CORNWELL'S**  
PURE MALT  
VINEGAR

LIGHT IN PINT BOTTLES  
DARK IN QUART BOTTLES



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Honey & Almond CREAM

Silks lovely as new after  
Rinso Washing

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Mrs. V. Gray, of 55 Prospect  
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"I firmly believed that silks could never be the same after washing until I tried the Rinso method for silks. Since I've given up my old-fashioned way of washing them—soaping and rubbing—all our silks and dainty articles give twice the wear and look a whole heap nicer, too. I pop them into Rinso suds as often as they need it and I never have the slightest cause to worry."



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# FARMER'S

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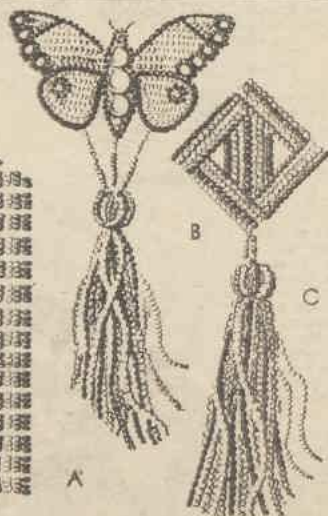
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Six new briar-proof

## Suede "Brogies"

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- B. Bulgarian bead motifs with tassels attached. Many colours. 4 1/2 ins. 3/11
- C. Bulgarian bead motifs with bead tassels. Assorted shapes. 4 1/2 ins. long. Ea., 3/3



## Mixing bowls of white glass

Latest news in kitchen glassware are these white glass bowls all the way from America. Lay-by a full set! Six sizes, priced at 8 1/2 d. 1/3 1/6 1/11 2/3 2/11

Kitchenware, Lower Ground Floor. Country carriage extra.



## HALF PRICE FUR COLLARS

Usually 90/- 45/- Lay-by for 9/-

You'd have paid 90/- for this luxurious dyed skunk collar last season. Now it's sensationally half! Finest quality fur, that measures 32 ins. from tip to tip. Across the back of the yoke it's 12 ins.

Other fur collars at amazingly keen prices



Striped rabbit cascade fur that's 44 inches from tip to tip, 10 1/2 inches across back of yoke. In sable, kit or gunmetal. Lined and taped. At 15/6



Beaver coney attachable collar that you can wear as above or with one end in front, one over your shoulder. Two fur buttons. Priced at only 30/-



American opossum fur collar. High grade skins dyed in natural, fawn and skunk shades. With wide yoke, and priced at 25/-



Long-haired rabbit to wear with either a suit or a coat. Pencil stripes run all over it. Colours are mink and kit. Why not lay-by! At 15/6

Lay-by a collar till your coat is ready. Second Floor, Pitt Street.





If your dog is moody, bad tempered, listless or out of sorts generally—if his nose is warm or his coat harsh, and he constantly scratches himself—then you should act promptly. Start him at once on a regular daily course of BARKO Condition Powders. You will quickly notice a big improvement in his coat, his health and his spirits.

**BARKO**  
CONDITION POWDERS  
1/6 Box of 20 Powders—At all Chemists  
For FREE Book on Dogs, send 1d. in stamps to  
Perry, Barker, & Co., 66 King St., Sydney. 9/3

## JACK DAVEY Has Played MANY Parts IN RADIO

Crooning, Clowning and Acting

From crooner to radio player in four years is the transformation which has taken place in one of radio's leading personalities.

Jack Davey, now at the top of the radio tree, can look back over those years with satisfaction.

FOUR years ago there walked into the studio at 2GB a cheery young man. The concert orchestra was rehearsing, and the conductor stopped the rehearsal to inquire what the young man wanted.

"I want to sing," said the young man.

"But we have to rehearse," said the conductor.

"Well, I have come a long way to sing," the intruder remarked, "from



MR. JACK DAVEY

New Zealand, in fact." So he was given an audition and that night, accompanied by the concert orchestra, Jack Davey made his first appearance on 2GB.

That was in the days before the B.B.C. issued an edict cutting down crooning numbers to one in three, and crooning was very popular, although there were some people who were willing to stay up late at nights writing letters to the Press about what they considered the latest musical horror.

Jack Davey entered into the fray with delight, and put up a great fight in favor of crooning.

"Then one day," says Jack, "somebody discovered that I could announce." That started his career as an announcer with a dynamic and different personality. Even to this day there is probably nobody on the air who can deliver an announcement with such speed and punch as Jack Davey.

"Later," continues Jack Davey, "I started writing plays and continuity: first of all serious; and then I discovered my comedy vein and that led to a new discovery—I became 'Crazy Davey,' and the crazier I was the more people liked it."

To many people Jack Davey is still "Crazy Davey," purveyor of wise-cracks and puns, and master of inconsequential nonsense.

But Jack did not restrain his

### Specials For Knitters

ON page 47 of this issue, there is a thrilling surprise for knitting enthusiasts. Directions, together with illustrations, are given for knitting one of the loveliest jackets yet seen in soft lettuce-green nubby wool. The design comes from Vienna, and is dressy enough for the smartest occasion.

For mothers with small daughters beginning school, there are instructions for knitting a cosy winter frock in navy blue and white which is extremely smart and serviceable—also an exclusive Viennese design.

craziness to mere words, he bought the smallest car in Sydney, and drove about the streets with his knees bent up underneath his chin.

"My next radio venture," Jack explains, "was to start an early morning session on 2GB back in September, 1935. It meant getting up at five o'clock in the morning, to be on the air at six, and one of my earliest recollections of that session is speaking for half an hour, and then discovering that nobody was listening, as the station had failed to go on the air: imagine my annoyance at that good half-hour's sleep lost."

At that time Jack Davey became "Daybreak Davey," which he still is to this day, but that by no means exhausts his versatility. He is also Dill of the famous Dill and Daffy Dill combination in "Radio Pie"; and for 12 months Jack Lumsdaine and Jack Davey, as Dill and Daffy Dill, have presented a comedy act which has opened up new ground in Australian radio.

Just as the world had made up its mind that Jack Davey was an unexcelled humorist, he decided that it was time for a change, and hey presto! he is appearing as a dramatic player, and already radio listeners are expressing their appreciation of the new Jack Davey, B.S.A. player and portrayer of a radio singer turned detective in that exciting mystery drama, "High Frequency," written by John Appleton, which for the first time brings "behind the scenes" in radio to the microphone.

# SUNLIGHT

The World's Finest Soap Value



.... LASTS LONGER THAN ORDINARY SOAPS ... EXTRA SOAPY LATHER THAT SAVES THE CLOTHES AND SOOTHES THE HANDS

Sunlight Soap is better buying not only because of the superior gifts, but because it's still the best and purest of soap. The rich, abundant Sunlight suds do twice as much washing as the same amount of cheap hard soap—and the purity of Sunlight saves your linen from washing-day wear.



## NEW FREE GIFTS



### How to get your Free Gift

Cut off the required number of wrapper-tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (three in each carton). Take these to: LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall end), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrapper-tops addressed to "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4370 YY, G.P.O., SYDNEY

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Enclosed

☐ White Admiralty Bath Towel.

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☐ Glasscloth.

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(Put a cross against gift required).

1.206.15

DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER, BUT FILL IN THIS FORM



AUNT MARY'S



BAKING POWDER

Send one shilling and twopence to Tillock & Co. Ltd., Sydney, for Aunt Mary's Cookery Book—210 pages, 400 recipes and useful hints, illustrated in full colours. Save 50 clean lids for handsome surprise packet free.



# High Cost of Making Ice-skaters!

From MARY ST. CLAIRE, Our Special Representative in England. By Beam Wireless.

Seven thousand people paid £2000 sterling to see 16-year-old Cecilia Colledge, daughter of a Harley Street physician, win the world's ice-figure skating title at Earl's Court. Cecilia is now stepping into the place formerly held by film star Sonja Henie.

THE extraordinary rise of ice-skating championships has given birth to a new race of child stars. Starting from the age of 12 years, they lead the lives of pampered champions, who are feted and travel all over the world for ten years—to become discarded veterans in their early twenties.

A skater must be of wealthy parentage to get into the championship class. The career costs £5000, while aspirants are making appearances strictly as amateurs.

The star of the ice is a greater darling with film fans than the star of the tennis courts. She combines the grace of a ballet-dancer with the speed of a swallow, the daring of an acrobat, and the colorful glamor of the film star.

Youngest championship aspirant is Daphne Walker, a shy, twelve-

## Our Radio Sessions From Station 2GB

(Featured by Dorothea Vanier)

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10:  
11.45 a.m.—"London Calling."  
2.45 p.m.—"The Fashion Parade."

THURSDAY, MARCH 11:  
11.45 a.m.—Radio interview, Dal Stevens, Australian writer.  
2.45 p.m.—Afternoon Tea selections.

FRIDAY, MARCH 12: 11.45 a.m.—"So They Say."  
2.45 p.m.—Musical Cocktail.

SATURDAY, MARCH 13: 6.15 p.m.—The Music Box.  
9.30 p.m.—Memories of the Theatre.

SUNDAY, MARCH 14: 6.10 p.m.—"A Cavalcade of Variety."

MONDAY, MARCH 15: 11.45 a.m.—"People in the Limelight."  
2.45 p.m.—Review of The Australian Women's Weekly.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16: 11.45 a.m.—From Near and Far.  
2.45 p.m.—"Swing-time."

year-old schoolgirl in the daytime, with the poise of a celebrity at night-time. The eldest is Gladys Jagger, an eighteen-year-old bespectacled, serious-minded High School student.

Interviewed by The Australian Women's Weekly at Waterloo Station en route for Canada by the Queen Mary, Cecilia Colledge said:

"My one regret is that I can't eat ice-cream. Though I always seem to be on the ice, my trainer forbids me ice-cream! Otherwise I eat what I like. In the season I spend five hours daily on the ice and three hours at home in my gymnasium, skipping, ballet-dancing, and doing special ice-work dancing on a revolving-top piano-stool.

"In summer I have two months' holiday, when I do what I like. I am fond of swimming, which is good training, though I don't count it as work. I never wear stockings, nor a hat, and always the minimum of clothes. I do not smoke nor drink alcoholic beverages."

Cecilia is the first Britisher to hold world, Europe, and British championship simultaneously.

She is a charming, natural, unspoilt girl. She wears size six shoes, but her feet and ankles are so beautifully formed that they look like size three. She wants to become a film star, but not as a skater. Her youthful mother, who does not skate herself, accompanies Cecilia everywhere.

Sure to get it at

# Grace Bros

## Style Right Fashions

### AT A 'SPECIALISED' PRICE!

#### ALL FULLY LINED

Only constant study and very keen merchandising on the part of our world-travelled buyers enable us to offer these "Style-Right" garments at such astonishingly low prices. The materials from which these styles have been fashioned were bought by us at "Special Purchase" price concessions, and the garments made to our order by reliable manufacturers.

MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED!

We suggest an early order, as the swiftly rising Wool Market makes it impossible for us to guarantee supplies for longer than the coming fortnight.

For the Larger Figure



M72—Man Tailored Costume in Fine Stripe Worsted. Coat is lined, has jigger fastening and inset pockets. Skirt is well cut with inverted pleat centre front. Sizes: X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W. Colours: Black, Navy.

Usual Value, 49/11. 30/-  
Specialised Price . . . . .

M73—Tailored Suit of Briar Tweed, featuring the "Princess" silhouette, wide revers and welted seams; jigger fastening. Coat is fully lined. Skirt has side pleat with welted seam. In Brown and Dark Grey tonings. Sizes: X.S.S.W., S.S.W., S.W., W.

Usual Value, 49/11. 30/-  
Specialised Price . . . . .

MB71—Man Tailored Costume in Check design Tweed. The two-button fastening coat is fully lined, and has two inset pockets. Skirt has a side pleat back and front. Colour: Beige ground with Brown tonings. Sizes: W., S.O.S., O.S., E.O.S.

Usual Value, 49/11. 30/-  
Specialised Price . . . . .

## GRACE BROS. Pty. Ltd.

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# FREE BLOUSES

Leading Sydney Retail House to give Away Free Blouses . . . Special offer to Women's Weekly Readers

Obtainable as bonus with any of their beautiful Autumn suits that are covered by "cash returned" guarantee. Extraordinary offer is open for limited period only.

Rigneys, famous for 33 years as Sydney's leading shoe store, and as such always in the forefront of the march of fashion, always first with the newest interpretation of the prevailing and coming vogue, 2 years ago decided to broaden its fashion activities to embrace frocks as well as footwear. This new departure of such import to women of fashion was first announced in The Australian Women's Weekly. The success that was prophesied for it has been more than fulfilled. In fact, women of Sydney to whom anticipation of the mode and the immaculate version of the existing fashion is something of supreme importance, have shown such marked approval of Rigneys as a frock and footwear centre, that the success of the venture called for some sort of celebration. And here it is. To celebrate its 3 years' triumph, Rigneys announce a free offer to Women's Weekly readers, the like of which has never before been seen in Sydney. A free blouse, perfectly cut, exquisitely fashioned, and meticulously finished, is to be given away free with suit illustrated, or any other suit purchased up to 25th March, 1937. Of the Autumn modes illustrated one is a charming Astrakhan-trimmed Autumn coat, at only 39/11, and the other is an inexpressible beautiful man-tailored suit of Harris Tweed, also only 39/11.

To look at these illustrations is to give you only a bare idea of the beauty of these two glorious Autumn models. The same applies to the free blouse which accompanies any of their suits. And so that the country women readers of the Women's Weekly will have the same facility as the city women who will visit Rigneys to see these Autumn offerings for themselves, Rigneys are extending a money-back guarantee for all mail and phone orders. On receipt of the order form below, or a phone call giving full details, either or both coat and the suit will be immediately despatched, together with a free blouse for each suit. And then if they are returned in good order a full cash refund will be made at once. Such is the confidence that Rigneys have in these goods—a certainty that is only possible because suit, coat and blouse are all and more than is claimed of them. They have been designed and made to please the most particular woman, and they bear the unmistakable imprint of the highly expert fashion designer, cutter and tailor-hand.

Of course, as is to be expected, this offer is for cash purchase only, which includes purchase by lay-by. As the goods are being offered definitely without profit margin, "cash orders" cannot be accepted. Obviously, too, the offer can be open for a limited period only, and will close on 25th March. Women's Weekly readers will be well-advised to take advantage of this special offer immediately. The illustrations at right and below should be looked at carefully. The details supplied should be thoroughly read. And then, if it is not possible to call, the order form below should be sent without delay, or a phone call made. At once the goods will be sent, including the free blouse, and, as before mentioned, if required a full cash refund will be made immediately the articles are returned in good order.

Remember, this free blouse offer is a special one to Women's Weekly readers. The demand is certain to be heavy. Stocks are limited. So early ordering is urged. The offer must be withdrawn on March 25th. Here is a wonderful opportunity to complete your Easter wardrobe with a lovely suit plus a free blouse! Orders will be executed in strict rotation as they are received.



Man-tailored from Harris Tweed in Brown and Beige suitings—in this sporting belted style featuring "Action back." S.S.W., S.W., W.



New Princess Style Material is all Wool fancy Coating—fully lined—Collar, cuffs and pockets trimmed with astrakhan. S.S.W., S.W., W. Black only.



**FREE**

Blouse is fashioned of good quality Spun Chené, hand fagotted and pin tucked. Off White only. S.S.W., S.W., W.

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Enclosed please find cheque, Money Order, Postal Notes.  
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## DOCTOR and WIFE To WORK As Medical MISSIONARIES

**Lucrative Practice Sacrificed for Sake of Suffering Humanity**

Two popular Melbourne doctors, Dr. E. Woodall Gault, and his wife, Dr. Edna Gault, formerly Dr. Edna Bayliss, of Sydney, are giving up a lucrative Melbourne practice to work as medical missionaries in India at a salary little higher than the basic wage.

*Dr. Gault says he and his wife are doing this as a challenge to the materialism of the age. His wife is behind him to the limit in his decision and as a gesture to suffering humanity.*

**STEPPING** down dramatically from their successful Surrey Hills (Melbourne) practice, the couple will exchange it for the poorly-paid posts of missionary doctors in the United Provinces, India.

Dr. Gault, tall, young, and a typical Australian, is planning to give up his practice at once and undertake medical mission work with the Methodist overseas mission at Azamgarh, in United Provinces India.

This mission is in the central-northern part of India, not far from Benares, the sacred city of India. Dr. Edna Gault is at present



MISS MOLLY BYRNE, coloratura soprano, is another Australian singer of great talent who has won success abroad. At the concert at the Forum Club on March 16 Miss Byrne will present the complete cycle of Hugo Wolf's setting of Goethe poems, "Aus den Suleika."

studying tropical medicine, and as soon as her husband arranges certain obligations, he will also do the same course.

Speaking at the Methodist Foreign Mission tea, Dr. Gault said he felt that the reason why the Kingdom of God was not coming into its own was the materialistic view of the age. He felt it was a challenge to himself and his wife to do what they could for humanity.

Dr. Woodall Gault belongs to a well-known medical and Methodist family in Melbourne.

His father, Dr. Edward L. Gault, is a well-known eye specialist. His sister, Dr. Adelaide Gault, is a brilliant woman doctor who has also made a special study of eye work overseas.

An uncle, Rev. James A. Gault, O.B.E., was one of the best-loved padres during war years.

There is a family attachment to the mission of Azamgarh.

Dr. Adelaide Gault saw the Women's Hospital built there before her health gave way and she had to come home. Dr. Olive Long then began medical work at Azamgarh, for only women doctors can attend Indian women, but the hospital was built while Dr. Adelaide Gault was there.

Now Dr. Edna Gault will work at the same hospital.

She and her husband hope to leave Australia in September. When funds permit there will be a men's hospital at Azamgarh, too. At present there is no provision for this, as it will need a special appeal. When it is built, as it must be before long,

if the work is to be effectively carried on, Dr. Woodall Gault will take charge. In the meantime there will be plenty of work for him to do.

## CERTAIN TO SELL SHORT STORIES

A Vic. Weekly paid £7/10/- for one story. Numerous other students have also obtained good prices. Read:  
"Nocturne," printed by "Smith's" recently, brought me between £5 and £6.  
"I have had nine stories published since I started your course."  
"The first story I sent to America has been accepted."  
"I received more for my stories while studying with you than I paid in fees."  
"I received £6/2/6 for two stories in the "Australian Journal."  
"The Bulletin" headlined my story, "Justice." I received £4/10/6 for it.  
"I have just received a cheque for £6/12/6 from "The Bulletin" for my story, "Old George."  
"I received £5 from the "Sydney Mail" for my first story, "Twin Ships."

### STOTT'S CORRESPONDENCE COLLEGE

100 Russell St., Melb.; 70 Pitt St., Sydney; 290 Adelaide St., Brisbane; 48 Flinders St., Adelaide; 254 Murray St., Perth.

MAIL THIS COUPON: CUT HERE.

You, too, can win success as a writer by taking STOTT'S Postal Course. Send Coupon for Free Literary Prospectus.

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A.W.W. 537.

## New Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau Sewing Machine free!

YOU MAY WIN IT!

Purchasers of a Bebarfald BlueBird Bureau Sewing Machine during March and April may enter this competition which is very simple and provides a splendid opportunity to obtain one of these reliable Sewing Machines absolutely free. The Competition is very simple, and everybody has an equal chance of winning.

The winner will have the whole of the purchase money refunded, and in addition there are 100 Consolation Prizes. No other sewing machine has all the features incorporated in the Bebarfald BlueBird, and should the Bebarfald BlueBird prove to be not as represented any time within 5 years, Double the purchase money will be refunded.

## LIFETIME GUARANTEED

The BlueBird is guaranteed in writing for the Purchaser's lifetime. Any part wearing out or breaking is replaced free during that time. Post coupon for full particulars.



CORONET MODEL

The Latest Bebarfald BlueBird  
Usually £21/10/-  
NOW £16/17/6

Your old machine accepted as part payment.

These machines were constructed for exhibition purposes, to sell for £21/10/-, but Bebarfalds will dispose of 25 of them this week at this very low price. Post coupon now for particulars.

## More Features than Dearer Machines!

- Special Set of Dressmaking Attachments, together with large Instruction Books.
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**£1** Deposit obtains Delivery now!

The balance can be paid in convenient instalments. Post coupon now if you would like a catalogue and details of the free machine competition. **FREE**, BlueBird patent thimble to first 25 inquirers.

Please send me full particulars of the BlueBird Sewing Machine you are selling for £16/17/6. I would also like full particulars of the free machine competition.

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# Intimate Jottings

by Caroline.

## Did You Know—

That Barbara Tribe, Australian sculptress now in London, has been asked by Sir William Rochemstein to sit to him for her portrait?

## Fork Supper

EVEN long holidays have a devastating habit of drawing to a close, and, after many months in Sydney, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jowitt and their little daughter, Patricia, are saying their farewells.

This Saturday Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson are inviting the Jowitts and some of their friends to a fork supper party at their home at Neutral Bay. Plans for the rest of the evening are delightfully indefinite, but it is a safe guess that dancing will take place on the verandahs.

Mr. and Mrs. Jowitt leave for Melbourne on Monday after the party, and board the Orontes en route for their home near Harrogate.

## Easter Parties

INVITATIONS have been sent out by Mrs. Frank Penfold Hyland for a cocktail party which will take place in her lovely harbor-side home at Elizabeth Bay, on March 27. This will be on the first Saturday of race week, and the Royal Sydney Golf Club will have its usual dinner dance on the following Saturday.

Joan Ritchie will sail in the *Strathnaver* bound for the Coronation, and as a farewell gesture Grace Curlewis had a dinner dance in her honor at Romano's on Thursday.

## Wedding This Month

MARGARET TAIT, daughter of the Douglas Tait, of Neutral Bay, has decided upon March 30 for her marriage to Eric Rudd, one time of South Australia.

Margaret's father is the Chief Inspector of the Commercial Banking Co. of Sydney, and Eric is a geologist who finished his University course in Adelaide, and then went to America for further studies. He is at present in New Zealand, and will only arrive in Sydney a few days before the ceremony, which will take place at the Presbyterian Church, Neutral Bay. Janet and Nan Tait, sisters of the bride, will attend her at the ceremony.

Mrs. John Digby left for Tenterfield last week after a stay of some weeks at the Hotel Metropole. Her husband, Dr. Digby, who recently underwent an operation at Gloucester Hospital, is not yet well enough to return home.

## Kleig Lights Glaring

WITH Kleig lights glaring and loud speakers in full blast, "It Isn't Done" had its premiere at the Embassy Theatre on Friday night. Young Mosman turned out in full force to give a congratulatory cheer to Shirley Ann Richards, the heroine of the film, who hails from the same harbor suburb. Her friend, Pat Kidston, brought along a group of twenty, who were most enthusiastic "Shirley fans."

The Ralph Doyles' party came along after a latish cocktail "do" in honor of Mr. P. Reisman, a visitor from U.S.A. Sir Kelso and Lady King, and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Guinness were others in the throng.

## Distinguished Guests

SIR GEOFFREY WHISKARD, British High Commissioner at Canberra, and his charming wife will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Merriman for the Yass picnic race meeting, which takes place on March 19. Once more Mr. Merriman will play his accustomed part of genial president, and hopes that some of his good steeds will come first past the winning post.

After the races, Mrs. Peter Milson, Mrs. Alan Smith, Mrs. Alec McNeil, and Mrs. Noel Eedy will entertain at a large cocktail party at the Allambie Club. There will be two big dances, the club fixture at the Memorial Hall, and the Saturday night's party at the Tennis Club.

## Pot-pourri Entertainment

A SUCCESSION of mannequin parades, musical items, exhibitions of ballroom dancing, and plays followed each other in the Hotel Australia banquet hall on Friday at the Glamour Tea. Children of the N.S.W. Institute for the Deaf, Dumb and the Blind will benefit.

Outstanding in the fashion parade was Sheila Lyle, who wore a svelte evening frock of lime-green pebble crepe, pleated at the neckline and with a train, cut on classical lines. Marie Bremner looked charming in a period frock over a hundred years old as she sang early English songs. Lady Poynter brought a large party and so did Mrs. H. G. Nall, whose three daughters, Pat, Marjorie, and Alice, all appeared as mannequins.



AN INTERESTING STUDY of Miss Elite Budge, youngest daughter of Sir Harry and Lady Budge, of Darling Point, whose marriage to Dr. Harold Cribb, of Bexley, will take place on April 30.

—Women's Weekly photo.



## Modest Artist

ESSIE ACKLAND, whose concert season commences at the Sydney Town Hall on Saturday, is the most modest of famous artists. She much prefers to chat about the achievements of fellow artists than of her own career. She is even unassuming about her culinary efforts, and says that Florence Austral would easily win first prize for cooking among singing chefs.

Husband Reg Morpew has, however, quite a different story to tell. Essie was overwhelmed with welcomes at the cocktail party given by the Broadcasting Commission at the Hotel Australia on Thursday evening.

## Chance For Linguists

LINGUISTS will have a chance of airing their knowledge of French next Friday night, when "Tovarick," by Jacques Deval, will be performed at the Savoy Theatre in aid of Belgian Charities and the Alliance Francaise. Henri Segart, Consul-General for Belgium, and an actor of no mean order, will take the leading role of Prince Michail Alexandrovich.



## Country Girl's Holiday

DULCIE ALFORD is coming from Tenterfield to Sydney to ride for the first time in the Royal Show. The best of mounts will be at her disposal, as she is to ride Duncan Sinclair's grand horses.

Dulcie will stay at the Hotel Australia with the Sinclairs for two weeks, and is looking forward with much excitement to her holiday. Most of her time will be spent at the Show, but she will visit Randwick one day to see what luck she has with horses of a fleet type than her Show mounts. Dulcie had a win for her equestrian efforts at the Brisbane Show last year.

Fishing for swordfish at Narooma are Mr. and Mrs. Roy Smith, of Yass. Roy has some large catches to his credit, but Mrs. Smith has not had any luck with her seafaring sport this season.

## Australians in India

AUSTRALIANS both, Major and Mrs. Basil Holmes are at present stationed at Belgramse, near Bombay, where Basil is attending the senior officers' school. On their way there from Peshawur, where the regiment is stationed, the travellers motored over 300 miles a day, which is quite an undertaking in the heat of India.

Early in April, Major and Mrs. Holmes are off to England for their long leave, and will, as usual, spend a great deal of their time yachting in the Mediterranean.

## Interesting Engagement

AN interesting engagement is that of Barbara Sybil Horsford, daughter of the late Captain H. C. Horsford, of the Royal Berkshires, and Mrs. Horsford, of Bedford Square, London, to Herman Boesch, who makes regular visits to Australia, where he has many friends. At present he is on business bent in Mexico and will arrive in London in time for his marriage in June.

## Stern Subjects

A SURPRISINGLY serious atmosphere invaded the buffet luncheon at the Pickwick Book Club on Thursday, when Dr. Grahame Drew, our new Director of Public Health, spoke sternly of stern subjects. Marriage, divorce, population, or the lack of it, excessive drinking, and disregard of home life all came in for a share of criticism.

Dr. Drew, whose pleasant voice still conceals a slight Scotch burr about it, was sartorially smart in black coat and striped grey trousers, grey tie and bowler. The twinkle in his eyes at times belied the severity of his remarks, which were quite serious for all that.

## Have You Seen—

The quaintly-figured scarf and handbag to match worn with a white ensemble by Mrs. Garnet Halloran? On a black background, red, blue, and green fish disport among bright pink coral.



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## PEOPLES OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES

A £2-2 WORK FOR ONLY  
**5'6**  
6'6 POSTED

Aboriginal In-  
habitant of  
Brazil wearing  
flowers as a  
headdress.

Though war is for-  
bidden in Kenya, the  
warriors still bedeck  
themselves with war-  
paint (below).

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These women of  
high caste and  
high breeding  
are the most  
beautiful of the  
Himalayas. The  
one in the center  
is the Queen of  
the country.  
They are all  
very rich and  
very beautiful.  
The one in the  
center is the  
Queen of the  
country. They  
are all very  
rich and very  
beautiful.

Youthful  
women from  
Kenya, wearing  
their hair in  
chignons.

(Left) Dancers on  
their way to a fair  
at Seville.

(Right) Masai war-  
rior with his plai-  
ed hair in a queue.

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# BETTY'S 'Racey' NARRATIVES

## How They Beat The Favorites At Flemington

By BETTY GEE. Telegraphed From Melbourne.

If it hadn't been for a little money garnered from the Tuesday and the Thursday's racing at Flemington I'd have been passing through Seymour now on my way back to Sydney—on foot.

At Flemington Pat Trihey sent out word that the Leonard Stakes was a consolation for Regular Bachelor. It was no consolation to me when he was beaten by two half-necks after I had £5 to £2 on him.

If he had three half-necks instead of one whole one, the judge would have given it to him.

And what a trap the C. M. Lloyd Stakes was for young punters!

Gold Rod was at even money, and when the books extended the odds to 6 to 4 I thought it was so nice of them that I took £3 to £2 and plied them.

But up came Pamela and gobbled him all up in the last furlong. That's the way of this weight-for-age racing business. First it's one and then it's the other.

And now came the great calamity—the Australian Cup.

Can I remember a favorite or a fancied horse ever winning it? Only one—Amalia last year.

### OUTSIDER'S RACE

The most tragic of all my bets was my £1 on Pooley Bridge, taken at 8 to 1 a fortnight before, and he started favorite at 7 to 2, and had the Cup won 100 yards from home; but then a creature called Mutable swooped down and snatched it away in the midst of his successful gulp.

#### Thirty-three to one Mutable.

It was R. N. G. Barlow, one of Melbourne's biggest motor men, who tipped me Le Baron in the next race. He had won two races already at his last two starts, "but what's to stop him doing the hat-trick?" he asked, and as I knew of no impediment I took 3/1.

Why I didn't make it £15 to £5 or something worth while to square me, I don't know, because it simply wasn't a race.

And so far as the last race is con-

## A Woman's Sufferings

HEAD NOISES, NERVES, FLUSHES.

"Six months ago I didn't care how things went," states Mrs. C.D. of Paddington, N.S.W. "I was absolutely run down, jumpy with nerves and my blood in very poor condition. I had noises in my head, a sallow complexion, bad breath, hot flushes, dizzy headaches and neck and face were covered with pimples."

"I tried several remedies which had no effect whatever. I then read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and they have been a blessing to me. After taking these pills my skin had cleared, and I wake up fresh and full of energy. The flushes, noises and dizzy headaches have vanished; I eat and sleep splendidly. I am stronger and can do my housework without any of the weariness that used to trouble me."

Women of all ages always benefit in a remarkable way after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The reason is because these pills always help to create rich, red blood, abundantly and quickly. Good blood banishes anaemia, headaches, flushes and nervous troubles, clears the skin of blemishes, brings new energy, new nerves and a zest for life. If you are tired and losing strength, give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills an immediate trial. At chemists and stores, 1/- bottle.

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JOHN E. MURRAY, 661V George St., Sydney.

### WATCH THESE

THE news that I'm back has gone through trade circles, and the tips are flocking in.

The butcher's man says Arabia's unbeatable in the three-year-old race at Rosehill, and he had it from the sweetheart of one of the boys in Bill Booth's stable.

And the grocer's pick is Auto-land for the Parramatta Mile. Lough Neagh for the Rawson Stakes. That's my tip.

less, and I hope Dickie's right. He says he's got a few things saved up to win on Saturday at Rosehill. We'll need them!

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Linen so white, yet hands so lovely—that's a sure sign that the washing is done with safe Siren suds. None but the purest oils go into Siren. That is why it gives a richer, more plentiful lather, yet at the same time is especially gentle to delicate fabrics or sensitive skin. The extra lather in a bar of Siren does more washing and saves you money.

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Take your crosses to LINTAS FREE GIFT DEPOT, 147 YORK STREET (Town Hall End), SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in particulars and enclose with crosses, addressed to: Box 4267 Y, G.P.O., Sydney. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER BUT USE PRINTED FORM.

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Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ Crosses

Put a Cross against the gift you require.

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☐ Glasscloth 23.50.36



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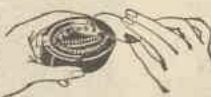
PEARS possesses all the fine qualities a good toilet soap should have—purity, mildness, rich lather—plus a rare tonic action that for generations has been the secret of thousands of lovely complexions. That's because every cake of Pears is matured for months to remove every trace of harshness and to give that rich, pure transparency. Pears purity and tonic action invigorates, refreshes your skin—enhancing its beauty—bringing you a gloriously clear complexion. It's wise economy to use Pears—it lasts longer than ordinary soaps.

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## AND SOON SHE'LL BE WALKING ABOUT



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## DREAM OF Fame Came TRUE

### Essie Ackland's Triumphant Homecoming

First celebrity artist to appear this season under contract with the Australian Broadcasting Commission is an Australian—Essie Ackland.

After an absence of 12 years from her homeland, this eminent contralto will open her concert season at the Sydney Town Hall on March 13.

IN her years abroad she has achieved international fame, so she returns with her dearest dreams "come true." She is accompanied by her husband, Reginald Morphew, a notable baritone.

They are now in Miss Ackland's girlhood home at Mosman, with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Ackland, who are naturally very proud of their successful daughter. Her little nephew, Donald, aged three, is very thrilled with his new auntie.

"You must hear Donald sing," Miss Ackland exclaimed. Donald stood up bravely and piped a slightly off-key National Anthem.

Tall and graceful, Miss Essie Ackland is very attractive, with shining

and after a short period of study there she received her first engagement at a Boosey Ballad concert—and from then on made good. Essie Ackland is perhaps best known for her gramophone records. She is under contract to H.M.V. as an artist, and is considered to be the most recorded contralto in the world.



A HAPPY, informal study of Miss Essie Ackland and her husband, Mr. Reginald Morphew, taken at the home of Miss Ackland's parents at the week-end.  
—Women's Weekly photo.

black hair, twinkling grey eyes, and a captivating smile.

The skip, a basket which contained all the music belonging to the singer and her husband, was the first piece of luggage to be unpacked on their arrival. In addition to the music, it contained a Pianosphone, a small instrument something like a xylophone, on which they accompany themselves while travelling.

Mr. and Mrs. Morphew are a happy proof that marriage and a career can be combined successfully. It is only when they are practising that Reginald Morphew shows the slightest sign of any temperament. Then he dons an old coat which he has had for many years, which he refuses to discard. He plays his wife's accompaniments when she is practising.

Essie Ackland has a vast appetite for hard work. When she left school she studied for a business career, and obtained a secretarial position, but she soon resigned and began serious study in singing, languages and the piano. Australian successes came to her early. Then she left for England,



Let us start you in a permanent business that you own and control for yourself. Invest in capital. We finance you with complete stock. Only a certain number of these "Investment" propositions are open. Each one offers a good living with a chance to put down money in the bank every week. Hundreds in all States make big pay every day. Pioneer Manufacturers—Old-established. Write for particulars.  
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12 YEARS' CONTINUOUS SUCCESS  
**ACT NOW!**  
Don't wish that your husband or you did not drink—ACT! Eucrasy is transforming drinkers into sober men every day. Once are daily testifying to its success. They suffer the awful effects of drunkenness a moment longer! EUCRASY will sober the drinker and bring happiness to your home if you USE IT. EUCRASY is guaranteed harmless and can be given SECRETELY. Voluntarily. NOT COSTLY. Call or write to-day for booklet, with Testimonials. DEPT. B, THE EUCRASY CO., 297 Elizabeth St., Sydney.

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LACE TUNIC X100	Street Frock X101	TAFFETA .. X102
Would you like to be different? Then choose a dazed tunic finished with satin binding and buttons, suitable for any occasion. In Black, White, Green, Lemon, Blue, Pink, Red and Salmon.	Here we have contrast waistcoat effect, which is very smart. Button finish. This style to be had in all novel weaves, in all colors.	Here is a youthful taffeta for going places. Pleating adds to sweeten this frock, with its full skirt, in all colours.
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MAKE NOTE OF SLIP TO MATCH Slip to match in genuine satin beauty or crêpe de chine for 5/6. In ordinary slip satin, 2/11.

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PURE MALT  
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## Sports Coat

One of the new belted Sports styles, done in a superb brushed Tweed. Beige and fawn mixtures. Fully lined. S.W., W., S.O.S. At 49/6

## Tailored Coat on Princess lines

With flaring back, half belted... broad shoulders... large or medium revers. In grey, bottle or light brown fancy Woollens. In S.W., W. and X.W. sizes. Two different styles at 49/6



## Satin Gown

Designed with an eye to the glamour of the Autumn season! Lustrous Satin with very flared uneven basque—halter neck effect—and floral corsage. Pink, blue, green, crimson or black. X.S.S.W. to X.W. fittings. At 49/6

## Velvet Coat

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Nipped-in waist... extended shoulders... double-breasted coat. Tailored in a ribbed woollen in rust, spruce green or black. S.W. and W. 49/6

## Tailored Suit

Striped Worsted men-tailored to the last detail. With jigger or 3-button-fastening coats—fully lined. Navy, brown or black. S.W. to X.W. 49/6 X.S.S.W. and S.S.W. fittings, priced at only 42/-

ON SECOND FLOOR



# PIMPLES



PIMPLES during adolescence are the cause of many an inferiority complex. Young people are self-conscious, easily embarrassed — and ugly pimples don't give them a chance to gain poise.

Rexona Ointment gets rid of pimples within a few days. Germs and impurities cannot cause further skin infection when the pimples are treated with Rexona. Rexona soothes and nourishes tissues, leaving the complexion beautifully clear and healthy.

**TREATMENT.** Wash the face with REXONA MEDICATED SOAP and dry with a soft towel. Then rub in Rexona Ointment and leave overnight. Use Rexona Medicated Soap always for your complexion. It contains the same soothing, healing properties as Rexona Ointment. Rexona's medicated lather cleanses right into the pores, washing away dust and germs before they have a chance to spoil your skin. Rexona Ointment clears the skin. Rexona Soap keeps it clear.

## Rexona

The Rapid Healer

Ointment 1/6 per tin. Soap 2/6 per packet. (City and Suburbs) 0.102.22

**DON'T NEGLECT A CUT**  
**DALZO**  
BRITISH STICKING PLASTER  
FOR FIRST AID  
ALL CHEMISTS

SHE went without another word so swiftly and quietly as to convey a sense of something ominous.

A sudden suspicion of betrayal brought him gingerly from his bed despite his wound. But when he had seen her pass into the stateroom opposite and a moment later heard a sound of sobbing from beyond her closed door he crawled back to bed, reassured. Still, he would make quite certain of her. He bawled for Alcatraz. And when the steward, awakened by the call, leapt from the stern-locker in the main cabin, where he slept, it was to receive a sharp order to remain awake and on guard, to see that the lady did not leave the couch.

Very soon a heavy list to starboard informed Fairfax that they had gone about, and then this man who accounted his fortune made sank, at last, into an exhausted sleep.

At about the same time Captain Blood was taxing his wits to explain this list of a ship that hitherto had ridden on an even keel. Sleep had not yet come to him. A perturbation of mind, arising out of concern for that little Spanish lady placed by an infatuation so utterly in the power of a scoundrel, had kept him wakeful.

That list to starboard gave him something else to think about. Was it possible that the wind should so suddenly have veered? He eased himself out of the hammock, in which he lay half-dressed, groped for his shoes and his coat, and then went on deck to ascertain.

One of the hands squatted on the hatch-coaming softly singing, and at the break of the poop the helmsman stood at the wheel. But Blood preferred to put his question to the clear starry heavens; and the north star now abeam on the starboard quarter told him all that he required to know. Always prudently mistrustful of anything against reason, he climbed the poop. Here the

# THE ELOPING HIDALGA

Continued from Page 26

mate, a burly silhouette in the light from the tall stern lantern, was just considering going below to tie him up in his hammock. Nevertheless, he hailed him jovially.

"A fine night, sir," Blood's answer applied a test. "To be sure," he agreed. "But I see the wind has changed."

"Aye, it's come on to blow from the south."

THEY paced the canting deck together to the starboard rail. As they leaned against it Blood's hand was inside the breast of his coat.

"I hope you love your life, Tim," said he gently. "For it's in danger of losing it you are this minute." Something hard and tubular was pressed closely into the mate's side below his ribs. "I want the truth of it, Tim. Why are we going back to the Main? Don't tell me it's Fairfax you're selling. For if ye were, ye'd be making for La Hacha; and if ye were making for La Hacha ye'd never reach so far on this westerly tack unless ye're a lubber, which I've perceived ye're not. I'm saving you the trouble of lying again, Tim. For that would be the death of you. D'ye know who I am? Let me have the truth of that, too. Do you?"

It was just because he did know that the mate stood chill and paled, never doubting that if he moved his inside would be blown out by that pistol in his flank. Fear tore the truth from him.

"I do, Captain. But . . . " "Hush now. It'll be just suicide if ye utter another falsehood. And since ye know who I am, ye need tell me no more. I know the rest. Ye'll be heading for Carthage, of course. For isn't that the market for the goods you carry? If it's your notion I can forgive it; for you owe me nothing. Is it?" Pervertedly Tim invoked the

Heavenly hierarchy to witness that the notion was Fairfax's.

"Aye, aye," said Blood. "I believe you. I suspected that he recognised me. But I'd saved his life, and I thought that even a blackguard . . . No matter. What share were you to have of the blood money, Tim?"

"Five thousand pieces, he promised me."

"Glory be! Is that all? Ye can't be much of a hand at a bargain, and that's not the only kind of fool you are. How long d'ye think ye'd survive to enjoy the money? When it was known ye'd earned it, as known it must be, my buccaneers would hunt you to the ends of the seas. Ye should think of these things, Tim, when ye go partners with a scoundrel. As for the five thousand pieces, you may still earn them by taking my orders whilst I'm

# GIRLIGAGS



"SOME COLLECTOR should gather in the last few of our fast disappearing bathing suits. As museum pieces they will serve to show the coming generation that we did have a sense of decency at one time."

aboard this brig. Do that, and you may call for the money at Tortuga when you please."

"I take Almighty to witness . . . " Tim began with fervor, when Blood interrupted him.

"Now, don't be wasting breath on oaths, for I put no trust in them. My trust is in the pistol in your ribs. And it'll never be very far from them this night. Ye've no pistols of your own about you, I hope." He ran his left hand over the mate's body to assure himself of this. "We're going back to the Main, Tim. But not to Carthage. It's for La Hacha that we'll be steering a course. So come along now and bid the helmsman put the helm over. It's time we were on the other tack."

They came together to the rail and Tim piped the hands to quarters. A few moments later the foreyards ran round noisily, and the brig was heading south-east.

All through that clear June night Blood and the mate of the Heron sat side by side on the poop whence Tim passed on Blood's orders. Once, towards the dawn, Blood condescended to explain himself.

"Don't be supposing me vindictive, Tim. It's not Fairfax I'm taking back to La Hacha, for I don't care a louse what may happen to him. It's the little hidalga I'm concerned for, now that I've plumbed the depths of the blackguard who's carrying her off. I'm taking her back to her family, little thanks though I may get from her for my pains."

Daybreak showed the loom of the coastline ahead, and by seven bells, with the sun already high abeam on the port side, they were ripping through the greenish water at the mouth of the harbor of La Hacha.

Please turn to Page 37

# ASTROLOGY

Birthday HOROSCOPES Accurately read by expert Astrologer, 3500 words given in Profession, Marriage, Friendships, Success, etc. Children's Horoscopes very useful in deciding future occupations. Send P.N. 2/6, stamped addressed envelope, full particulars birth to Prof. E. G. Hilton, 8A Castlereagh St., Sydney.

# "MAKE-UP" your MUST BE IN Style TOO

Be colorful, yet never look "made up." Gaudy make-up has vanished. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee Lipstick, Rouge, and Powder brings natural loveliness — intensifies your own coloring, so you'll never have that "made-up" look.



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# THANKS TO NYAL ESTERIN

THE fear of sleeplessness — the mental and physical torture of long, restless nights — has been dispelled by the discovery of NYAL ESTERIN. ESTERIN is a new medically approved sedative which acts directly and safely on the nerve centers. Two NYAL ESTERIN tablets taken with a glass of warm milk before retiring or a positive insurance against nerve-racking sleeplessness.

The secret of Esterin's sleep-inducing power lies in its principal ingredient, a potent compound. Not only does NYAL ESTERIN calm disturbed nerve centres, but it soothes away all forms of pain and brings about that complete relaxation essential to a perfect night's rest.

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SHE KEPT HER HOUSE SPOTLESS  
THOUGH QUITE A BEGINNER



BUT HE SHOWED NO PLEASURE  
JUST SAID RATHER SADLY



AND COOKED WHAT HER HUSBAND  
LIKED BEST FOR HIS DINNER



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AND CREAMY...AS PLEASANT TO USE AS FINE TOILET SOAP.



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# THE ELOPING HIDALGA

Continued from Page 36

THEY ran in, and from the poop rail the now weary Tim continued to be the mouth-piece of the man beside him. He ordered them to let go, and when they were at anchor summoned the six men who composed the crew of the brig to the waist. There he commanded them to remove the coaming from the main hatch, and then to descend into the hold. When this was done, Blood drew the mate to the companion.

"You'll go and join them, Tim, if you please." At this Tim began a protest. But it ended abruptly under the steady blue eyes that confronted him, and obediently he climbed down.

Captain Blood dragged the roaming over the hatchway, and battered it down, to a storm of howling from those he imprisoned in the bowels of the brig.

The noise they made aroused Fairfax from an exhausted slumber, and Dona Isabella from a dependent listlessness.

Fairfax, realising at once that they were at anchor, and puzzled by this, got stiffly from his couch and staggered to the port. It looked out towards the open sea, and he could see only the green ruffled water, and some boats at a little distance, which gave no clue to their whereabouts. Then from the cabin he heard the protesting voice of Alcatraz.

"De orders, ma'am, are dat you do not leabe de cabin. Cap'n's orders, ma'am."

Dona Isabella, who had emerged in excitement from her state-room, stood for a moment in indignant helplessness. Then she took inspiration from a brace of pistols lying on the buffet in the forward part of the cabin. She sprang for them, and seized one in each hand.

"Out of my way, Alcatraz!" Before that menace the negro fell back in squealing alarm, and the lady swept out.

On deck, most of Blood's anxiety about the immediate future had been allayed upon beholding the broad-beamed Dutch ship that was to carry him to Curacao riding at anchor a quarter-mile away. But before he boarded the Dutchman he would take the eloping hidalga ashore, whether she liked it or not. With this intent he made for the gangway leading aft, to be suddenly confronted by the lady herself, with a pistol in each hand. Waving these weapons at him, her voice strident, she addressed him much as she had addressed the steward.

"Out of my way! Out of my way!"

Respectful of pistols brandished by a woman's trembling hands, Blood leaped nimbly aside, and flattened himself against a bulkhead. He had been prepared to have her resist his intentions for her, but hardly in so uncompromising and lethal a manner.

"Where is Tim?" she demanded. "I want to be put ashore at once. At once."

"Glory be!" said Blood, in relief. "So ye've come to your senses. Or maybe ye don't know where we are."

"O. H. I know where I am. I . . . ." She halted there abruptly, suddenly bewildered by the remembered identity of the man confronting her.

"Ye know? Faith, then, if ye knew the part I had in bringing you back, ye wouldn't be wagging those pistols at me. Put them down, ma'am, in heaven's name, before we have an accident. If it's ashore ye want to be going, faith ye'll save me a lot of trouble; for that's where I intend to take you."

"You, Captain Blood?" "Oh! You know that, too, do you? No matter. But if I do your will and put you ashore, can I trust you to hold your tongue until I'm away again?"

"Should I betray you?" She thrust forward her little pointed chin. Her eyes were reproachful. "I told you last night what I think of you."

"So ye did. And heaven knows ye've cause to think still better of me this morning. Come on, then."

He swept her across the deck, down the Jacob's ladder, and into the long-boat they had been rowing, which he had warped to the foot of it.

He had barely cast off when a face ghastly in its pallor and in the fury that convulsed it looked over the side at them. It was Fairfax, who, with the help of Alcatraz, had staggered to the deck.

"Good morning to you, Jorgito," said Captain Blood. "Dona Isabella is going ashore. But her brother'll be alongside presently, and devil a doubt but he'll bring the alcalde with him. They'll be correcting the mistake I made last night when I saved your nasty life."

"Oh, not that. Never that!" Dona Isabella appealed.

Blood laughed as he bent to the oars.

"Dye suppose he'll wait? He'll be under way again as soon as he can get the coaming off the hatch. Though the devil knows where he'll go now. Certainly not to Carthegena. It was the notion he took to go there that decided me to bring you back to your family, child."

"It is also what made me wish to come back."

"Ye knew that, too! And it's what changed your mind?"

A FROWN darkened the vivid little face. "Was it not enough?" She breathed fiercely. "I am Isabella de Sotomayor," she proudly reminded him, by way of explanation. Then, on a sudden thought, "But you?" she asked. "How did you know?"

"I?" He pulled a stroke or two, then rested a moment to answer her. His lean, intrepid face was lighted by a smile, half-humorous, half-complacent. "I am Captain Blood," he said, and he dipped his oars again.

But before they reached the mole her persistency had drawn a fuller explanation from him. It brought a tenderness to eyes that were now awash in tears.

"Last night I thought you were sent by heaven to save that man. To-day I know you were sent to save me."

It was all the thanks he had, for his prudent haste would allow him to stay for no more when he had landed her on the mole. He pulled away again at once.

By the time that he was climbing to the deck of the Dutchman that was to take him to Curacao, the Heron was already ripping out to sea, a disgruntled, raging, fearful heron in full flight from the neighborhood of the hawks. That was his only regret.

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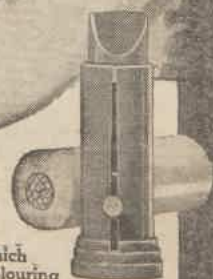
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# HONEYMOON DAYS for the QUEEN

## Her Task as Wife and Mother

Continuing the life story of our Queen, Lady Cynthia Asquith this week tells of the first days of the Royal honeymoon.

As the Duke and Duchess of York, the King and Queen visited Glamis, the Queen's childhood home.

By LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH—No. 10 of a series. Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

FOR the first days of their honeymoon, the Duke and Duchess of Kent went to stay at Polesden Lacey, the beautiful home of the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Greville.

From there, after an afternoon spent with the Duchess' parents in Bruton Street, they travelled up to Glamis. Here, as may be

imagined, they were given an enthusiastic welcome.

In the familiar beauty of the Scottish home of her childhood, the Duke and Duchess stayed until towards the end of May, when they travelled south to spend the last fortnight of their honeymoon at Frogmore.

Towards the middle of June they settled into their new home in Richmond Park. The White Lodge,

given up to them by Lord Farquhar, a former Master of the Household.

During their absence in Scotland Queen Mary had been very busy preparing the house for her son and daughter-in-law. This labor of love must have stirred many memories. White Lodge had been the scene of her own childhood, having for twenty-eight years been the home of her mother, the Duchess of Teck.

It was also the birthplace of King Edward, who was born whilst Queen Mary, then Duchess of York, was staying with her parents.

Its well-shaded lawns, rose gardens, lily pond, and fine tennis courts make White Lodge an ideal summer residence. In such surroundings weeks could have been spent in happy idleness, but the part the Duchess had, by her marriage, undertaken soon proved a very exacting one to play.

Her smiling presence was clamoured for, and little time was left her for the enjoyment of her own home.

Each day she was asked to become patroness of several societies, to visit hospitals, to lay foundation stones. Every sort of appeal poured in and each one had to be seriously considered and answered.

The daily post became a very formidable factor in her life. Then there were Court functions to attend, and visits to be paid with her husband to industrial centres, visits that sometimes involved a stay of two days.

As may be imagined, all these new interests and activities left little leisure for lotus-eating in Richmond Park.

However, as she never does anything superficially, but, so to speak, smiles with her whole being, each undertaking involved a great expense of vitality, and by the end of July she was very tired and very glad to go up to Scotland, first, as in every August of her life, to Glamis, and later to Balmoral.

Early in October the Duke and she returned to White Lodge, and on the morning of the eighteenth they started on the three days' journey to Serbia, where the Duke acted as godfather to the infant son of King Alexander and Queen Marie.

The Duchess' ever-increasing popularity kept her very busy during the autumn and winter. The number of her engagements made the distance of White Lodge out of London seem more and more of a drawback.

## Baby Princess

AT the beginning of the season of 1924 the Princess Royal, at that time in her Yorkshire home, suggested that the Duke and Duchess should live for a time at Chesterfield House, and the offer was gladly accepted.

From this convenient base a mosaic of engagements was undertaken and carried out.

During July the Duke and Duchess paid an official visit to Northern Ireland, staying with the Governor, first at Clarendon and then at Baron's Court. They then went to Scotland, returning to make the necessary preparations for their expedition to East Africa.

It was during the crowded summer of 1925 that she accompanied the Duke on several important visits to the huge industrial towns in the north of England. Here there were phenomenally large crowds eager to catch a glimpse of the smiling Princess.

As she drove past, men and women shouted endearing epithets, and those who were too poor to buy flags decorated their houses with red flannel petticoats and their children's frocks.

But in the early autumn of 1925 the Duchess went with the Duke to her beloved Scotland, spending a month at Glamis and a month at Balmoral. After their return to London they lived for a few weeks in Curzon House, Curzon Street, and in the spring they decided to go for some time to her parents' house in Bruton Street.

Here on April 21, 1926, her baby girl was born. Little Princess Elizabeth was welcomed with wide rejoicings, and the quiet house in Bruton Street became one of the sights of London.

From morning to night groups of optimists patiently stood on the opposite pavement, eagerly hoping to catch sight of the small white bundle that was "the fourth lady in the land," and, for the time being, third in succession to the throne of England.

To Be Continued

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Bonus Labels. Please add  
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D525



J208.—1 Jug, 1 pint  
size. 45 1lb. Bonus  
Labels, 90 1/2lb. Bonus  
Labels. Please add 1/9  
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D594.—1 Fruit Dish  
Square, 7 1/2 inches x  
7 1/2 inches. 22 1lb.  
Bonus Labels, 44 1/2lb.  
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add 9d. for postage.



D594

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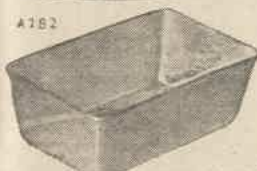


A265

A119.—1 Kettle, 6 pints. 50 1lb.  
Bonus Labels, 100 1/2lb. Bonus Labels.  
Please add 2/- for postage.

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inches x 4 1/2 inches depth. 55 1lb.  
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pattern. gold edge



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D189.—1 Plate, 6 1/2  
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Please add 6d. for  
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D91.—1 Tea Cup &  
Saucer. 15 1lb.  
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D91

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G145

G145.—1 Rose Bowl.  
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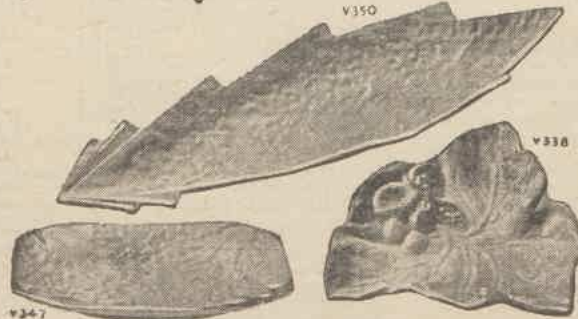


G125

G125.—1 Round Salad  
Bowl. 50 1lb. Bonus  
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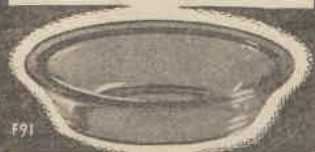
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F89.—1 Round Casserole, 2 1/2 pints.  
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F90.—1 Square Casserole, 2 1/2 pints.  
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F91.—1 Oval Pie Dish, 1 1/2 pints.  
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We publish this letter because it is so obviously genuine, even without name; a convincing picture of gratitude for the sure effect of this new-principle remedy—De Witt's Antacid Powder.

Writing from Musman, Sydney, N.S.W., Mr. ... says: "If any person has suffered more intensely than I from indigestion, painful, distended stomach, and constipation (yes) and from all these discomforting and heart-breaking signs of a thoroughly disturbed digestion, then I feel profoundly sorry for that person. I bought your Powder because, for one reason, I had already bought everything else and, for another reason, because the ingredients named on the container appeared to offer something different—something with possibilities of affording relief. They did, very promptly, too, and that relief has been sustained. Today I am well—really well; full of the joy of life and, for the first time in years, hungry for my meals."

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## NEW BOOKS

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### Woman's Book Wins All Nations Prize of £4000

#### STORY OF REFUGEES IN PARIS

At present there is no major war being waged in Europe. There are, however, desperate life and death conflicts being fought there, conflicts between Communism and Fascism, between both these political forces and Democracy, between the urgency of economic laws and nations hamstrung by the Treaty of Versailles.

REMOTE as Australians are from this turmoil, there is a tendency for us to regard this clash of forces as something abstract, as an interesting spectacle to be absorbed through the fine filter of daily cables.

It is not until such a document as Jolanda Foldes' "The Street of the Fishing Cat" is presented to us that we can realise the tragic effect upon individuals and families of contemporary European conditions.

This novel is an all nations prize-winner. In a competition sponsored by publishers in Great Britain, America, France, Germany, Spain—and sundry other countries—and carrying the tempting prize of £4000, it was selected as the best.

The theme is the unhappiness and anchorless condition of the exile driven from his own country by political persecution or economic necessity. Such a motif is, of course, much more significant to Europeans than to Americans or Australians,

good novel, and one with something new to say.

Indeed, it might have been better for it had been published in just the usual way, since, as the winner of such a far-flung competition as this, it is a trifle disappointing.

While being a good job, it is not a big book. It lacks the depth, the grandeur one naturally looks for in a work which has triumphed over entries from all over the world.

To say that dozens of contemporary authors could have written a novel of equal merit is in no way derogatory to the author of "The Street of the Fishing Cat."

But unless the rewards open to writers have taken a sudden and unprecedented jump in Europe and America, £4000 should have elicited something more than a competently good book; the winner should have shown at least the elements of greatness.—S.H.

#### Books To Read

"THE CASE IS CLOSED."  
Patricia Wentworth.  
"WHITE VELVET." Sax  
Rohmer.  
"HONORABLE ESTATE."  
Vera Brittain.  
"THE EAST WIND OF LOVE."  
Compton Mackenzie.  
"OLD FATHER ANTIC."  
Doreen Wallace.

peoples who are not threatened with similar uprooting, but even to us the poignancy of the lives of these homeless victims of a disrupted society is keen.

While all the big cities of the world receive their quota of emigres, Paris is the magnet for all these who regard their exile as a purely temporary misfortune.

To Paris goes the Hungarian Barabas family, seeking work and higher wages, and here, in the Street of the Fishing Cat, they take up residence, mingling with other refugees: a Russian banker awaiting the collapse of the revolution; a Lithuanian Communist, a Spaniard, anarchist, and a Greek victim of Turkish terrorism in Asia Minor.

All these characters, each with his dreams of the dawn of a happier day, each with his ideals, his theories, and his sorrows, are drawn by one who has not only mastered writing technique, but has also lived among the type of people she describes.

#### Family Group

BUT in this mixture of nationalities, the main figures are those of the Barabas family: Mr. and Mrs. Barabas and the three children, Anna, Klari, and Jani. The way in which this group is treated is really good. At the time of their journey from Hungary, Anna, the eldest child, is twelve, the other two about nine and eight, respectively. In the fifteen years covered by the story, Mr. Barabas never loses his restlessness, a quality which is alive in Anna, too. Klari and Jani, however, being younger, go to school in Paris, and grow up as French citizens, untroubled by the haunting call of their own land. Mrs. Barabas is content so long as her family is with her.

Even had this novel come out without the seal of prize-winner, it would have commanded respect as a



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No need to fear winter winds with Viyella in the wardrobe—it's warm as your own fireside ... it gives you full protection against colds and chills ... yet it's as smart as can be. All the best-dressed women are wearing Viyellas for day wear, night wear and underwear. Viyella fabrics never shrink or fade and the shades never vary. Next time you're in town, call at the Viyella counter—you'll be surprised at the wonderful range of shades and patterns available.

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Nursery Viyella (Faded shades)	Was 4/11 now, per yard, 4/6
Nursery Viyella (Printed designs)	Was 5/9 now, per yard, 5/6
Cream Clydella (31")	Was 1/11 now, per yard, 3/6
Cream Clydella (35")	Was 4/6 now, per yard, 3/9

'VIYELLA' and Clydella

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

March 13, 1937.

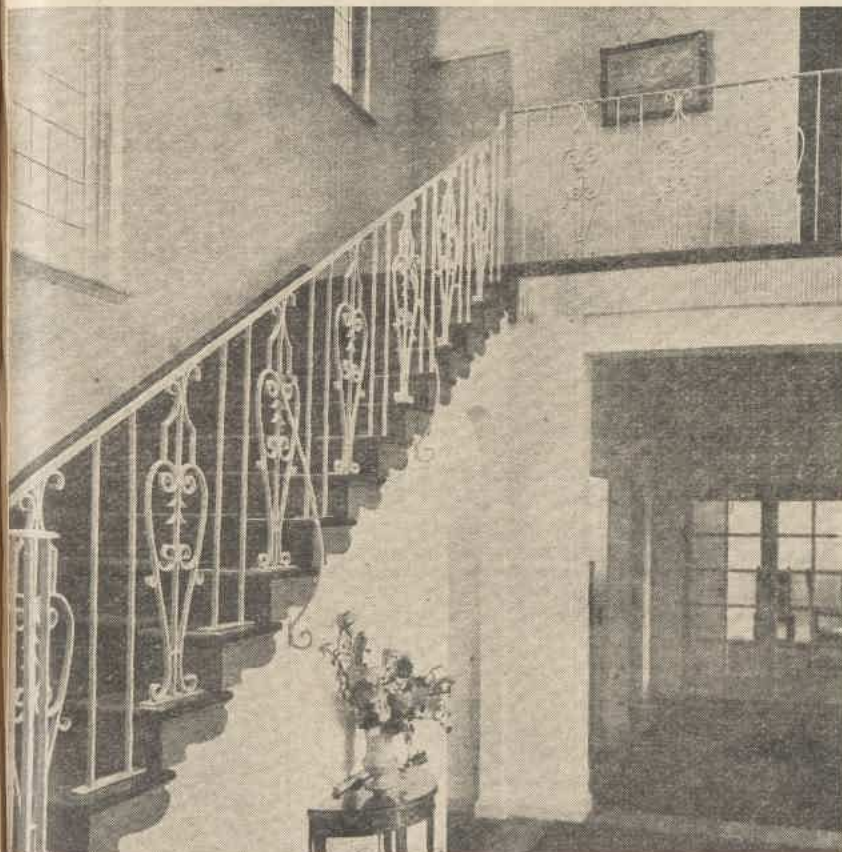
A special section devoted to the interests of homemakers.

41

## Beauty and Romance In WROUGHT IRON

IRON, the least expensive of the metals, lends itself to the most beautiful treatments. It suggests security, strength, and durability, and when used in home building serves many practical and decorative purposes.

Highly decorative, it adds, when properly used, character and distinction to a home



To mention a few—there are stairways, lighting fixtures, hinges, door knobs, grilles, fireplaces, doors, railings on porches and galleries.

If you are planning to build a home, consider the use of wrought-iron carefully. The style of architecture may demand a certain amount of decorative ironwork on the exterior, or it may be the kind of home on which this metal would be quite unsuitable.

When the design is in keeping with the architecture of the home, when it serves the purpose of being useful, decorative and suitable wrought-iron can be delightfully pleasing to the eye.

But too often its use is abused. To-day you will see ironwork used in homes which show little thought for either its practical or decorative value. One wonders why it is there.

The classical example, of course, is in the rows of terrace houses erected in the late Victorian and Edwardian periods. Each house would be lavishly decorated with wrought-iron—it embellished verandahs, stairs, and fences, for no reason at all.

Working in iron dates back to antiquity. In the 16th century it was fully developed in England, but was used then as a protection against enemies.

### By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Doors were strengthened with massive ironwork inside and out. Window openings were filled with interlacing bars of iron.

When the need for protection passed, the worker in iron turned his attention to its decorative value, and throughout England and Europe to-day you will find old churches, cathedrals, and convents showing some beautiful examples of wrought-iron work.

### In Spain

THE art declined during the 16th century, although during the Renaissance it reached extraordinary heights of grandeur and magnificence in Spain.

At the end of the 19th century, however, there was a revival of ironwork, and architects began to use it in building.

The interest and charm in the work of the real craftsman, of course, was due to the fact that the metal was worked at red or white heat. There was no time for measuring or copying a design, save

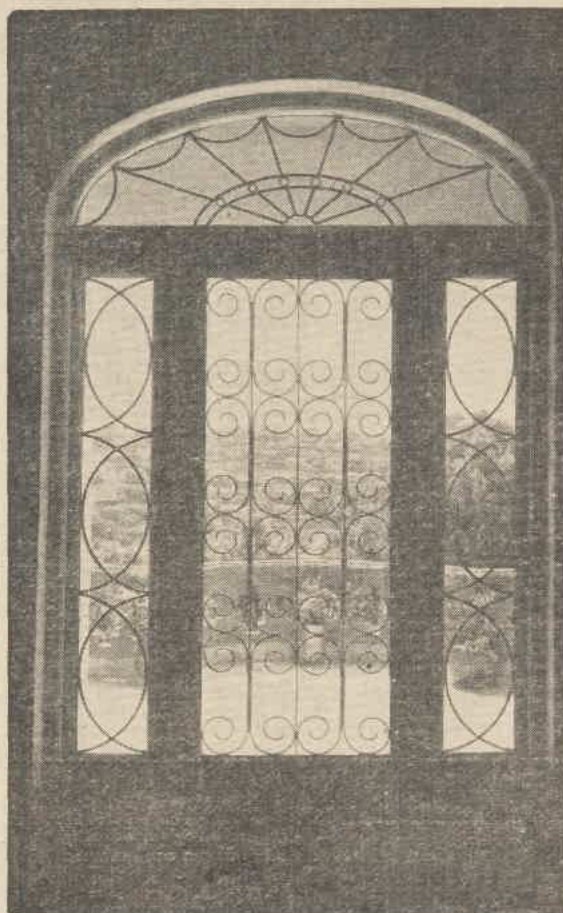
by the eye. The result was a spontaneity and virility in forged work. Many fine examples are to be seen in old chests and boxes, old locks and keys.

To-day iron is sometimes artificially welded, often because the design was not properly executed. No metal can be worked as quickly as iron, but it loses its simplicity and significance when it is made to look like wood, gold, or bronze.

A decorator may often carry a color scheme into lighting fixtures and other metal, but when color is used he sure it does not conceal bad workmanship.

Actually, the metal should be finished like any other material, in accordance with its use or purpose. Interior work, if not lacquered, is best with a natural finish which can be polished if desired as bright as silver. After a good lustre is obtained, oil or wax is applied. External ironwork is best left in the natural color obtained from the forge, with only a slight polishing. Sometimes it is painted to match window-trims and other woodwork.

Two beautiful examples of wrought-iron are shown on this page. Some other interiors of this home appeared in last week's issue of this paper, but as the ironwork in the home is such a distinct and beautiful feature it was decided to publish further pictures.—J.K.



ABOVE: An example of the highly decorative value of wrought iron in a main front door. The design is delicately lovely, full of character, and eminently suitable for the style of home which is Georgian. Left: Delightful architectural treatment in a staircase in which the railing of wrought iron is designed with grace and lightness.



Your guest-room can be made the most attractive room in your home—easily—with "DULUX"—the miracle finish... it gives new, lovely colour to shabby furniture—and it lasts for ages! "Dulux" is economical to use because it goes further. "Dulux" is easy to apply, it dries quickly, it won't fade or lose its lovely lustre—and it doesn't need polishing.

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DB 14

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## "But Supposing my INCOME CEASED?"

**M**ANY men have what is called *Fear Complex*. They are always in dread of the future. They are afraid to build a home lest they shall not be able to pay for it. They are afraid to assure their lives lest they lose their jobs and be unable to pay the premiums. They are hedged around with fear.

Membership in the A.M.P. is the very thing such men need. It will give them backing. It will give them assurance; security.

A man cannot lose his money if he put it into A.M.P. policies. It will grow for him in his sleep, and when he works, even when he is ill. If he find himself unable to continue his investment of the premium, he can have his policy converted into a paid-up policy that will continue to grow with bonuses.

A certain man who, at 25, assured himself in the A.M.P. for £1,000, had an accident recently that will prevent him working again. Though the annual premium payable on his policy is only £21/15/4, he can no longer afford to pay it, so the Society converted his policy into a paid-up policy with no more premiums to pay. His policy was for £1,000. So considerable had been the bonuses that he now has a paid-up policy for £1,219, payable at death, plus such additional bonuses as shall accrue year by year until then, with no more premiums to pay.

Reader! Let the nearest A.M.P. office send an experienced man along to talk this matter over with you. If you prefer it, ask that a copy of "Investing in Happiness" be sent to you.

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"THEY BOTH PLAY FOR THE SCHOOL NOW. I'M SO PROUD OF THEM NURSE."

**'California Syrup of Figs'—'Calfig.'**  
It's a natural fruit laxative which safely cleanses and purifies the bloodstream and creates a fine healthy appetite.

If I were you, I'd make a point of giving them a dose once a week. You see, there's nothing harmful about it—and you must be so careful with growing children. It always annoys me to see Mothers giving their children cheap, concentrated purgatives.

Do keep on with the weekly dose of 'California Syrup of Figs,' Mrs. Evans. It's a fine laxative for young and old. As a matter of fact I use it myself and advise you to adopt it for the whole family.

'California Syrup of Figs' is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/3 times the quantity for 2/10. Be sure to say 'California' and look for 'Calfig' on the package.

## "California Syrup of Figs"

'NATURE'S OWN' LAXATIVE

# CLEVER Recipes WIN Cash PRIZES

## SO ENTER THIS FASCINATING COMPETITION NOW!

This week's prize-winning dishes provide a delicious assortment of feathery cakes, piquant savories, and summer sweets—and they'll undoubtedly appeal to the most capricious appetite.

**EVERYONE** is eligible for this competition, and each week we offer first prize of £1, and consolation prizes of 2/6 each for every recipe published. So in your favorite recipe rests your chance to win a little extra pocket money.

### SEMINEL CAKE

One pound each of flour and currants, 1 lb. peel, 1 lb. butter, 6oz. sugar, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1 lb. treacle, 3 eggs, milk.

### ALMOND PASTE

Quarter pound ground almonds, 1 lb. icing sugar, about 15 egg-whites, vanilla essence.

To make almond paste: Roll lumps out of sugar and rub through a fine sieve; add ground almonds and mix together. Whisk up whites slightly and add sufficient with a few drops of vanilla to mix all to a stiff paste.

Grease a cake-tin and line with two layers of greased paper to stand well above the top. Wash and pick over and dry the currants; cut up peel; sift flour, soda and spice together. Cream butter and sugar. Whisk up eggs, warm the treacle slightly and add to eggs; whisk together. Gradually add flour, etc., and prepared fruit to creamed butter,

and sugar alternately with eggs and treacle and some milk as required. Mix all together, and beat well. Work the almond paste until smooth and roll out half of it almost the size of cake-tin.

Put rather less than half the mixture in cake-tin; add layer of almond icing, then remainder of cake mixture. Put into a moderately-hot oven, lessen heat as required. It will take about 2½ hours. When cold, brush with yolk of egg and place remainder of almond paste on top of cake.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. McMurtrie, 5 Fleehley Ave., Glenroy W3, Vic.

### PEACH CREAM

Prepare 6 or 8 small moulds; put a little wine jelly in the bottom of each, and decorate each with some fancifully-cut pieces of angelica and place cherries. Then place moulds on ice. Prepare cream by rubbing through a fine sieve some freshly stewed or preserved peaches to make half a pint of puree. Put this into a saucepan with a little of the syrup. Heat slowly. Dissolve a half ounce of leaf gelatine in a little warm water; add carefully to the puree.

Stand in a cool place till almost cold. Then fold in half a pint of whipped cream, carefully colored a pale pink with carmine and flavored with vanilla. Fill the prepared moulds with the mixture.

## This Week

# MEATLESS DISHES

No longer does the period of Lent provide a troublesome problem for the housewife. Nowadays deliciously tempting and piquant fish dishes replace the frugal fare of days gone by.

**TRY** some of these clever recipes from other readers . . . and your cooking is sure to be a great success.

Each week in this section a special subject is selected by our cookery expert from recipes sent in by our readers.

Every recipe published is awarded a prize of 2/6, so why not send in the recipes for your favorite dishes? They may be worth cash to you!

### RUSSIAN FISH PIE

Three-quarters pound of cooked fish, ¼ pint of sauce, 1 teaspoon of capers, 1 tomato, 1 teaspoon of parsley, 1 hard-boiled egg, seasoning, fish, at any kind of pastry.

Fake fish, removing skin and bone, add it to the sauce, with seasoning, chopped parsley and capers.

Roll pastry out to an 8-inch square, place fish mixture in the middle, and arrange slices of egg and tomato on top.

Dampen the upper edge of pastry, and fold into envelope shape. Brush over with beaten egg and decorate with leaves cut out of pastry. Bake over again. Bake in a hot oven for about half an hour till the pastry is crisp and lightly browned.

Garnish with small pieces of lemon and parsley and serve hot.

The pie could be made in a similar way with minced meat instead of the fish.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Cooper, Haydon, S.A.

### HEATERS EASTER CUTLETS

Half-pound mashed potatoes, 3 tablespoons cooked haricot beans, 2 tablespoons cooked peas, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 3 tablespoons chopped milk, 1 teaspoon mustard and 1 egg yolk.

Mix thoroughly together and form into shapes like cutlets. Bake with a little fat in a quick oven till both sides are nicely browned. Serve with hot tomato sauce.

2/6 to Miss E. Sommer, 125 Cooper St., Waverley, N.S.W.

### DELICIOUS CREAMED FISH

Take two fair-sized flathead, skin, and boil until tender. Remove bones and cut up fish. Add salt and cayenne pepper to taste. Make a nice white sauce, adding a well-beaten egg to it. Pour the remainder over the top of the fish, add browned breadcrumbs on top, place a few small pieces of butter on the crumbs, and bake until nicely browned. Serve with slices of lemon.

2/6 to A. S. Kiewan, Warrawee, Private Bag, Mt. Mary, Tas.

### BAKED SALMON ROLL

One small cup mashed potato, 1oz.

butter, 1½ lb. salmon, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Worcester sauce, salt, pepper, anchovy essence to taste, breadcrumbs.

Remove any skin and bones from salmon. Flake and mix potatoes, seasonings and beaten egg. Form into a roll and brush over with a little egg and coat with breadcrumbs. Place in a greased baking tin and cook in a moderate oven for 25 minutes.

Serve with the following sauce:

Melt 1oz. butter, stir in ¼ cup flour, add ¼ pint milk, boil for 8 minutes, add the juice of half a lemon, and a heaped teaspoon of chopped parsley. Pour over roll when served.

2/6 to Mrs. B. Elmslie, Canberra St., Ayr, Nth. Qld.

### LENTEN CUTLETS

One egg, 3 tablespoons chopped onion, 1½ cups lima beans, ¼ cup finely chopped almonds, butter, salt, and pepper.

Soak beans in boiling water for about 12 hours, strain water off. Add fresh cold water and cook gently until quite soft (about 30 minutes). Strain and mash beans, adding salt and pepper, almonds and onion which has been lightly fried in 1 tablespoon butter. Flour, beat, and shape mixture to represent cutlets. Brush with a little melted butter, sprinkle lightly with fine breadcrumbs and bake for 10 minutes in baking dish to which a few small lumps of butter have been added.

2/6 to Mrs. W. Elmslie, 18 Wanda Rd., Concord West, N.S.W.

### TOMATO CUSTARD

Two large tomatoes, 3 eggs, 1 pint milk, little sugar, cochineal.

Beat eggs slightly, add salt, sugar, and cayenne. Have tomatoes skinned and beaten to pulp and add to eggs, then add milk. Stir together, and add little cochineal, pour into greased pie-dish. Bake in cool oven till set.

2/6 to F. Melver, 11 Cadby St., Brighton, S.E. Melbourne.



Set on ice. To serve, turn out and garnish with chopped wine jelly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Campbell, Mon Repos, Palmwoods, Qld.

### MERINGUE PUFFS

With a Liqueur and Fruit Filling.  
Beat 4 egg-whites and 10oz. white sugar till very stiff (about 20 minutes); drop in spoonfuls on a sheet of white paper, and cook in a slow oven till thoroughly dry and slightly colored.

Take out; let puffs get cold, and lift off by putting blade of knife underneath. Cut the tops off puffs and fill with cut-up fruit such as pineapple, passionfruit, strawberries, etc., mixed with whipped cream, flavored with any liqueur and sweetened to taste. Replace tops, and serve, dusted over with icing sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. N. Blight, Dewbury Park, Kellerberrin, W.A.

### STRAWBERRY CAKE

Mix together ¼ cup sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Stir these ingredients into 1 well-beaten egg-yolk. Add 1 tablespoon butter and 1 cup milk, and cook in top of double boiler until thick and smooth. Remove from fire, cool slightly, and add ¼ cups hulled washed strawberries and 1 egg-white whipped stiffly.

Line a mould or cake-tin with ladies fingers, cover with a layer of strawberry mixture, another layer of fingers, a second layer of mixture, and top off with a layer of ladies fingers. Place in the ice-box to set. Before serving, turn out and garnish with whipped cream and strawberries.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Jones, 25 Direct Place, Adelaide.

### TONGUE CONES

Two medium-sized firm tomatoes, 2 boiled beetroot, 1oz. tongue (fresh or tinned), mayonnaise to taste, 1 cup of cooked peas, 1 pineapple, lettuce.

Boil beetroot, then peel and slice thinly. Peel pineapple and remove "cores." Cut into thin slices. Prunge tomatoes into boiling water for five minutes to soften the skin, then peel and cut into small pieces. Next mix peas and sliced tomatoes together; season, and stir in the mayonnaise.

Cut tongue into thin slices, and roll into a neat cone shape (like the cones in which ice-creams are sold), fastening the slit with wooden toothpicks. Fill them with salad, taking care not to disarrange the shape; put crisp, curled leaves of lettuce on a dish and on them place the tongue cones, arranging slices of pineapple and beetroot alternately round the dish.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. B. Gray, 25 Cransall St., Carlton, N.A.W.

### PEACH PUDDING SUPREME

Prepare required number of fairly ripe peaches by peeling and splitting in halves, and removing stones. Boil together for about 7 minutes half a cup of sugar and half a cup of water. Then place peaches in this syrup, and cook gently until tender. Drain peaches, taking care not to break the halves. Arrange in a pie-dish. Beat 4 eggs well, add one pint of fresh milk. Stir in gradually one cup of plain flour sifted with 1½ teaspoons of baking powder, add pinch of salt. Beat until perfectly smooth and pour over the peaches. Stand the pie-dish in a pan of water and bake for about 40 minutes or till nicely browned. Serve with custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Byrne, Argent's Hill, via Bowral, N.S.W.

### GINGER FLUFF

Beat for 20 minutes 4 eggs, ¼ cup sugar. Stir in ¼ cup of cup arrowroot, 2 dessertspoons of plain flour, 2 teaspoons gum, 2 teaspoons cinnamon, 1 teaspoon cream, 1 teaspoon cream of tartar, ¼ teaspoon carbonate of soda, and lastly add 1 dessertspoon golden syrup.

Make in two large sandwich tins for 10 to 20 minutes in a not too hot oven. Fill with whipped cream and cream on top decorated with preserved ginger.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. S. South, Buses St., Queensland, Tas.

## A LLURE

## THAT'S SURE

To secure and hold a fine, soft, smooth and attractive skin is neither costly nor too tedious when you use "AUSTRALIAN RICE" Face Powder and Cream. These two famous beautifiers immediately increase the skin's charm, and as the beautifying agents do their "flattering" work, the harmlessness of "Australian Rice" Face Powder and Cream ensures that battery-to-day does not mean wrinkles tomorrow.

"Australian Rice" Face Powder, in small boxes, is 1s and 1/2s. The Cream is 1/6 a giant jar.

## AUSTRALIAN RICE

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# PLAN a PICNIC . . .

**MAKE** the most of the last lingering days of Summer and enjoy meals in the open air.

You do not need an elaborate picnic basket—an ordinary roomy basket or even a fair-sized box will do if you intend travelling by car. This may be converted with little trouble into a picnic hamper. If you intend to do any walking, then a basket with a handle is advisable.

By RUTH FURST

Cooking Expert to The Australian Women's Weekly

USE those sensible cardboard utensils, dishes and plates, that can be bought so cheaply. If you line them with greaseproof paper you can use them on another occasion.

Cardboard jars to hold butter, cream, dressing, jam, pickles, and cardboard cups, paper pulp spoons, bamboo knives and forks, paper tablecloths and serviettes make it possible to serve the daintiest of meals out of doors.

As a safeguard make a list of the things you intend to take and when packing cross off each item as it is stowed away.

Pack tightly and if the basket is not full fill up spaces with paper. Savories such as meat pies, Cornish pasties, meat or fish patties, slices of meat, chicken, duck, ham, portions of fried fish could all be wrapped in greaseproof paper and carried satisfactorily.

Wash salad vegetables and carry in a towel. Cold cooked vegetables

also make an excellent accompaniment to cold meat.

Cakes and pastry should be carried in boxes. Wrap bread in greaseproof paper, then in a serviette. Vacuum flasks will carry liquids, soups, or drinks, either hot or cold. If taking tea or coffee do not mix the milk with either in the flask. Take the milk separately in a bottle.

And don't forget tea towel, matches, tin-opener, and corkscrew.

## CORNISH PASTIES

Half-pound round steak, 1 potato, 1 onion, chopped parsley, salt, cayenne, 1lb. shortcrust.

Cut steak into very small pieces. Cut potato into dice and mince onion finely. Chop parsley finely. Mix all well together, add salt and cayenne, and divide into eight.

## Date Cookies

THESE are handy at a picnic for taking the edge off keen appetites between meals.

Quarter cup butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 tablespoons milk, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup chopped dates.

Cream butter and sugar, add beaten egg gradually, add milk gradually, then sifted flour and dates. Place dessertspoonfuls of mixture on well-greased swiss roll tins, sprinkle with sugar, and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Make shortcrust and divide into eight equal parts. Knead into rounds and roll out, keeping a good round shape.

Place a portion of the meat on each piece of pastry. Wet round the edge, fold over and pinch together, keeping the joint at side of top. Glaze with egg. Bake in a moderate oven 15 minutes, lessen the heat, and allow to cook slowly till the centre mixture is cooked—taking about 30 minutes. Serve on a hot dish garnished with sprigs of parsley.

## VEAL, HAM AND EGG PIE

One pound flour, 3oz. lard, 1oz. butter, pinch salt, 1 1/2 gills water, 1lb. veal, 1lb. rashers of ham, 2 eggs, salt, cayenne. Boil water, add to butter, salt, and lard, stir till fats are dissolved, then pour into the flour, making into a paste and, while still warm, mould into a well-greased cake tin, reserving sufficient to cover the top, and keep in a warm place. Have the meat cut into small cubes and the hard-boiled eggs cut into slices.

Place the meat, etc., in the pie. Add half gill water, add salt and cayenne. Press the cover on. Make a hole in the top. Glaze with egg. Bake in slow oven for two hours. When cooked pour in a little stock made from veal bones, and allow to set before using. Turn out and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

## BETROOT MOULD

One bunch beetroot, water, a little vinegar, 5 cloves, powdered gelatine, salt and mustard, cayenne.

Prepare beetroot by washing well and leaving stalks on. Do not cut in any way or prick, otherwise it bleeds. Put beetroot into a large saucepan of boiling salted water and boil till tender. Drain in colander. When cold, remove skin and cut into thin slices. Take 1 piece of beetroot before cooking, peel and boil in vinegar and water to which salt, cayenne, mustard, and cloves have

been added. (The object of peeling is to extract the color, making the liquid red.) Strain, and to every cupful of liquid add 1 dessertspoon of gelatine. Stir till well dissolved. Line a wetted mould with the cooked beetroot. Pour in liquid and leave on ice till set. Turn out in usual way and serve with cold meat.

## PRESSED CORNED MUTTON

Three pounds corned mutton, 3 sheep's tongues, small onion, cloves, peppercorns.

Soak meat in cold water 1 hour. Place in saucepan with water, whole onion, cloves, and peppercorns. Simmer gently till tender. Remove bones from the mutton and cut into slices, skin tongues, remove bone and gristle, and cut in slices, put alternate layers of tongue and mutton in a plain mould. Put a heavy weight on top and press well. When ready, turn out and cut in thin slices.

## TONGUE SHAPE

One tin sheep's tongues, 1 pint stock, salt and cayenne to taste, 1 heaped tablespoon powdered gelatine, 1 hard-boiled egg, salad vegetables.

Remove skin from tongues, and cut into slices. Arrange the slices of tongue and egg in a plain mould, little more than half filling it. Add gelatine to boiling stock, also salt and cayenne to taste, and color if necessary. Stir well, when cold pour into mould, stand on ice to set. Turn out in usual way on to a meat dish, and garnish with small lettuce leaves, slices of cucumber, and tomatoes.

## VEAL BROWN

Two pounds knuckle of veal, 2 hard-boiled eggs, cold water, 1lb. lean pickled pork, salt and cayenne.

Place meat in enamel saucepan and cover with 1 quart of cold water. Simmer very gently for from 3 to 4 hours, when the meat should be thoroughly cooked and coming from the bone. Cut meat from bones and cut into small pieces. Slice eggs thinly and decorate a plain mould with them. Three-quarter fill with the meat and add the liquid, filling to the top of the mould. Allow to set. Turn out on meat dish and garnish with salad vegetables.

## CORNISH MEAT TART

Six ounces shortcrust, 1lb. steak, 1 onion, 1 large potato, 1lb. bacon, salt and cayenne, chopped parsley, little water.

Chop steak, bacon and onion finely. Cut potato into dice. Mix all ingredients well together, add 2 tablespoons water and allow to stand 15 minutes. Make shortcrust, turn on to floured board. Cut one quarter off. Roll out larger piece and line deep sandwich tin, fill with



A HAPPY GROUP of children enjoying a picnic. Food tastes so much nicer to them when it is eaten in the open air, with the result they usually have a hearty, healthful meal.

CORNISH PASTIES—old favorites. They can be made the day before the picnic, then all that is necessary on the day is to wrap them in greaseproof paper and pack into the basket.

All these recipes have been tested in our own kitchen.

and cook slowly for 1 hour longer. Remove from tin and serve either hot or cold. If eaten cold, use butter when making the shortcrust.

## PICNIC PIE

Six ounces shortcrust, 6oz. bacon, 6 eggs, chopped parsley, salt and cayenne.

Cut rind off bacon and cut bacon into 2-inch lengths. Place in cold water; when boiling strain off water. Make the shortcrust and cut in two—one a little larger than the other. Line a deep sandwich tin with the larger piece. Place the bacon in the tin, break the egg into tin very carefully and sprinkle with chopped parsley, cayenne and salt; cover with the other piece of pastry, brush top with egg glazing. Bake in hot oven about 1 hour. Serve either hot or cold.

## COOKED SAUSAGES AND VEGETABLES

"Also Curried"

HAPPY and hungry

What could be more tempting than tasty pork sausages, perfectly cooked, with a delightful blend of choice vegetables.

A complete meal—ready to serve when heated.



**Rosella**  
OVER 100 PURE FOODS



CAN YOU LEND ME A SPOONFUL OF GRAVOX?

Just till to-morrow! I couldn't think of cooking dinner without GRAVOX. Isn't it wonderful how it SALTS, SEASONS, BROWNS & THICKENS—all at once!

**Gravox**  
The IDEAL GRAVY MAKER  
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**STEEL**  
CLEANS & POLISHES ALUMINIUM  
Does it quickly . . . in one operation . . . and more easily than ever. Steelo restores the natural brightness and smoothness of the metal.  
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MINE WILL LAST TWICE AS LONG AS YOURS 'COS IT'S *Gibbs*.

MUM SAID WE'RE ALL GOING TO USE *Gibbs* IN FUTURE. IT SAVES HER MONEY!

PROVIDE the family with a tin of Gibbs Dentifrice each and it will be a long time before you have to spend more money on tooth-cleaning preparations. Gibbs lasts twice as long . . . and then, you can buy refills and keep on using the original container.



"HERE'S YOUR GIBBS DADDY, WITH YOUR NAME ON IT . . . I'LL JUST THROW IT IN ANYWHERE"

If you do a lot of travelling you'll be doubly thankful for Gibbs because the flat dust-proof tin packs so easily and safely. Very hygienic—no mess or waste.



"WE USE GIBBS SO'S TO CLEAN WHERE THE TOOTH-BRUSH CAN'T REACH"

Decay germs lurk in crevices where the tooth-brush cannot reach . . . but swirling, antiseptic Gibbs foam soon finds them out and sweeps them away. It removes food particles and dissolves film, tastes pleasant and refreshing and leaves your mouth clean and sweet.

"THAT'S RIGHT! GO ON USING GIBBS BOTH OF YOU"



To clean and polish the teeth without scratching the delicate enamel, leading dentists recommend Gibbs.

YOUR TEETH feel CLEANER WHEN YOU USE



The Gentlest Laxative



Wise Mothers know how DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA relieves baby of 'wind' and all stomach and teething troubles; and when baby has become a happy, romping child, DINNEFORD'S is looked on with gratitude and still given when necessary. For DINNEFORD'S is the best antacid and the safest and gentlest laxative for infants and children, and has been recommended by doctors for over 100 years. But be sure you get genuine DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA, made only by DINNEFORD & Co., Ltd., London, England. Of all chemists and stores.

**DINNEFORD'S**  
PURE FLUID MAGNESIA

## Spears of Blue— DELPHINIUMS

They bring grace, beauty, and color to the garden. Sow seeds now for brilliant late winter and early spring displays

—Says The Old Gardener

Delphiniums are among the loveliest of the blue flowers. They are perennials, strikingly handsome, and are obtainable in a variety of glorious blue shades.

BY careful selection and planning some wonderful color schemes can be obtained. Delphiniums may be successfully raised from seed and can also be propagated from the crowns.

Now is the time for sowing the seed for late winter and early spring blooms.

In the propagation, after they have finished flowering, cut back all the old stems and foliage, then, when the new shoots begin to make their appearance, dig up, and, with a sharp knife, carefully remove the pieces, making sure each piece has a root attached. In this way, many young plants can be secured.

In raising delphiniums from seed, select a semi-shaded corner, prepare the seed bed well, sprinkle the seed over lightly, water well, and in a few days the young plants will be through. Keep the beds moist, but not too wet.

### Transplanting

WHEN large enough to handle, prick out into boxes, spacing them an inch each way. Then at transplanting time cut them out, with plenty of soil attached to the roots, and they will receive no setback from the transplanting.

Seed should be fresh. Old seed loses its vitality, so, when buying seed, make certain it is fresh.

When preparing the permanent beds for the delphiniums, see first that it has good drainage. This is essential for success. Badly-drained soil brings disaster, and all kinds of diseases and insects.

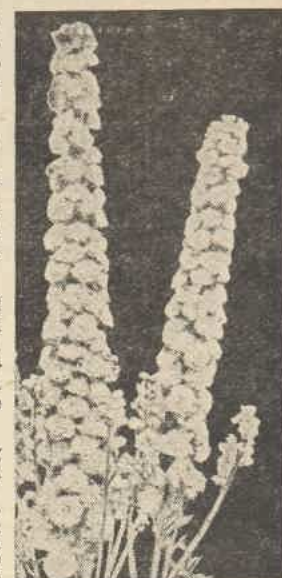
Delphiniums revel in lime, so applications from time to time are beneficial, not only keeping down various diseases, but in helping to sweeten the soil. Dig the bed deep, and enrich the soil as much as possible. They are deep-rooters, so place the manure well under the surface. See that the manure is well-decayed, and on no account use lime at the same time as you use manure.

### Flowering Period

SEVERAL weeks after the planting lime can be used. During the flowering period, liquid manure applied from time to time will work wonders.

These plants thrive in open, sunny situations. If planted in semi-shaded positions, they become subject to mildew.

This trouble can easily be de-



DELPHINIUMS, tall spears of blue, are lovely in any garden, and make a great show.

ected by the appearance of the leaves, which become covered with a white, powdery substance. If they should suffer from this out in the open, spray with lime sulphur, one part of lime sulphur to 40 parts of water. A dusting of the foliage with pure sulphur will also prevent further spreading of the disease.

Seedlings will be more successful on the coastal areas than crowns, but on the highlands the crowns are more successful. Victoria is the home of delphiniums, but they can also be grown in most places, if given the correct treatment, as briefly outlined in this article.

Here are the names of the new and best varieties:

### New Varieties

**BELLADONNA Improved:** Has large flowers, spikes very long, color bright blue, excellent for cutting, and blooms over a long period.

**Belladonna:** The old variety is sky-blue in color, and a very superior variety.

**Bellamosa,** dark blue, provides a splendid contrast to the two former mentioned.

**Cardinale** is a vivid scarlet, a novel variety, which is fast becoming popular. Gold Medal contains light blue, deep blue, and mid-blue colors and pastel tints, which are most attractive.

**Hybrids:** The butterfly types for borders are azure blue, dark blue, white, and mixed.

An attractive and most colorful effect can be obtained by planting the dark blue delphiniums in the background, the lighter blues in the centre, and the pretty light blue butterfly variety in a border in the foreground.



### WHAT THE CHEMIST TOLD HER

Rexona, the soap that keeps your skin clear and healthy, is just as good for your hair. The tonic medication in its plentiful lather clear away all trace of dandruff, tone up the scalp, stimulate your hair—making it alive with a beautiful healthy sheen.

NOW YOUR HAIR HAS A LOVELY GLOSS—THANKS TO REXONA

EVERYONE REMARKS ON THEIR HAIR



Soap, 9d. Tablet, Ointment, 1/6 Tin. (City and Suburbs)

**Rexona**



Try the Daggett & Ramsdell Creams as I did—

and you will see your skin become softer and lovelier every day

See for yourself the difference these Creams will make in your complexion. Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream penetrates deeper . . . cleanses more thoroughly . . . softens, smooths, and nourishes your skin . . . as no other cream you have ever used. No matter what face creams you are now using . . . won't you, just for your complexion's sake, try Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream today!



Daggett & Ramsdell

### FOOT AILMENTS

CURED AT HOME: Tired, aching, painful feet; weak and fallen arches; weak, puffy ankles; corns, callouses. Specialized with twenty-five years' world-wide experience explains cause and cure. Call or write for free booklet and diagnosis chart. Consultation free. HOME FOOT CORRECTIVE SERVICE, 129 FLETCHER ST., SYDNEY.

## CLEVER IDEAS



**REJUVENATE THE SILVER:** An excellent cleaner for all silverware and cutlery is made by mixing two tablespoons of whiting and two of ammonia into a thin paste, with sufficient water to saturate a handy-sized piece of flannel.

**HAIR-BRUSHES:** If you coat the ebony backs of hair-brushes with vaseline before washing them it will prevent them turning brown. After washing the brushes, dry the backs, wiping off vaseline, and rub a little olive oil into the wood.



**PRESERVING THE STOVE:** If you smear the steel top of your gas stove with metal polish before you start cooking the dinner, and allow the polish to remain on, any splashing of fat or boiling over of water won't hurt the steel. When the cooking is finished, wipe off the polish and the steel beneath will be like silver.

**FRUIT HINTS:** Did you know that an ordinary wooden peg is ideal to core apples, and does it nearly as well as the correct gadget? Another hint that's useful this time of the year concerns oranges and lemons. If you hang them up from a hook in a string or net bag, they will keep sound much longer than if stored on shelves.



# THE BODY By EVELYN BEAUTIFUL

**If You Would Be GLAMOROUS**  
... And Radiantly Lovely... You Must Be Enterprising and Enthusiastic... You Must Experiment!

**S**UBTLE changes take place in beauty fashions from year to year. New make-up tricks, new cosmetics, new hair styles... All with exciting possibilities of giving you a new allure.

**I**f it is your particular desire to be classified as a glamorous, sophisticated young modern, then you must be prepared to experiment with new ideas in beauty—you must be adventurous... even daring.

To wear successfully, for instance, those absurd but captivating new bonnets, with a wisp of brim tilting precariously over one eye or soaring crazily heavenwards—then you must have a new coiffure and a new face to enhance the smartness of your hat.

You may be surprised to find just how much a new hairline may improve your appearance.

If you are the fortunate possessor of pretty ears, don't hesitate to show them. Brush your hair well back from the face to reveal the whole ear, or just a provocative tip. A faint touch of rouge on the lobes will make them look more attractive, and add a sparkle to your eyes.

Then eyebrows—no longer should these be plucked to a single line—it is now the vogue to follow the natural line of the brows, removing only the scraggy hairs which mar the outline.

Blue mascara now takes the place of the sombre black. The lighter tone seems to bring a subtle suggestion of color and depth to the eyes.

Don't scorn eye-shadow as a

totally unnecessary artifice, for deftly applied it works miracles with your eyes, and gives interest to the face.

Blondes will find blue or purple fascinating, whilst green is appealing for the redhead, and brown will add attraction to the dusky brunettes.

If you are feeling very daring, add a smear of gold or silver, to bring a devastating radiance to your lids.

But if you remain dubious about



**CLEVER MAKE-UP**, tricks with eye cosmetics, long curling lashes and an intriguing coiffure serve to emphasise her beauty and add glamor to this lovely film player, Sonja Henie, of 20th-Century Fox.

wearing eye-shadow, just touch the lids with brilliantine to give your eyes an attractive "dewiness."

To give your lips that film-star glamor lightly smear them with

brilliantine after you have applied the lipstick.

Sunbake, by all means, if you are one of the lucky people who go an alluring golden brown. Wear colors to tone with or provide a lovely contrast to your tan skin, and lacquer your nails in shrimp, rust, sunset, or cool green.

If you want to be really glamorous with your finger nails, try coloring them a vivid red, with a spot of gold at the tips. Sounds very striking, doesn't it? It is most effective with a plain black frock, especially at night.

## FOR Young WIVES And MOTHERS

By a Truby King Expert

**What should baby weigh now he is twelve months old? He is not up to the weight table for his age.**

**M**ANY factors decide the weight a babe should be at any given age. Weight tables for age should not be regarded as infallible for all babies or children. They are meant to be merely a guide. Weight tables are compiled from the records of a given number of babies. An average

weight table is estimated from these records.

All over the world children are tending to become larger and heavier than former records disclose.

In infancy particularly, the gain in weight is considered the best means we have of measuring nutrition, but at no time should mere gain in weight be considered alone. It is quite possible to have great gain in weight without proper development.

The ideal is that the child shall maintain an even rate of progress from birth to full development.

In dealing with those who have departed from the normal health standard it is easy to find the cause of such departure. The first step is easy too, unless the damage be long standing—just quiet, gradual return to normal for that particular child, according to his or her individual type.

The condition of the special babe or child himself is the best guide to his progress. He must be consistently and regularly compared with himself. The rate of gain is the thing to watch.

An observation of the general condition, plus even, progressive gain in weight, is a more important factor than mere weight alone.

When arriving at the weight a baby should be at any given age, the birthweight and general framework, or "make-up" of that particular baby must be taken into consideration, together with various family characteristics.

Roughly speaking, the average, normal baby doubles his birthweight at six months, and trebles it at twelve months of age.

The appearance, size of frame, and whether well-covered or thin are excellent guides as to whether the stated birthweight is of reliable value.

A compactly-built, small-framed baby, showing even, steady weight-gain and normal progress otherwise, can almost invariably be considered a normal, healthy child. The same applies to the larger-framed child making even, steady progress; both will look well, happy, and give no trouble.

If, on the other hand, fitful progress is shown, or lack of progress in any way, do not delay, but have expert advice as soon as possible.

## WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

By a DOCTOR

**PATIENT:** I am excessively overweight, but afraid to diet for fear of fatal results. Will you advise a specific dietetic chart for the "not-so-slims"?

**A**DIPOSE tissue is found in various parts of the body, with much of it forming underneath the skin.

Some persons tend to become fat more readily than others, and women are more prone to excess fat deposits than men. After middle life generally, there is greater fat storage than before, especially in the abdominal connective tissue.

Acid fruits are good for stout people, especially fresh fruit. Plenty of water should be taken between meals so as to help elimination, but water or any other liquid—tea, coffee, etc.—should not be indulged in freely during meals.

Clear soups are better than thick ones for those who wish to stop excess deposits of adipose tissue.

Fresh fish is permissible, except those which are very oily. Boiling is to be preferred.

Such meat as beef, mutton, lamb, and chicken may be taken. Eggs may be used sparingly.

As to vegetables, all those having leaves and stems—spinach, asparagus, cabbage, celery, and lettuce—and other salads, are excellent, as they are filling but not especially nourishing.

All sweets, desserts, and pastries are to be cut to a minimum. Milk, beer, spirituous liquors, wines, and champagnes are not good for the obese.

With real thought, proper diet, exercise, and adequate elimination, you have the best combination for preventing excess fat.

## Chronic Skin Diseases

Brilliant Chemist's Amazing Successes



Hundreds of readers throughout Australia write praising in the highest terms the skill of Mr. R. Richard Diamond, the well-known chemist of Bondi, whose successful treatment of long-standing skin diseases is a high tribute to his knowledge of Dermatology.

Complaints treated personally and by post include Eczema, Psoriasis, Germ Under Nail, Ulcers, Tinea, Acne, Boils, Pimples, Pruritis, Varicose Veins, etc. A diagnosis is obtainable without obligation by writing to Mr. R. Richard Diamond, M.P.S., Ph.C., 26W Hall Street, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.



**"WASH" AWAY SKIN DISEASES**

with this Miracle Soap...

**ECZEMA, BOILS, PIMPLES, PSORIASIS, TINEA DANDRUFF ETC.**

26



Soothes away that dreadful itch. Relieves and heals irritating, disfiguring complaints. Guaranteed—or money back. At your NEAREST CHEMIST, or Diamond's Pharmacy, Six Ways, Bondi Beach, N.S.W.

**DIAMOND'S ECZEMA SOAP**

**CULTURE** that suggests a piano by **Nicholson's**  
The Musical Firm  
416-8 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY  
(Between King & Market Sts.)  
Easy Terms Gladly Arranged

AGENTS FOR "STRIKAT", "MIGON", "PUBIC", "TRINHEAD", "BANKMAN", "THORNE", "TILLY", "CROWN", "TIMBERMAN" AND "CONCORD"



## Complexion by MORNY



*Morny adds Something  
to Your Personality*

—a subtle refinement which  
enhances natural charm and  
denotes the woman of taste.

MORNY, REGENT ST., LONDON—the Home of British Perfumery

GARDENIA  
JUNE ROSES  
PINK LILAC  
TENTATION



**DAZZLING  
WHITE—**

*out of the BLUE!*

Sheer white is made up of seven colours—the colours of the rainbow. (You can see them in the spray.) One of these seven colours is blue. There's no true white without blue. For a wash that is really white, put Reckitt's Blue in your last rinsing water. Blue corrects the faint yellow that makes the wash come up a "bad colour." Your things come in from the garden as white as foam.



## Reckitt's BLUE

*Out of the blue comes the whitest wash!*

# NEW LIFE FOR Your OLD FROCKS

Needlework Notions

*New sleeves and pearl embroidery  
give new charm to evening gowns.*



PEARL EMBROIDERY adds charm and distinction to this black dinner frock. The idea can be used for rejuvenating old gowns or for trimming new frocks.

HERE is a most fascinating way of giving new life to old evening or dinner frocks. The idea can also be used for trimming new frocks.

Pearls are always fashionable and flattering to the wearer, and contrast perfectly with black.

This time they are used to adorn frocks as shown in the illustration.

In the first a simple black frock gains charm and distinction with a little Peter Pan collar sewn all over in tiny seed pearls.

There is also a black evening bag sewn with pearls to match the evening frock.

The second frock has a very full sleeve which falls just below the elbow. It is embroidered all over with pearls in a fascinating flower design, while the narrow belt is also sewn with pearls at intervals.

You can obtain a transfer for embroidering the pearl designs, and also a paper pattern for making the black dinner frock, and pattern for making the full sleeve, the Peter Pan collar and the evening bag, from our Needlework Department.

The prices are as follows:

Black dinner frock (short puff sleeves and collar), sizes, 32, 34, and 36-in. bust pattern, price 1/1.

Full sleeve, Peter Pan collar and evening bag pattern, price 1/1.

Transfer for Peter Pan collar, full sleeve and bag designs, price 1/6 complete.

When ordering, please state sizes required.

## Ideal for the Needlework Enthusiast

Dainty needle and thread case made to fold up neatly.

THIS charming little needlework case is just about the most useful thing the sewing enthusiast could own.

It keeps cottons and needles in a place where they can be found easily.

The case is made of suede cloth in colors of green, blue, or fawn, and has traced design on the front flap all ready for you to embroider.

It contains seven skeins of stranded cotton in various useful colors, including black and white.

The price for the case complete is 1/6 from our Needlework Department, The Australian Women's Weekly, 168 Castlereagh Street, Sydney. (Postal address will be found on pattern page.)



USEFUL folding case for holding cottons and needles.

## Patch Cushion in Sewing Room



A PATCH cushion is used not only as a cushion, but for holding dressmaking scraps.

INSTEAD of throwing away scraps left over from dressmaking, or stowing them away in boxes where they are difficult to find again, why not make a patch cushion to hold all the bits and pieces?

Make the cushion in a durable material and fit with a sipp-fastener along the top.

To make the cushion really attractive, embroider with a pretty design.

You can obtain a transfer for the design shown in the illustration from our Needlework Department.

## TATTOO YOUR LIPS

with transparent South Sea red instead of coating them with pasty lipstick.



Actually softens lips—gives them luster, too!



Stolen from a tropical paradise... the allure-wise South Sea maiden's own secret of luscious, exciting lips. Pasty, transparent, highly indelible colour... instead of pasty coating. TATTOO! Put it on like lipstick... let it set... then wipe it off, leaving nothing on your lips but a clear, tempting, shimmering red that only time can remove... and that will actually keep your lips soft and moist instead of drying them! Tattooed lips simply can't chap! Five South Sea shades... each aglow with reckless, red adventure! Make your choice at the Tattoo Colour Selector by testing all five on your own skin... in your favorite store. Try them all!

CORAL... ROYAL... NATURAL... PASTEL... HAWAIIAN  
Send 1/- for Introductory size, stating shade desired, to sole Australian Agents: Durrant & Co., 326 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, C. L.

## TATTOO

South Sea Colour for Lips



# IN LETTUCE GREEN

## A Handknit Jacket Made of Soft Nubbly Wool

Puff sleeves, covered buttons in front, and a neat collar give the garment distinction. Here are the knitting directions.

CLOSE-UP VIEW of the stitch used in making the jacket.

**MATERIAL:** 9oz. of Paton's Arundo yarn, 2 knitting needles, No. 6.

**Measurements:** Shoulder to lower edge, front: 21½ inches; back, 20½ inches. Width below arms, 35½ inches. Length of sleeve along seam, 16 inches.

**Tension:** 5 stitches to the inch.

**Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl.

### BACK

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 80 stitches which should measure 16 inches. Work in pattern as follows:

1st Row: \* k. 1, p. 1. Repeat from \*.

2nd Row: Purl the knit stitches from the preceding row and knit the purl ones.

Repeat from the 1st needle.

12th, 18th, 24th, and 30th Rows:

Narrow by 1 stitch on each side. In the 30th row the work measures 4 inches, and the waist has been reached.

31st, 41st, 51st, 61st, 71st, 81st, 91st, and 102nd Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

At the end of the 102nd row there are 88 stitches on the needle

and the back measures 13½ inches. Shape armholes.

103rd, 104th, 105th and 106th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

In the 139th row the yoke pattern begins, which is worked as follows:

139th Row (right side of work): Knit plain.

140th Row (wrong side of work): Purl.

141st Row: Purl.

142nd Row: Knit plain.

Repeat these 4 rows.

148th, 149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, 154th and 155th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side for the shoulder.

In the 156th row, to shape the neckline, divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately.

156th, 157th and 158th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on the shoulder side and 4 on the neck side.

### LEFT FRONT

As the illustration shows, the lower part of the centre edge is diagonal. Commence at the lower edge by casting on 38 stitches which should measure 7½ inches. Work in pattern k. 1, p. 1.

3rd, 6th, 8th, and 10th Rows:

Widen by 1 stitch on the centre edge.

12th Row: Widen by 1 stitch on the centre edge and narrow by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

14th Row: Widen by 1 stitch on the centre edge.

18th Row: Same as 12th row.

21st Row: Widen by 1 stitch on the centre edge.

24th and 30th Rows: Narrow by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

In the 30th row the work measures 4 inches and the waist has been reached.

31st, 41st, 51st, 61st, 71st, 81st, 91st, and 102nd Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on the outer edge.

At the end of the 102nd row there are 50 stitches on the needle, and the work measures 13½ inches. Shape armhole.

103rd, 104th, 105th, 106th and 107th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on outer edge.

Commencing with the 139th row knit in yoke pattern.

140th and 142nd Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the centre edge for the neck.

143rd, 144th, 145th and 146th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on the neck side.

149th, 151st, 153rd, 155th, 157th,



ISN'T THIS CHARMING JACKET just one of the loveliest you've ever seen? You can make it from the directions given here.

and 160th Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder.

### RIGHT FRONT

It is worked in the same manner as the left front, except that the widening and narrowing are reversed, and 11 buttonholes are worked at regular intervals along the centre edge.

### RIGHT SLEEVE

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 52 stitches which should measure 10½ inches. Work the cuff in k. 2, p. 2 for 1½ inches. Then change to pattern k. 1, p. 1.

4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 27th, 30th, 33rd, 36th, and 39th Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side. Shape bow at top.

40th, 41st and 42nd Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

43rd, 44th, 46th, 47th, 49th, 50th, 52nd, 55th, 58th, 61st, 64th, 67th, 70th, 73rd, 76th, 77th, 79th, 80th, 82nd, 83rd, 85th, 86th and 87th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

### LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

### TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Loosen them and sew up seams. As may be seen from the illustration, the upper part of the sleeve is plaited into the armhole. The centre-top should fit exactly into the shoulder seam. The buttons are covered with small knitted squares. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

## For Girl of Six Years

Knitted in navy-blue and white wool in a small check design and finished with white belt and collar.

THIS smart and serviceable frock suitable for the six-year-old girl for general wear and for school is simply knitted from the directions given here.

**Material:**—Paton's Azalea wool, 5oz. of white, 5oz. of dark blue. Two knitting needles No. 2.

**Measurements.**—Shoulder to lower edge, front 21in., back 20in. Width below arms, 30in. Width at lower edge, 41in.

**Tension.**—8 stitches to the inch. **Abbreviations.**—K., knit; p., purl; s. slip; st., stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble.

### BACK

Commence at the lower edge by casting on 150 stitches with blue wool. This foundation row should measure 19 inches. Knit 8 rows plain. Commence pattern as follows:

1st Row (right side of work, with white wool): \* s. 1, (d.c., slip a st. onto the right needle without working it; the thread must rest behind the slipped stitch), k. 2. Repeat from \*.

2nd Row (wrong side of work, with white wool): Purl all the stitches that were knit plain in the preceding row and slip the slipped stitches. This time the thread must be in front of the slipped stitches.

3rd Row (right side of work, with blue wool): Knit all the stitches on plain, including the slipped ones of the preceding row.

4th Row (wrong side of work, with blue wool): Purl.

Repeat from the 1st needle.

7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, 35th, 42nd, 49th, 56th, 63rd, 70th, 77th, 84th, 91st, 98th, 105th, 112th, 119th, 126th, 133rd, 140th and 148th Rows:

Narrow by 1 stitch on each side. Shape armholes.

149th, 151st, and 153rd Rows: Cast off 3 stitches on each side.

152nd and 154th Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side for the shoulder.

In the 166th row, when the neck begins, divide the stitches into two equal parts and work each one separately. In this row cast off 8 stitches on the neck side.

167th Row: Cast off 8 stitches on the shoulder side.

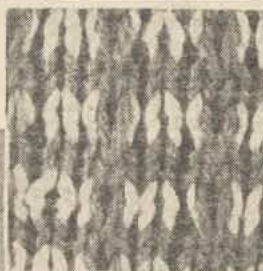
168th Row: Cast off 7 stitches on the neck side.

169th Row: Same as 167th row.

### LEFT FRONT

Cast on 81 stitches which should measure 10½ inches. Knit the first 4 rows plain with blue wool. Commence pattern as for the back.

7th, 14th, 21st, 28th, 35th, 42nd, 49th, 56th, 63rd, 70th, 77th, 84th, 91st, 98th, 105th, 112th, 119th, 126th,



ABOVE: The stitch which makes the pretty check design in navy and white. It is explained in the knitting directions given here.

LEFT: Smart and serviceable frock for Miss Six-year-old for general winter wear and for school.

133rd, 140th, and 148th Rows:

Narrow by 1 stitch on each side.

149th, 150th, 151st, 152nd, 153rd, and 154th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches for the armhole.

184th, 186th, 188th, 190th, and 192nd rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the centre edge for the neck.

193rd, 195th, 197th, 199th, 201st, 203rd, and 205th Rows: Cast off 4 stitches on the armhole side for the shoulder.

### RIGHT FRONT

Work in the same manner as the left, reversing the narrowing. Work 10 buttonholes at regular intervals along the centre edge.

### RIGHT SLEEVE

Cast on 54 stitches with blue wool. They should measure 7 inches. Work the cuff in plain knitting-stitch until it measures 1 inch. Commence ground pattern.

4th, 8th, 12th, 16th, 20th, 24th, 28th, 32nd, and 36th Rows: Widen by 1 stitch on each side.

37th, 38th, and 39th Rows: Cast off 2 stitches on each side.

41st, 42nd, 43rd, 45th, 46th, 47th, 49th, 50th, 51st, 53rd, 55th, 57th, 61st, 62nd, 63rd, 65th, 66th, 67th, 69th, 70th, 71st, 72nd and 73rd Rows: Cast off 1 stitch on each side.

In the following row cast off the remaining stitches.

### LEFT SLEEVE

Work in the same manner as the right.

### POCKET

Cast on 24 stitches with white

wool. They should measure 3½ inches. Knit 24 rows in ground pattern. Knit the next 8 rows plain with blue wool.

### COLLAR

It is crocheted with white wool. Crochet a chain corresponding in length to the neck measure.

1st Row: Alternately 1 d.c., 1 tr. Turn with 2 chain.

2nd Row: D.c. Turn with 2 chain.

3rd Row: 1 d.c., 1 raised tr. (this is worked as follows: Throw the thread around the hook, insert it from front to back between the first double crochet and the first treble of the first row, then from back to front, so that the treble of the first row is on the hook. Complete the treble.) Now work alternately 1 double crochet and 1 raised treble.

4th Row: Same as 2nd row.

5th Row: Same as 3rd row, except that the raised trebles are worked around the raised trebles of the 3rd row.

Repeat the 4th and 5th rows until the collar measures 2½ inches.

### BELT

It is 1½ inches wide and is crocheted widthwise with white wool in the same stitch as the collar.

### TO MAKE UP

Dampen all the pieces, pin them out to measurements and allow them to dry thus. Sew up seams. The pocket is stitched onto the right front as shown in the illustration. Press all seams under a damp cloth.

How can you keep SLIM and Fit

YOU can be healthy, happy and attractively slim; you can keep gloriously fit and get full enjoyment out of life, if you follow the golden rule of taking Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

Bile Beans are purely vegetable. They tone up the digestion, purify the blood and daily remove all fat-forming residue; thus improving your health, clearing your complexion and keeping you slim and youthful.

So, remember to take your Bile Beans nightly, if you want to look and feel your best at all times.



"Bile Beans are fine for removing surplus fat and keeping the weight normal. I am exceptionally pleased with Bile Beans, for taking them regularly has given me a new zest in life, and I never felt better than I do to-day."—Mrs. W. P.

"I take Bile Beans nightly and find them splendid for keeping me healthy and full of vitality. I never feel tired or listless now. Bile Beans also keep the figure slim and to all who wish for a youthful appearance I say take Bile Beans."—Miss H. H.

# BILE BEANS

KEEP YOU HAPPY, HEALTHY AND SLIM



Broad  
shoulders  
— firm  
muscles!



Not only does Roboleine quickly build up sturdy strength after illness, but a short regular course from time to time ensures the vigour to excel at work and play, and provides "INNER STRENGTH" to resist disease germs. Don't wait for illness, start Roboleine to-day. Roboleine is NOT A "MEDICINE," but a delicious, complete, energising food, containing nothing but Nature's own most valuable body-building ingredients. A doctor recently said: "A teaspoonful of Roboleine in a glass of warm milk is the finest restorative I have ever used." Be sure you get Roboleine—there is nothing to compare with it.

**ROBOLEINE**

For building up the body  
and restoring health  
In glass jars 2/6, 4/6, 12/6

**SAMPLE COUPON**  
Write to H. Hill Ltd., Box 1561 E. G.P.O. Sydney.  
I enclose 3d. to exchange for sample of Roboleine.  
Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
W.W. 10.

Keep those hands  
young and lovely  
— by constantly renewing  
Natural Moisture!



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**A**VOIDING the obvious, she showed Madden over the precincts of the Inns of Court, the gatehouse in which Ben Jonson worked, the chapel where the curfew bell is still rung each night. Then they went through the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, where, in her lunch hour, she had often wandered. Madden, as he phrased it, fell for this church. But Katharine did not linger. Her mind and steps seemed bent involuntarily towards the end of Holborn and at last, with a little constriction of her heart, she led the way into Staple Inn Court-yard.

One second they were encompassed by the turmoil of the clashing street and the next they stood in this tranquil backwater, fronted by the venerable facade of the Inn, soothed by the chirrup of sparrows in the elm above them. Beyond the outer traffic mutter the quiet was absolute, the sole movement the sleepy pecking of a few pigeons amongst the cobblestones.

"This is wonderful," said Madden slowly. "In the very heart of London. I've read it somewhere—yes, it comes into Edwin Drood, doesn't it? Dear old Dickens. Yes, it's wonderful. And what a place to dream in."

"I used to think so," Katharine answered. He looked at her sharply, struck by the queerness of her voice. For a minute he was silent, then in a tone less casual than usual he said:

"I've noticed, couldn't help it I suppose, that all this place round about means something to you. Why don't you tell me?" "There's nothing to tell really." She forced a smile. "When I was seventeen or eighteen I worked pretty near. I used to

#### BLOSSOM

The Winter came, and found her still  
With blossoms in her hair.  
She sadly smiled at him and said,  
"They die so soon, and are so fair,  
They are my light, I love them so,  
I almost fear to let them go."  
Perhaps she knew, for who can say,  
I know when Winter went his way  
And barrened all the country-side,  
She turned her face and gently died.  
—Yvonne Webb.

come and sit here sometimes, in my off-time, on that bench underneath the tree. You see, it's just the usual sentimental nonsense, why should I inflict it on you?" "Because I want you to," he persisted. "Come on over and sit down. I'm darn interested to hear how you began. I guess I'd understand. I had a pretty mean time myself when I first stepped out."

She could not understand her own weakness, an acquiescence induced by some strange evocation of the scene, yet almost before she knew it, she was seated beside him upon the old bench, recreating for herself, as much as for him, the sentient images of her girlhood. Above, the sky held a quiet warm glow. The afternoon was unusually mild. At their feet the pigeons pecked and strutted. The low beat of the city came from without like surf upon a distant shore.

At first her words were rather halting, but the very sympathy of his attention seemed to give them shape and color. She had begun, as he was probably aware, as a typist with the firm of Twiss and Wardrop. At home circumstances were straitened, poverty lurking beneath the thin veneer of suburban respectability, and her father, who combined the attributes of an unsuccessful house-agent with those of a vehement lay-preacher, had found her this post. A hard, embittered man with a stony frown and an icy smile, he had small sympathy with her and no hope, however contemptuous, of her advancement. Twiss, a fellow Congregationalist, was taking her as "a favor."

It was this, perhaps, which had

# LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 9

first set the seal of her endeavor, and steeled her young sensitiveness against the world. She would show them at home, her father, everyone. A great ambition germinated. To and from her work she hurried, in black cotton stockings and skimpy skirt, undernourished, underpaid, but eager and alert.

The great throbbing pulse of London was her unfailing stimulus. She watched with wide eyes the manifestation of wealth and luxury; returning late from the poky office she would stand outside Covent Garden in the rain to see the arrival of famous personages. And meanwhile she slogged at her typing, her short-hand, her book-keeping. She won golden opinions from Mr. Twiss and even from the recalcitrant Mr. Wardrop. Her wages were raised once, twice, until she was earning the incalculable sum of two pounds five shillings a week. Her father received the news with scorned incredulity. And then, after four years, when she was only twenty-two, opportunity came. Old

Eugene Hart, whose antique business lay quite near in Oxford Street, stopped her in the shop one day and asked her to become his private secretary at a salary of two hundred pounds a year. Old Eugene was a Jew, dark, benevolent and famously shrewd, who came frequently to the establishment of Twiss and Wardrop for those interesting transactions connected with the restoration and sometimes, though this was barely whispered, the complete creation of the antique. He had noted Katharine often from the corner of his inscrutable eye and divined, with the unerring instinct of his race, her potentialities.

It was a wrench for her to leave the shop in Holborn, yet the avenue opened by Hart's offer was enticing and immediate. Since her duties did not confine her entirely to her desk she began to learn the

"trade," to know old furniture, its period and mark, to recognise at a glance the true patina of age, the mellow tone of Queen Anne walnut, the dull gold lustre of eighteenth-century gesso. She attended sales everywhere with Hart, from Vernon's in the West End to great country houses in the north. And soon, since her aptitude was so evident and her health on the decline, he allowed her to go alone. Buying for Hart was not only a responsibility—she would never forget her first trembling bid amid a multitude of dealers—but it gave her also a definite cachet. She became, if not important, at least an interesting figure in the antique world. She saved money, too, for presently Hart added a commission to her salary and this, especially when she made a fortunate purchase, reached quite a handsome total every month. But, above everything, she fell in love with her profession, its glamor, possibilities and scope.

Please turn to Page 49



## Schumann's for Health, Happiness, Vitality!

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## LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 48

THREE years later Eugene Hart died. Katharine, to whom he had been such a marvelous friend, was desolate. When the stock was sold by order of the executors and the business finally shut down, she felt like giving up her whole career.

At this point, too, when she was most vulnerable, there came an added and unsettling persuasion from without. She had become acquainted with a young solicitor, named Cooper, who was rising steadily in his own profession. George Cooper was an honest, plodding, likeable young man. In upbringing and tradition he was, like herself, respectable middle-class, a stratum into which he had been born and in which, with a certain professional solidity, he would undoubtedly remain. They went about together. Katharine and he, in a quiet way, and she liked him greatly. He, on his part, was in love with her. And now he proposed marriage.

The temptation to Katharine was enormous. Twenty-five years of age, the blood pounding healthily in her veins, momentarily at least, halted in the march of her career and unhappy at home, where her father, now turned an old complaining invalid, often made life unbearable.

How happy she could be in her own house, with her husband, her children. Tenderness rushed over her at the thought. How hard and solitary seemed the other road and how unlikely now to lead towards success!

The decision was a terrible one for her. And George, not without insistence, was pressing her to let him have her answer. The day came, a wintry day like this, when she must make her choice, that predestined choice between career and home.

Perplexed and sad she took her troubles to his old courtyard, and sat upon the bench under the tree, battling her problem out. When she rose it was quite dark, but her mind was made up. Her career must come first. Always, always it must be her career. That night she wrote refusing George Cooper and at the same time applied for the assistant editorship of the "Collector," a monthly magazine devoted to Furniture, Decoration and the Fine Arts.

ONE week later she was on the staff of the "Collector," and one year later she was its Editor-in-Chief. Thereafter she had stepped off into space as Antika Ltd., her own mistress in her own business. Up and up she had gone. She had made distinguished friends, had become something of a figure in London and New York. Of course she had met with difficulties: who had not? Yet she had made large sums of money. And she had spent them. She had been able to do something for her family, for Nancy. She had been, yes, if the word meant anything, she had been, perhaps, a success.

There was a long silence when she had finished, then without looking at her Madden deliberately took her hand, gave it a firm clasp, then relinquished it.

"I'm glad, and honored, you've told me that, Katharine. But I guess there's just one guy I'm sorry for."

"Who?" she demanded.

"George Cooper," he answered slowly. "I guess he knew all right what he missed."

She smiled, a trifle sadly. "He didn't miss much. Besides, he's married now, I expect, and perfectly happy on his own account."

Perhaps he discerned the sadness in her face, that gentle melancholy which memories always bring, for with a quick glance at his watch he rose briskly.

"It's well past tea time. And you're half-frozen from sitting here. You're coming right now to that bun shop you used to go to and you're going to drink three cups of scalding tea."

Now it was he who seemed to be in command of the excursion for, outside the old Inn Court, into which churchyard shadows had already crept, he steered her through the traffic to that tea-

shop she had once known so well. Inside it was warm and bright, the big plated urn on the counter hissed and steamed, the long wall mirrors reflected the bustling waitresses and the little groups eating, laughing, chattering, at the round, marble-topped tables. They had immense cups of tea and hot buttered toast.

"This," said Katharine, "is lovely." Still munching, she glanced at herself in a mirror and tucked a strand of hair under her hat which had, as usual, fallen back from her forehead. "Heavens! What a fright I look." Her lips twitched. "I deserve it. So does any woman who tells The Story of Her Life."

"I asked for it, didn't I? Some day I'll tell you mine."

Her smile widened. "Don't tell me you sold newspapers barefooted in the streets of Cleveland."

He grinned.

"Sure! Only I was peanuts."

"And there was a snowstorm?"

"All the time!"

Katharine laughed until she choked, for some of her tea went the wrong way. When she had recovered herself she found him gazing at her interrogatively.

"Now we know the worst of each other, are we friends?" he asked.

"I hope so."

"FINE!" He finished the last of his toast methodically. "The only thing that worries me now is that I've got to hang around alone all evening. You've no idea how lost I am without Nancy. I guess I'm counting the minutes till she comes down on Sunday."

He paused. "You wouldn't—you wouldn't care to continue to take pity on me and come to a show?"

Quickly he produced the evening paper which he had bought outside and ran his finger down the column. "There's some darn good pieces here by the look of them."

"Unfortunately you can't tell by the look of them," said Katharine. She felt on the whole that her obligation towards him had, for the day at least, ceased. She did not much care to go to the theatre, yet she followed his finger down the list until it reached the Savoy Theatre where, with a pleasurable start, she observed there was taking place a revival of Gilbert and Sullivan by the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company. The opera this evening was "Iolanthe."

"Iolanthe," she exclaimed, almost involuntarily. "I should love that!"

He raised his eyes. "Why," he said, "so should I." She colored slightly and after a pause she explained:

"Now I'm being naïve. But I love Gilbert and Sullivan. Perhaps all the more because when I wanted to go I seldom could. I used to sit here, in this very tea-shop, longing with all my soul to cram into the pit or the gallery for 'Pinafore' or 'The Mikado' or 'Iolanthe.' But there was night school, or night work to be done. I just couldn't go."

"Well, you'll go to-night," he declared emphatically, and called out to the waitress for the bill.

They got stalls easily, rather far back, which made less conspicuous the fact that they had not dressed. Yet the audience was, as Katharine remarked, neither decollete nor sophisticated. The orchestra tuned up, then broke into the overture. The curtain rose. Katharine surrendered herself to an immense delight.

It was, indeed, a genuine treat for her. Often she was obliged to attend the first nights of smart comedies, but she had little taste for their rapid non-stop rhythms. This was different. It chimed with her mood. It was witty and tuneful. Did it date? She did not know, nor did she care. At the risk of being out-moded she had the courage to like it openly. Madden also liked it. She could see that. He did not say much. He had no comments to make between the scenes. He did not bother her with inane offers of coffee or ice-cream during the intervals.

Please turn to Page 50

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"Allow me to send you a few words to tell you that Kruschen Salts has done wonders for me. My backache has gone, and what is more, Kruschen is slimming me down in a way that I would never believe if it wasn't for the fact that the scales show 18 pounds less in six months. This is entirely due to Kruschen Salts, and I shall never be without them."—J.F.

The condition which caused this woman to put on weight was also the cause of her backache. The whole trouble was due to the internal organs failing to expel from the body, regularly and completely, the waste products of digestion.

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Smart Forage Cap

THE Persian lamb forage cap worn by this charming Universal player shows the Spanish influence. The collar of the coat is also of Persian lamb.

## LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 49

He sat for the most part with his cheek in his palm and his elbow on the arm of the stall, his body still, his dark eyes, amused and interested, fixed steadily upon the stage. But when it was all over and they came out of the auditorium and stood, waiting for a taxi, in the draughty foyer he declared quickly:

"That's another treat I have to thank you for." He added, "Gee, that's the kind of thing I'd like to see Nancy in."

They both thought of Nancy as they drove to Curzon Street. She sensed his thoughts long before he spoke. At last he said, abstractedly:

"Nancy'll be real pleased you've been so good to me. I'll tell her the minute she gets back."

Katharine smiled.

"It's you who have entertained me."

"Oh, no," he replied quickly. "I'm a poor hand at entertaining. And I guess I've had less than usual to say to-night. As a matter of fact I've been wondering how things are working out up in Manchester. I hope they've pulled the play together. Nancy's set her heart on having it a success."

Again his thoughtfulness predisposed her towards him and when the taxi came to rest she asked him to come and have a drink before returning to his hotel. He accepted. They took the lift and entered the flat. There a telegram lay upon the salver in her tiny hall. She ripped it open. It said: "Show a complete flop London opening indefinitely postponed meaning altogether washed out expect me to-morrow love tears and curses Nancy."

Concern flooded his face instantly. He bit his lip and took the telegram from her hand.

"Poor kid. That's just too bad," he muttered when he had read it. "I wonder if I could get up there to-night? Perhaps I could make the night train if I rushed it." He took a hurried good-bye of Katharine, forgetful of the fact that he was her guest, and started immediately towards the door.

FOR several reasons Katharine did not go to Beechwood at the week-end. Business, in the first instance, detained her. She wished, moreover, to postpone, at least until the following Sunday, that harrowing leave-taking, those painful and sinister premonitions of shipwreck, disaster, and sudden death, in which her dear mother was accustomed to indulge by way of benediction, upon each occasion of her departure for America. But perhaps, more than anything, she wished to be on hand for Nancy's return.

It was ten o'clock on Sunday when Nancy appeared. She made an operative little entry, advancing with her arms outstretched to where Katharine sat in a dark silk dressing-gown over a belated morning tray of coffee and hot toast.

"Darling Katharine," she cried, as though years had separated them. "It's so lovely to see you again!" She touched her cheek against Katharine's, jerked a cushion out of the way, sat down on the couch beside her. "And I've had such a flend's own time up North."



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# LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 50

"DARLING!" Nancy gave a histrionic little shudder. "I couldn't eat a single morsel. I'm too incredibly upset."

"What! Haven't you had anything this morning?"

"Nothing, nothing! Only an omelette or something . . . toast and orange juice, oh, I forget." She dismissed her diet, between tragedy and petulance. "I had to fly round, simply to fly round and tell you."

"You've seen Chris, of course."

"Yes," Nancy nodded. "He's been sweet . . . wonderfully sweet. But I wanted you, Katharine. . . I wanted to talk to you alone."

"All right," Katharine said comfortingly. In an unobtrusive fashion she poured out a fresh cup of coffee, sugared and creamed it and placed it before the abandoned Nancy. "As a matter of fact, I expected you'd be round. But you're not to worry yourself about the play."

"Play!" declared Nancy with a grimace of antipathy. "I wish it had been a play! And yet I don't know. Perhaps it was, perhaps it would have been a play if that Cavendish woman hadn't killed it. She massacred it, laid it out on a slab, dead as mutton. She's hopeless. She can't act. She never could act. And in any case, now she's far too old. Oh, if only I'd had that part, Katharine, although I was pretty well, thank you, in my own, I'd have given the beastly show a chance. Oh, Katharine! I did so want a thumping West End run. It's just the exact point in my career when I could do with it." With a sudden access of vexation Nancy raised the cup of coffee and drank it off.

Suppressing a smile, Katharine studied her niece. She had never seen her look more attractive than she did this morning, in this moment of emotion which owed something to reality and something, she was not too fond to admit, to artifice. Yes, there was no doubt, Katharine decided, that Nancy was enjoying a little of her own dramatic effects. And certainly they suited her.

"It is a pity, perhaps," Katharine said at length. "But does it matter as much as all that?"

"Of course it does," Nancy sat

up with indignation. "What an idiotic question, Katharine!"

"I was just thinking," Katharine returned mildly, "of our friend Madden!"

"Darling!" protested Nancy. "I see what you mean and all that. I adore Chris. But I owe something to myself as well, to the artist in me, Katharine. You know how beautifully I've got on. I've been really quick. And now this flop at the most critical time. Oh, I can't run away from it. That would be too cowardly. Besides, I don't want Chris to marry a failure." She jumped up and began to pace the room with just a suggestion of distractedness, waving her second piece of toast by way of emphasis. "Oh, no, no, Katharine, darling. That would be a complete anticlimax. First and foremost I've got to be a success. I've got to justify myself. Otherwise what'll everyone say? You know how kind people are. I want to succeed, succeed, succeed!"

"I see," said Katharine.

THERE was a pause. Nancy, arrested in her pacing, turned with a new expression, a sudden and appealing change of manner.

"I'm so sunk, so frightfully sunk over this," she murmured, fixing Katharine with a gaze now clear and ingenuous, and holding her pose, Duse, Terry, and Bernhardt bound into one. "You've got to help me."

"But how, Nancy?"

"Don't look at me as if I were unhinged, darling. You know how."

"You mean . . . you want to get into another play . . ."

"Exactly!" Nancy relaxed, sighed, and finding herself near the piano, sat down and struck a slow, persuasive chord. She struck another chord and another until, as she went on, she was accompanying herself with Chopin's "Marche Funèbre."

"In this particular instance, Katharine," she remarked, gently, "you can step in very neatly. You've got such influence, to be completely vulgar . . . such won-

derful pull, darling, with everybody, with Sam Bertram in particular."

"Why Bertram?"

"Because," Nancy passed, with great feeling, into the second larghetto movement. "Because Bertram is taking 'Dilemma' to New York — his new show, Katharine, in case you don't know. Because Bertram hasn't cast it yet. Because Bertram is going to give a really nice part in it to me."

"Oh no, Nancy, that's impossible," Katharine said quickly. "I couldn't ask him."

"You must, darling," said Nancy, using the loud pedal by way of emphasis. "Unless you want me to be shattered and miserable for life."

"But, really," protested Katharine.

"YOU must," repeated Nancy. "There's a part in 'Dilemma' that's just crying out for me. Not large, darling, but right, just absolutely right. I could raise the dead with that part. But that's the least of it. I want to go to America with you. I want to go with Chris. He's got to get back, darling, back to his business. He wants me to go with him and marry him there. Don't you see what a wonderful thing it would be if you could get me into Bertram's show? Simplifies everything. We all go together and have the most divine time."

Katharine gazed at Nancy, still taken aback, and conscious, through it all, that she had been skillfully played upon. But in spite of herself a spark of amusement danced into her eyes.

"You seem to have planned it all very thoroughly."

"But, of course, darling."

"It doesn't quite follow that Bertram's going to be as easy as I am."

"But you'll ask him," cried Nancy quickly.

There was a pause while Katharine's expression rejelled further.

"All right," she said at last.

Please turn to Page 52



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HER FRIENDS WERE DROPPING HER. EVEN HER HUSBAND HAD CHANGED. SHE CAME TO ME (HE WRITES) PANIC-STRIKEN. WAS SHE SICKENING WITH SOME DISEASE THAT MADE PEOPLE SHUN HER?



I FOUND NO ORGANIC AILMENT, BUT A VERY REAL TROUBLE JUST THE SAME, PRIVILEGED AS AN OLD FRIEND AS WELL AS HER PHYSICIAN, I TALKED TO HER FRANKLY.....



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SHE FOLLOWED MY  
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LIPSTICK



"YOU darling!"

With a final crashing chord Nancy rose from the piano and flung her arms round Katharine's neck. "Oh, I knew you'd do it. I counted on you. I'm so happy, I know that when you take a thing in hand it's as good as done."

She drew back, first contemplating Katharine with appropriate affection and gratitude, then switching her regard towards the tiny platinum watch upon her wrist. Immediately her look became regretful.

"And now I must fly. I promised to meet Chris at eleven. He's such a dear I hate to keep him waiting. Go to-day, won't you, Katharine, to Bertram? Or to-morrow, if he's not in town. Good-bye, darling, and thanks a million."

When Nancy had gone Katharine stood for a minute in rather mixed reflection. One part of her observed that Nancy was making kind yet calculating use of her, the other acknowledged that no demand of Nancy's could ever overtax the willing service of her love.

It was true she had some influence with Bertram, and, if Nancy's information were correct, might possibly persuade him. Though it cost her independent nature dear to ask such a favor, she felt that Nancy was relying upon her, that she must do it for her sake.

At this her brow cleared and with an impulsive movement she

### Beauty

There are no words for beauty in our language; Only the trees may voice it, leaning close With white arms laced and breast to pliant breast; Only the wind may tell of it in whispers! Beauty is frail; a harsh tongue would bring ruin To its dream structure; so lips must move softly, Breathing each golden syllable leaf-lightly With a slow sweetness as a prayer is said!

—Norma L. Davis.

went to the telephone. She hardly expected Bertram to be in London at the week-end, but from Winter, his man, she could at least find out his engagements for the coming week. It was, in fact, Winter's voice that answered—his booming tones were unmistakable—yet when Katharine made her inquiry he answered, with some slight hesitancy and a suggestion of mystery, that his master was at home.

"Good!" exclaimed Katharine. "Then tell him, Winter, that I'm coming round to see him."

"Oh no, Miss Lorimer," protested Winter. "You can't possibly see him."

"But why? He isn't engaged all day long, is he?"

"I'm afraid so, Miss Lorimer. You see, he's... he's indisposed."

"Indisposed?" Winter's manner was baffling Katharine. She demanded outright: "What's wrong with him?"

Silence of hesitation at the other end. Then, with majestic reluctance.

"If you must know, Miss Lorimer, Mr. Bertram has the toothache."

There was something so sepulchral in Winter's pronouncement of the malady that Katharine had to laugh. Quickly, rather than hurt his feelings, which she knew to be highly organised, she hung up the receiver. But her intention to make the visit remained, since if something were to be done for Nancy it had better be done at once.

Towards three o'clock, therefore, by which time she judged Bertram's neuralgia might have subsided, she left her flat and set off briskly in the direction of Portman Square. Here, at No. 16A—a palatial grey stone mansion—Bertram

## LADY with CARNATIONS

Continued from Page 51

had his address, for the present at least, since he was perpetually changing his abode, a fluctuation which coincided with the violent ebb and flow of his finances. Bertram had made and lost several fortunes with celerity during his amazing career, until it almost seemed part of his showmanship to have vast sums of money at his command one moment and the next to be on the verge of ruin, with all his loyal friends flocking to him—famous actresses, sportsmen and politicians—all eager to club together to help Bertie towards a fresh start. Not only was he popular in his own wide circle,

but the public adored him for his lavish and spectacular productions, his sense of magnificence, his princely disregard of cost, his flair for unearthing talent, and above everything, his inveterate desire to give them of the best. Bertram's personality, too, instinctively caught and held the popular imagination. He was no lank-haired impresario, but a short, red-faced, dogged Yorkshireman, with a heavy jaw and a light blue eye, blunt, quick-tempered and generous to a fault. Katharine, on her part, had for him a particular liking and admiration.

To Be Continued

Bill thought I looked so smart he took this snap. Like the coat?



St.  
Anne, my Dear,  
I made such an exciting discovery! A  
showers proof coat that is really smart!  
I chose mine in a lovely, navy tweed,  
but there are heaps of other colours, and  
other materials too. It's beautifully  
styled and cut—gives you the feeling  
of being well dressed for the whole day;  
and it's silk-lined throughout.  
My new DomineX coat's so warm  
and would you believe it? When I  
unpacked it, there wasn't a wrinkle  
in it! And you know how I pack!  
Anne, if you'll take my advice, you'll  
get one of these DomineX coats before  
the winter sets in. All the good  
shops stock them.  
Yours  
For warmth without wetness  
Babs

Yes, all the good stores have DomineX Coats in a choice of many lovely weaves—tweed and plaid patterns, and plain colours. Smartly styled—shower-proof—wind-proof—crush-proof—the ultimate choice of the discriminating woman.

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# THE MOVIE WORLD

March 13, 1937

The Australian Women's Weekly Special Film Supplement

Page One

## CALLING

## Australia!

## News From the Studios

From Our Special Representatives: JOHN B. DAVIES, New York; BARBARA BOURCHIER, Hollywood; JUDY BAILEY, London.

### Marital Woes

ON the fourth birthday of their son, Arline Judge has filed suit for divorce against Wesley Ruggles, motion picture director.

The petite brunette states that she suffered great mental and physical distress and was confined to her bed for a week because of neglect. She charged that in August Ruggles, after receiving a telephone call from a woman, left home to meet the caller, despite the fact that he had a social engagement with his wife. She also complained that he went to Florida without her consent and without informing her of the date of his return.

### Meet at Last

GRETA GARBO and Joan Crawford are mutual admirers, but in all the years they have both been playing movie roles they have never met. For ten years they have occupied dressing-rooms which were back to back, yet their only personal contact was a fleeting introduction when they both played in "Grand Hotel."

It was only the other day that Director George Zukor brought Greta over to Joan's set, where she was serving tea.

Joan is careful not to mention the incident, because anyone who boasts about being a friend of Garbo is forever stricken from the good books of the Swedish celebrity.

### Royal Tastes

QUEEN MARY'S recent visits to West End cinemas have brought to light some interesting facts about the film tastes of the Royal Family.

The Queen Mother prefers homely, human drama lightened by clean, straightforward comedy. The late King George had one favorite who beat the Garbos and the Gables by streets—little Mickey Mouse.

The present King and Queen have little time nowadays for films, but when the Court moves to Sandringham most of the latest features, as well as interesting "shorts" and comedies, are sent from London for projection in the private theatre.

The Duke of Windsor is by far the keenest filmgoer in the Royal Family. He likes sophisticated comedy of the "My Man Godfrey" type.

### Freckles Beautiful

THE latest sign of beauty is freckles, and plenty of them, so if you're blessed with a generous sprinkling of them, don't worry. You are in good company. Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Joan Crawford, Katharine Hepburn, Greta Garbo, and Maureen O'Sullivan are a few of the freckled ladies of the screen.

## SCREEN ODDITIES

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



GEORGE BARBIER  
SMOKES MORE THAN  
4,000 CIGARS  
A YEAR!

SONJA HENIE  
IS THE ONLY  
ACTRESS TO HAVE  
A MALE  
STAND-IN.

ALICE FAYE, TO KEEP FROM  
BEING HOMESICK FOR NEW  
YORK, HAD INSTALLED ON HER  
CAR A HORN THAT SOUNDS LIKE  
A FOG-HORN ON A HUDSON  
RIVER FERRY.

NO WOMAN  
COULD BE  
FOUND IN  
HOLLYWOOD ABLE  
TO DUPLICATE  
HER SKATING FEATS.

**2GB**  
presents:

### THIS IS CHINA, TODAY

Miss Eugene Chan, B.A., graduate of the Sydney University, the first Chinese woman to conduct a radio session on an Australian Broadcasting Station, will present this unusual session of glimpses of modern China. In the course of her work with the Nationalist Government, Miss Chan has travelled the length and breadth of China by rail, motor car, and aeroplane, and she will discuss everything from Chinese embroidery to Chinese customs and politics. Each Monday at 3.30 p.m., and Thursday at 9.45 p.m.

### THE BREAKFAST CLUB

Breakfast in good company. That popular session, "The Breakfast Club," is coming back with new songs, new choruses, and new ideas, and Russell and Morgan will make their debut as Beans and Spaghetti from 2GB on Tuesday morning, March 16. Each Tuesday and Thursday at 7.45 a.m. Each Saturday, fortnightly, at 7.45 a.m.

**2GB**

"The Favourite Station"

### Music Mad

THERE are two stars in Hollywood who firmly believe that music indeed hath charms. If you walk on to a sound stage and hear a modern orchestra filling the air with sweet melodies you can be pretty sure Jean Harlow is not far off. On the other hand, if the music is of the symphonic line you can keep your eyes open for Joan Crawford.

These two always have music on their sets, and each keeps a boy handy to look after the gramophone and change records according to mood. Joan is studying music very seriously, and has a thousand records in her collection. She and Franchot have the same singing teacher, and recently made a recording of a duet from a well-known opera. But it's only for their personal use, so the general public won't be able to hear the voices of these two celebs.

### Premiere in Paris

PARISIAN bigshots of diplomacy, politics, art, and the theatre tied up Champs Elysees traffic when they arrived in force at the new Normandie Cinema for the world premiere of London Films' "Fire Over England."

It was the gay city's biggest parade of beauty and chivalry, tiaras and expensive cigars, for months; and the struggle between the reinforced gendarmierie and the crowd who wanted close-ups of the arriving socialites made the fashionable avenue look like a May-day riot ground.

Flora Robson, who plays Good Queen Bess in the film, flew over for the occasion, and got a big hand from the audience when she made a speech from the stage.

Erich Pommer produced this story of cloak and sword melodrama, one of the high spots of which is the arrival of the Spanish Armada off the English coast.

### Brother For Garbo

Garbo's brother has at last been found. Director Clarence Brown had his troubles finding a young man who would resemble the Swedish actress closely enough to play her brother in "Countess Walewska," although he was flooded with applications. Shepard Strudwick is the lucky young man to get the part.

### Not a Fake

ONE of the greatest pictures of all time, "The Good Earth," has a sensational scene that is exciting much curiosity. That is the locust scene, where swarms of the insects come to plague the Chinese farm country. These clouds of locusts were not faked, except to the extent that they were grasshoppers instead of locusts. There was in Nevada and Utah last year a grasshopper plague, and M.G.M. cameramen filmed the shots, which were later processed into "The Good Earth."

### Sylvia on Style

SYLVIA SIDNEY has no intention of competing for the title of "screenland's best-dressed woman." But, all the same, she has very decided ideas about dress, particularly for the woman who, like herself, is just five-feet-and-a-bit.

"Attention to detail, perfect finish, and simplicity of line are by far the most important things," Sylvia told me, as we chatted at the Shepherd's Bush studios of Gaumont-British.

"The launching of one fashion and the decline of another doesn't worry me very much. Extravagant styles just don't appeal to me."

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conceal their  
beauty"

says

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Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Blonde <input type="checkbox"/>	Day <input type="checkbox"/>
Gray	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Night <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	Day <input type="checkbox"/>
Dark	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Night <input type="checkbox"/>
Older	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Day <input type="checkbox"/>
Sun Tan	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Light/Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	Day <input type="checkbox"/>

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## PRIVATE VIEWS

By STEWART HOWARD

★★★ BANJO ON MY KNEE  
Barbara Stanwyck, Joel McCrea.  
(Fox.)

WARMTH of atmosphere, robust characterisation, quick-moving story, an original locale are the features which lift this picture well out of the ruck. It gave me an hour and a half of good solid enjoyment, and when a reviewer can say that he's saying a lot.

The Mississippi River and the Creole quarter of New Orleans are the backgrounds for the stormy love of Pearl and Ernie Holley, "shanty-boaters," who marry only to be separated almost immediately after the ceremony, greatly to the disgust of Ernie's father, Newt, who has waited for twenty patient years for a grandson. The story, from here on, deals with the continually frustrated efforts of Newt to bring the youngsters together.

The biggest achievement of this film is the manner in which it recreates the feeling of river life and the rich color of the New Orleans waterfront. Credit for this must be shared between John Cromwell, the director, and the principal players. Cromwell has provided a convincing background, and an adroit handling of material; the mummies, possibly inspired by him, have really got beneath the skin of their roles.

Never, up to this, a Stanwyck fan—the contrary, in fact—I give her full praise for her work as Pearl in this opus. She feels her part. In addition, she has quite a passable voice for low-pitched Blues melodies, and gets away with a short dance number with Buddy Ebsen. McCrea, always a solid performer, is a thoroughly satisfying figure as Ernie. But, in the acting field, the two big names have to share the laurels with Walter Brennan, who does a fine job of work as Newt Holley.

Looking over the cast, I can't see the name of a performer who does not satisfy. Walter Catlett puts in some excellent comedy; Minna Gombell is the best kind-hearted "tough" café proprietress I've seen in years—but there's no space to go on.

There are other aspects of this picture I'd like to dwell on, but—space again, I'll let it go at urging you to see the job for yourselves. I won't bet on your liking it, but at least you'll agree that it has a flavor all its own.—Plaza; showing.

★★★ VALIANT IS THE WORD  
FOR CARRIE

Gladys George, John Howard, Arline Judge. (Paramount.)

THERE are moments when this definitely good picture threatens to become an excellent one; although they aren't sufficiently sustained for the three stars to be awarded, the job still remains a good one, on that will win the majority of audiences.

The most outstanding feature of the film is the performance given by Gladys George, Broadway actress; this, without qualification, is excellent. She is cast as Carrie Snyder, a lady, at the beginning of the opus, of easy virtue, living on the outskirts of a small town. Her affections are caught by a youngster, Paul, and when the boy is left an orphan she steps in and runs off with him, incidentally saddling herself with another kinless child, a girl, Lady, who has attached herself to soft-hearted Paul.

With a family to consider, Carrie turns from the oldest profession to that of dry-cleaning, making such a success that by the time the children have grown up she is in comfortable circumstances. But they need her protection and fighting qualities even then, and from this need develops the climax of the story.

The early sequences, dealing with Carrie's far from respectable activities, have been handled by Paramount with extreme delicacy. Here, too, Miss George's work is seen at its best. She has just the right blend of toughness and sentimentality; she makes a reality of a role that could easily be over-colored.

For the rest, John Howard and Arline Judge are quite satisfactory as the grown-up Paul and Lady. Jackie Moran, playing Paul as a child, gives a good performance.

The picture is something different and worth seeing.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ IT ISN'T DONE

Cecil Kellaway, Shirley Ann Richards. (Cinesound.)

AFTER this I abandon the double standard. That is to say, Australian pictures produced in the future will be judged on the same basis as American or English films. Such a decision is really the finest compliment I could pay "It Isn't Done"; it means that, with this film, an Australian company has shown that it can turn out something more grown-up than the romances of the great open spaces with which the local industry has been more or less occupied to date.

This offering is definite entertainment, and needs no excuses made for it. Possibly, if it were imported, it would not get a two-star decoration, but it would not miss it by much. As an Australian job, and compared to previous Australian films, it deserves three stars.

Story, settings, dialogue, acting and direction show an improvement that is truly surprising. The story concerns the succession of Australian farmer Hubert Blaydon to an English title, the Blaydon family's removal to England, the social ambitions of the newly-made Lady Blaydon and daughter Pat, and the inevitable disillusionment and return home. Sterling Australian democratic feeling has been a trifle overplayed, but unexpected restraint has been used in the treatment of this bush family's reactions to new and aristocratic surroundings.

Cecil Kellaway, as Hubert Blaydon, dominates the picture. His work, whether comedy (as in a very funny drunk scene) or straight, is splendid. Other members of the cast maintain a remarkably good standard.—Embassy; showing.

### Week's Best Release

BANJO ON MY KNEE.

Fox release. Something quite different, with a flavor all its own.

★★★ MORE THAN A  
SECRETARY

Jean Arthur, George Brent. (Columbia.)

HOW Hollywood ever allowed Jean Arthur to fall into the discard is more than I can hope to guess. A nice looking wench, a competent actress in straight roles, and a crackjack little comedienne, she deserved a better fate. However, she's back again now, and doing well. That's something.

In this opus, she appears as private secretary to the editor of a health magazine (Brent), who is nuts about vegetarian foods. (Laugh that off!) Deeply in love with the man, Jean endeavors to turn him into a human being, succeeding only to have him stolen from her by a nit-wit little blonde. The fun then gets even more active, reaching its climax in Jean's triumph.

The whole opus is well-handled. Miss Parker and Brent make a first-rate comedy team, with Lionel Stander giving excellent assistance. Dialogue is smart and snappy, action fast enough.

A guaranteed laugh.—Plaza; showing.

★ SABOTAGE

Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka. (G.B.D.)

REMEMBERING Sylvia Sydney's last appearance, in "Fury," it is disappointing to encounter her in this opus in a role which, while handled competently enough, does not give her a great deal of scope for her acting ability.

The picture, as a picture, is fair enough average entertainment. The story, to anyone of flexible imagination, is credible. The element that is missing is that feeling of life, of reality, which reaches out from the screen to the audience, transforming shadow shapes for a while into reality. "Sabotage" has not that quality.

Otherwise, this story of a man acting as a wrecker for an unnamed foreign power is f.a.q. Homolka is the sabotage expert, Sylvia Sydney his wife, and John Loder the young detective who is on the case and who falls in love with the wife of the man he suspects.—Lyceum; showing.

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### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.

★★ Two stars—  
good films.

★ One star—  
average films.

No stars . . . no good.

### ★ WHITE HUNTER

Warner Baxter, June Lang. (Fox.)

NO fault lies with the cast for the film's inability to make a higher grade. Warner Baxter is responsible for a good piece of characterisation; June Lang leaves one with the desire to see more of her work; Gail Patrick is as beautiful as ever, even if silk negligee does seem a bit out of place in the African bush.

The story is one of a long-awaited revenge which misfires at the end. Baxter is an Englishman exiled by the treachery of a woman and the man she later married. When these two come out to Africa for a hunting trip and draw Baxter as their guide, it seems that Fate has delivered them into his hands. Everything, however, is spoiled by the White Hunter (Baxter) falling in love with his enemy's daughter. When a thing like that happens, of course, no pulka sahib can do much in the way of wreaking vengeance.

There are some good animal shots. Capitol and King's Cross; showing.

### ★ END OF THE ROAD

Harry Lauder. (Fox-British.)

ONE of my early dissolutions I can remember very well. I should do, since it entailed standing in an early doors queue, eating a pie and roll, scrambling up narrow stairs, and being nearly killed in my efforts to get a front row gallery seat to see and hear Harry Lauder.

That was some little time ago (the curious can work it out for themselves), but I have forgotten neither the stern battle nor the performer who caused it. Last week I saw the same performer, on the screen this time, and in far more comfort. He hadn't changed a bit.

And this, perhaps, is why many others, like myself, will get a certain pleasure out of this little picture, a pleasure tinged with a slight melancholy, and yet, paradoxically enough, containing more than a dash of reassurance. For, if Sir Harry is so little changed, it might be that Time has spared us as well. A happy thought.

At any rate, this is a picture for Lauder enthusiasts, and for all those who remember the brave old days of the "Tiv." when vaudeville was vaudeville, and even stalls and dress-circle enjoyed beefing out choruses with a favorite artist. And when, too, after the show, supper for "the boys" would not be coffee and toast, but a steak at the Greek's and a glass with the froth foaming over. What nights! Will ye no' come back again?—Lyceum; showing.

### ★ MYSTERY ISLAND

Brian Abbott, Jean Laidley. (Commonwealth Film Labs.)

JUST about makes the one-star grade. Actually, quite a fair programme picture could have been made of it, but it is spoiled by (a) slovenly handling of the end of the story, (b) so-called gags that were old when minstrel shows were popular, and (c) an ingenue who seems quite a charming girl, but who wouldn't get by in an English "quickie," let alone in Hollywood.

The story concerns a group of people shipwrecked on a Pacific island. Among them are a murderer and a detective. No one knows who is the murderer or who the detective, and the action comes down to a game of wits to get the killer to betray himself. In the meantime, Cupid is busy, as is nearly every male in the cast, in an endeavor to fool the audience.

Brian Abbott put up a passable job in this film, although, in an effort to let the ladies know the full extent of his virile masculinity, the sound people have pitched his voice down so that it comes from somewhere under his boots. And it was not his fault that he had to go through the film casting heavy hints of mystery to right and left, only to stand revealed at the end as just an ordinary young man—neither murderer nor sleuth. Just why he had to adopt this attitude, neither scenarist nor director has condescended to explain.—Prince Edward; showing.



LLOYDS OF LONDON STORY  
OF INTRIGUE, ROMANCE  
AND MIGHTY DRAMA

IT is strange that 'til now no motion picture has ever been made about "Lloyds of London." Here is the father of all great insurance companies, but it is an institution which is more than that, it is the forerunner of the great news agencies of the world, and the most picturesque and extraordinary business institution that ever existed.

The role played by Tyrone Power in this 20th Century-Fox film is really that of a civilian Lord Nelson. His flashing of a flare message that Trafalgar had been won, thereby causing the Admiralty not to withdraw Nelson's warships to protect British commerce, but leaving them intact to really beat the French a few days later, is one of the chief episodes.

For this deception the young hero of Lloyds lays himself open to imprisonment, and perhaps even death for treason, a risk he willingly takes to protect Nelson—his friend, and to keep the integrity of his fleet on the Mediterranean. This is but one of the many romantic incidents depicted in the early history of this great and colourful organisation.



"Lloyds of London" is more than the dramatic story of the foundation years of Britain's marine insurance institution, it is a mighty romantic story of the flaming courage of one man's life . . . the emotional glory of one woman's love.

"Lloyds of London" has an unequalled cast of British stars including Madeleine Carroll, Sir Guy Standing, Freddie Bartholomew, Douglas Scott, C. Aubrey Smith, and Virginia Field.

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Here is Taken No. 1 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

PW  
2

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G  
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Here is Taken No. 17 for The Australian Women's Weekly "Peoples of the World in Pictures."

WB  
17



# STUDIO RULE

## Executives Control Lives of Stars

By JOHN B. DAVIES

**T**HE life of an actor is not his own. He not only works for a living, but he lives for his work. He must work and play—and love—according to the dictates of the men who make or break stars. For stars are made, and not just born.

*When an actor falls in love with an actress, and the studio thinks they make an attractive couple that will appeal to the imagination of the paying public, the romance is fostered and encouraged. It is suggested to the actor that he will do well to be seen here and there with his new flame. So the girl is dined and danced in Hollywood's best places.*

A "LOVE TEAM" has thus been created. The public dote on them and hope the boy will win the girl. Marriage, on the other hand, is a different proposition. The studio realises that the public loves nothing so much as love, and they will flock to see a romantic team who are featured in one picture.

When Dick Powell was courting Joan Blondell, feeling ran high in their favor as a team. With the announcement of their engagement, they were rushed into a picture together and people flocked to see "Stage Door."

### Wedding Breaks "Team"

NOW that they are wed, they have, in all probability, made their last film together—"Gold Diggers of 1937." Dick has been given a new leading lady, Joan a new leading man.

John Gilbert's infatuation for Garbo delighted the studio. That meant real box-office appeal. The public were enthralled with the greatest lovers in film history. But imagine what an anti-climax it would have been if Garbo had prosaically become Mrs. John Gilbert. No one would have cared to watch Gilbert ardently wooing his own wife through eight reels of film.

This was proven by the case of Carole Lombard and William Powell. When the two comedians were wildly in love with each other, they were sure hits in pictures. Then they married—and the team has broken up. Now that they are divorced, and friendly, they are appearing together again. People now get a thrill out of watching their celluloid romances.

Many a romance has been shattered by the studios. They may think that the popularity of an actor will be seriously endangered if he is no longer a bachelor. When it is noticed that he has been escorting only the one girl, he is advised, for his own good, that his career will suffer if he is taking the affair too seriously. The young man is apt to take their advice.

On the other hand, publicity sometimes promotes romances that culminate in marriage. The power of suggestion is potent. The boy and girl see pictures of themselves in night clubs, at premieres or previews. They like the way they look in the newspaper holding hands across the table. They find themselves believing in the gossip columns.



### GALLERY OF STARS

Madeleine Carroll

And before they know it, they are actually in love.

Of course, when a star is big enough he does not care a hoot what the producers think of the girl of his choice. He can afford to do as he pleases. The studio executives can then only hope and pray that the woman he marries will be glamorous, and add to his romantic appeal.

Nor is it only in their love life that film stars are curbed. When an actress is working in a picture, she must forego all worldly pleasures. Beauty will not survive the strain of sleepless nights, nor unwise drinking and eating.

The girl who needs her beauty—and she does if she's in the movies—learns to go to bed by nine or ten at night. She must be up at six in the morning, and at the studio in make-up by seven-thirty, and on the set at nine. You can't look pretty with not enough sleep. The camera sees all.

That's why Hollywood night clubs are not

swarming with beautiful girls. The beautiful girls are busy saving their beauty.

The girl who is not working but is trying to get a job will not risk her chances by appearing at the casting director's office with rings under her eyes. It is hard enough to meet competition with even the prettiest of faces. So whether or not she is working, the girl who is ambitious to succeed in pictures assumes the cloistered existence.

Don't they ever get out? you will ask.

Perhaps on Saturday night, because they can make up for the dissipation by sleeping all day Sunday.

The Hollywood chorus girl gets her glamor

in the time she spends before the camera. She is always hoping that the camera lens will single her out for a distinctive shot. When she smiles, she smiles at millions of people. Among them may be a producer who finds her smile dazzling.

Once a girl is put into a picture chorus, she leads a rigorous life of stern routine. Parties, night clubs, casinos are not for her. Let those who are unsuccessful partake of them—if they can. The break that she waits and strives for months may come with patient persistence.

Hollywood likes its chorus girls young—y younger than are generally found in the Broadway night clubs. The all-seeing camera lens prefers them in their teens—and teens do not last forever. So the most precious years of youth are sacrificed on the altar of ambition for fame and success. Who knows? The break may come any day, and another Eleanor Powell or Ginger Rogers may emerge from the ranks.



# HOLLYWOOD HAS



● Top, left: ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S new foreign romantic young men, effervescent Francis Lederer, shown with Ann Sothern. ● Above is Mexican Margo, who has taken Hollywood by storm, and ● Left, Steffi Duna, the stormy Hungarian, who showed up so well in "Anthony Adverse."

## Less Glamor Now, But More Artistry

ALMOST a decade ago Southern California residents, the old sun-kissed natives, felt their floors go into a St. Vitus beneath them and their roofs shimmy violently above them. Everyone thought it was another earthquake.

But it wasn't Mother Earth doing her reducing calisthenics. It was just a terrific shaking and shivering in Hollywood's foreign colony. The screen had talked! What would happen to the foreign darlings who spoke garbled English? It looked like a long, cold winter, with the Rolls-Royce going without new tyres.

"A.H." said the wise men of Hollywood, stroking their long white beards, "this spells the end of the foreign players on the coast."

In line with the prediction, the huge foreign colony, as

colorful and cosmopolitan a group as was ever gathered in one city, began to break up.

Pola Negri drew her tragedy mantle closely about her and returned to Europe.

Jannings hitched up the



# A NEW-STYLE FOREIGN COLONY



★  
● Above: The Viennese star who captured the screen world with one picture—Luise Rainer, heroine of "Escapade." ● Right: versatile Leo Carrillo, an identity in the movie city.



● TEMPESTUOUS Simone Simon, who is rumored to have caused many Fox executives to have nervous breakdowns.

covered wagon and began the long trek to Germany.

Lya de Putti, Lil Dagover, Baclanova, Don Alvarado, Jetta Goudal and others faced a bleak prospect. Uncle Sam Goldwyn didn't renew Vilma Banky's contract.

The fate of Garbo, Novarro, Lupe Velez, Nils Asther, and Gilbert Roland was trembling in the balance.

Then, amid a lot of chit-chat about the American screen for Americans, from the screen issued the husky voice of Garbo, thrilling her legion of fans anew. Novarro, Velez, Asther and Roland were tried in the balance and found not wanting.

And so emerged the nucleus of a new foreign colony in Hollywood.

The next few years saw few notable additions to the colony. There were several transient members—Eva von Berne, Tala Birell, Wera Engels, and Dorothea Wieck

spring to mind—but none who made any lasting impression, with the exception of Chevalier and Dietrich.

The last year or so, however, has seen the establishment in screen favoritism of many overseas players. For instance, the Czech star, Francis Lederer, one of the Continent's leading actors where his success was equally outstanding in musical plays

From the operatic field came the French coloratura soprano, Lily Pons, and the Italian tenor, Nino Martini.

Hungarian Peter Lorre proved himself as a character actor and his fellow-countrywoman, Steffi Duna, also made good. On her way to the top is Margo, the young Mexican actress, star of "Winter-set" on stage and screen. And many more.

And so a new foreign colony has sprung up in Hollywood—a colony less spectacular than the old but more authentic in its artistry.

For with the passing of the foreign stars of the silent era departed some of Hollywood's glamor—that reckless, swaggering personal glamor that used to make a star an incredible legend. It is true that this was not confined strictly to the foreign stars. But for the most part it was they who

were encouraged by their Press agents to dazzle the population with a super campaign of ostentation, playing to a perpetual gallery.

How long since you have heard of a mad caprice to equal that of Pola Negri when she sent to Europe at enormous expense for a certain kind of tree to plant on her lawn. Only the sigh of the wind through those particular boughs could soothe her esoteric spirit, she explained.

No star that I can think of would remotely consider striding up and down Sunset Boulevard regularly every afternoon in brilliant Chinese pyjamas as Nazimova used to do.

And the wedding of Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque. There never has been a more "Hollywoodish" knot-tying. You've probably heard the story of the guest who stuck her fork into one of the turkeys and found it was papier-mache. There were turkeys to eat, of course. But the wedding had to have more turkeys than any other! Props were used for the "extras."

## New-type Glamor

YOU don't hear stories like those about Hollywood's new foreign favorites. They have their glamor, but it is not distilled from the same gaudy blossoms—big homes, cars, extravagant parties, eccentric actions, personal showmanship. Their glamor is conjured up to-day in work, in careers, in screen per-

sonalities. Private lives, which used to have everything to do with glamor, now have nothing. Glamor lies strictly before the camera's eye.

Yes—exhibitionism is out, partly because it doesn't beget glamor any more and partly because the old Hollywood is gone.

## Nobody Cared

IT'S departure was evidenced pretty conclusively when Carl Brisson arrived in Hollywood with his big white Hispano-Suiza with all its fancy built-in accessories. He came, of course, from Europe and probably still believed the stories he had read about how Hollywood stars captured glamor. But he was about ten years behind the times, and his old-fashioned stab at glamor missed by the wide breach of boredom. Few bothered to look at the automobile. Nobody cared.

Few, very few, examples of outlandish behaviour or livings are now seen or known in Hollywood's foreign colony. A Dietrich may come along with another clothes fad, such as her trousers get-up, or a Simone Simon may earn the nickname of "Mahatma Ghandi" because of her habit of going into a trance-like state for hours on the set as a protest against something which doesn't please her. But these little fads don't last long. They are laughed out of existence.

BY  
GRACE ARMOUR

as in the classic drama. And Monsieur Charles Boyer. For years an idol of France, he was to Frenchmen on the dramatic stage and screen what Chevalier was to comedy.

From Vienna, where hers was a name to be conjured with, came Luise Rainer to take over Myrna



# The TIMOROUS HARE



• That very excellent comedian, Robertson Hare, is the principal luminary in B.I.P.'s "Aren't Men Beasts?" Top left disguised as his own sister, he is seen with Alfred Drayton and Billy Milton. The lady with the orchids, centre, is Ellen Pollock, while bottom right is attractive June Clyde.



# WRITTEN IN THE STARS

ASTROLOGY BY JUNE MARSDEN

President Astrological Research Society

## Marriage with Pisceans is a Game of Hide and Seek

Marriage is really essential to Pisceans—those people born between February 19 and March 21—if they are to do their best work in life.

Yet, strangely enough, many Pisceans do not marry at all, or else look upon partnership with a slightly suspicious eye. Others, with that fatal indecisiveness of the Piscean, dally with the matter until, too late, they find that their prospective partners have married.

ONCE they marry, the fun begins. They are charming people—loving, gentle, kindly, and romantic—but also changeable, elusive, and, at times, surprisingly aggressive and contradictory.

Just when you think you understand them and have them settled, you find you haven't. They won't "stay

comes home for a nice quiet evening, he means just that—not rushing out to parties.

People of this sign seldom have passionate love affairs. They are emotional rather than ardent, and their love usually co-ordinates with some need for sympathy, companionship or new interests. Cupid often takes the guise of distress or difficulty in order to bring these people their romances.

The women, even more than the men, need someone on whose strength they can rely. If they are fortunate enough to secure a partner who is reliable and tolerant (as well as strong), Pisceans can achieve much in life. They seem to need someone to live for.

Their innate restlessness and duality of character demands many interests, so that the wise partners of Pisceans will not attempt to restrict their activities. Rather will they seek to encourage membership of clubs, amusing social contacts, or the development of a hobby of some kind.

### "Opposites" Attract

MARRIAGES with those born under the signs of Capricorn (December 23 to January 20), and Taurus (April 21 to May 22), are often amazingly successful, and those with Virgo people (August 24 to September 23) can prove ideally happy through what is known as an "attraction of opposites." Care must be taken in this latter case, however, to avoid estrangement through those same differences which attract.

Marriage between Pisceans and

### Harmonious Partners for Pisceans

AS a general rule, Pisceans will find their most harmonious partners among those born under the signs Cancer (June 22 to July 23) and Scorpio (October 24 to November 23). Cancerians are ideal homemakers and lovers, while Scorpions can enthuse and excite the Piscean on to greater achievements—unless he or she be of the hard-type Scorpion who lives selfishly and proves too hard and critical for the sensitive Piscean.

those born under the signs Gemini (May 22 to June 21) and Sagittarius (November 23 to December 22) are seldom successful. Yet it has to be admitted that the exception often proves a rule, and that Pisceans are generally such very nice people that they can find congenial companions among those belonging to almost any sign of the zodiac.

### The Daily Diary

TRY to utilize this information in your daily affairs. It will prove interesting.

**ARIES** (Mar. 21 to Apr. 21). Let very important matters wait a week. Meantime, Mar. 14 and 15 fair.

**TAURUS** (Apr. 21 to May 21). Mar. 12 (Sat.) and Mar. 19 (Sat.). Continue to live quietly, especially on Mar. 11, 12, and 13. Take no risks. Make no changes.

**CANCER** (June 22 to July 23). Try to finish your plans. Be confident. Work hard. Ask favors, especially on Mar. 11, 12, and to dusk on Mar. 13.

**LEO** (July 24 to Aug. 23). Routine work can prove beneficial on Mar. 14 and 15.

**VIRGO** (Aug. 24 to Sept. 23). Your stars are unfriendly on Mar. 11, 12, and 13, so live cautiously. Try to guard against losses, misunderstandings and disappointments.

**LIBRA** (Sept. 24 to Oct. 23). Try to get important matters moving before March grows old. Mar. 3, 10, and a.m. of 11 fair.

**SCORPIO** (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23). Do not spare yourself, or those who can help you. Be optimistic, aggressive, and hard-working. Make the most of Mar. 11 (after noon), 12 and 13 (to dusk). Mar. 16 unfriendly.

**SAGITTARIUS** (Nov. 24 to Dec. 23). Let important changes wait. Improve routine tasks. Live quietly in order to avoid upsets, delays and annoyances. Mar. 14 and 15 just fair.

**CAPRICORN** (Dec. 24 to Jan. 20). Quite favorable for you on Mar. 15 (night), and 16.

**AQUARIUS** (Jan. 21 to Feb. 19). Not spectacular this week. Mar. 9, 10, and morning of 11 best.

**PISCES** (Feb. 20 to Mar. 21). Work hard. Try to utilize the friendly planetary rays which can aid you on Mar. 11 (after noon), 12 and 13. Be confident.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them.—Editor, A.W.W.]



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### Individual Tours on the Continent

VISITORS to the Coronation may have interesting particulars of inclusive tours of Europe, with either Marseilles, Toulon or Naples as starting point; or of Continental tours to follow the Coronation.

Australian Women's Weekly Travel Bureau  
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GAIL PATRICK'S simply and well laid gown is patterned with large flowers. The bodice has a high neckline and ends with a short flared basque.

put" any more than will their housekeeping arrangements (if they are women), or their business plans (if they are men).

The Piscean man has an eye for a pretty woman—and the Piscean woman has romantic ideals about knights in shining armor. But those types are really only dreamers.

The husband of a Piscean woman should remember that if his wife spins a romantic yarn about some man who embodies all the fine attributes which are lacking in himself, he must collect his pennies and take her to dinner and the theatre. All she is wanting is a little love and the attention which all women should receive in order to keep them happy.

For the wives of Piscean men, the advice includes dainty frocking (inside the home as well as out), a peaceful and cheerful home life, and a realization that when the partner

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# GUN COTTON

By RUPERT GRAYSON



GREAT black clouds were sweeping up from the east. The low-lying fields lay dismal under the approaching gloom. The train hurried forward, breaking the silence of the English twilight with its grinding bogies and swinging carriages.

Gunston Cotton leaned back in his corner seat and settled himself more comfortably into his fur coat. The train was rocking heavily from side to side. A badly laid line; the carriage ill lit, and a musty smell—all very annoying to someone who liked comfort. Cotton drew a cigar from a leather case and flicked his lighter.

There was something unusually engaging about the man who now, leaning well back, stretched his legs across the carriage. Lazy brown eyes, a mouth that seemed ready to smile—altogether an attractive rather than a handsome face. Even in the drab uniformity of modern dress, his delightfully careless manner—not to people but to life—gave him an air of almost insolent unconcern all the more interesting for the knowledge that he could be surprisingly unconventional.

At that moment Gun Cotton was deeply engrossed in thought; also he was worried—it was a sure sign when he rolled his cigar-end between his white teeth. As with most men of thirty-three, he had his worries. People said he was well off. That was quite certain: the other things they said were not so certain and certainly not so pleasant. But he was popular: the same people agreed on that; and even beyond the popularity that money brings. If any single word described him, it was the word "tolerant." He liked his cigars Corona, his caviare grey, and his fur astrakhan. And he had the pleasing ability of meeting his troubles with that same tolerance that he extended to his creditors.

His past had been too disjointed to land him in any serious trouble, and his heart had been too gipsy to be entirely captured. He had been brought up to expect wealth, but his father had died suddenly, leaving nothing but a sheaf of debts and a set of ivory chessmen. His brother, Gun's wealthy uncle, however, had conveniently entered the breach—or long oak coffin in this case—and at the reading of his will a week later Gun was gratified to hear that he had been nominated the sole heir. Within a week Gun had experienced as a result of his father's death disillusion and dismay, to be followed a week later by a feeling of deep relief that there was money now to keep his mother in luxury, and still some over for him to squander. The next few years he spent wandering from one country to another in pursuit of knowledge and experience, unknowingly preparing himself for what was to follow.

He possessed charm, the easy charm that can command attention. It may have been this peculiar quality that first drew X's interest to him; but it was more likely his discretion, as protective and valuable as a hidden shirt of mail. Months of being

alone in different parts of the world, in strange countries with strange people, had taught him the value of discretion. Was it acquired, or born in him? he was once asked. "Inherited," he replied; and though he did not say so he must have been thinking of his father's unfortunate discretion in money matters. Then X had got busy with him, and after preparing him for months in different branches of information, he knew that the seed he had sown in Cotton had been planted in rich soil. During the war Gun had distinguished himself flying; but a deadly duel in which he had been worsted without the opportunity of revenge had been sufficient to embitter his interest in the air. That meeting with the Richthofen man in the air and the subsequent cessation of the war had marked a full stop to Gun's fighting career in the air where he would have placed a comma. Revenge was lost in bitterness, and when he bought a Moth and carried away a few "Daily Mail" prizes there remained a curious expression of unconcern in his eyes, and those who knew him best guessed that he was still licking the old wounds. At the time when X met him he was pleased enough to work, not for work's sake, but as a relaxation. He was counted wealthy, but his riches were the riches of experience rather than the vulgar coins the clerks were for ever shovelling in the banks.

It was not creditors, however, who filled his thoughts; it was X, who had learned his job from a certain C, and working for X meant a cool head and steady caution.

"Too light for Scotland Yard; besides," X had said, "I only want you to have a look round. Why not do a little sketching?" Then followed a few details, mostly vague, far too vague and far too few, but distinctly suggestive. It was like X to remember he'd dabbled with brushes in Paris—and now he was to be a roaming, absent-minded artist. What better!

Gun's thoughts carried his eyes to his easel packed on the rack. At that moment the carriage door was opening. He felt the draught playing on his paper, and looked up. A man had seated himself in the corner of the carriage—a small, shiny-faced man, a smiling man with twinkling blue eyes like amethyst buttons, a small round nose, and the narrowest mouth that Gun had ever seen on a man; almost a baby's mouth, hardly an inch across.

Coincidences are not rare, they happen sometimes with alarming ease; it is the important things that hang thereby that magnify their rarity. They are like the cogs that fit another wheel, and in this manner drive life on another turn. In this case it was more in the common nature of things that Gun should look down to his paper and find the fellow's picture facing him, for he was someone in the news—possibly a well-known figure—Gun had been away a year. His fellow-traveller had been photographed standing on a platform delivering a speech to his constituents, one arm

pointing at his audience, the other behind his back. Hueffer Caspar, M.P., Independent Socialist.

As Gun looked across again he saw that the little man was busying himself with his despatch case. Suddenly he broke into conversation. There was no leading up to it, no gentle approach to friendly intercourse; just "Are you interested in politics?"—a dangerous topic for one stranger to take up with another; but in the twinkling eye and smiling mouth Gun could see that here was a man unafraid of life and no martyr to life's conventionalities.

"I'm interested in everything," he replied.

"It's difficult to find room in the brain for everything," the other said. "You must leave space for what may be useful to you." He spoke in a high fluty voice that carried clearly across the carriage, and Gun settled himself to enjoy the little man's company.

"Politics, like most things, you must be educated up to... or even down to," he continued, with a chuckle. "Now I think you'll agree education in these days is anything but practical. Take the public schools. You were educated at one, I presume?"

"Schooled," Gun corrected.

The other smiled. "Schooled by the other boys, I believe we learn more from others' mistakes than from our own."

"Only a fool learns from his own," Gun replied.

"I'm in the House, now. It's hard work when they use you for committee work." Then followed a long discussion on his views of how the country might be run.

"You're a man of the world,"

"Spare me that vulgarity," Gun said.

"I hope I have not offended you," the other replied.

"You have indeed offended me, but not in an offensive manner."

"Well, that's a pleasant way of telling people the truth, isn't it?"

Gun agreed, but he felt somehow that the remark had gone against him.

"We've all got our idea of governing the country, of course. Perhaps you'd like to hear mine?"

"Briefly?" Gun suggested.

"Oh, quite."

Gun looked tired.

In spite of the tedium that comes of hearing another man's views on politics, he was fascinated by the apparently genuine feeling that Caspar put into his subject. A great deal of what he said was true, and Gun felt that the little man was in earnest in spite of the glib way in which he spoke. The Labor Party, he said, were discredited and incompetent; the Communist Party too indiscreet. Between the two Caspar had found his seat in the House. He had been returned with a safe majority, and from all accounts had behaved surprisingly well, making friends in all parties.

He was talking a certain amount of clap-trap, sprinkled here and there with some illuminating thought. He talked Labor and Capital, then science and invention. Somewhere at the back of the man's mind there was some idea of a



party that would represent a modern movement bringing scientific forces into operation. It was difficult to follow him, but his general ideas were on these lines.

He gesticulated freely, his eyes twinkling and his small mouth rolling the words out with difficulty. One thing he said was to remain in Gun's memory: it deepened Gun's interest in him. He was talking about weakness in the Government.

"Weakness," he said, "is not criminal, but it leads to the same terrible destiny."

For some unexplainable reason the words seemed to open up a new side to Caspar, a glimpse into something rather disturbing. Gun was not bored with Caspar any more than he was with life: he might be angry with either, but there burned some lively interest in his mind that saved him from that terrible affliction.

Just as suddenly Caspar changed the subject to sport. He was well informed in this, as Gun had noticed he was in other matters. They discussed hobbies, and Gun told him that he was sketching. Later he was to be thankful that he had broached this subject.

"You'll have plenty of opportunity once you have felt the charm of the fern. The charm of the melancholy—" Suddenly he leaned over and handed Gun a sheet of foolscap. "Will you read that," he said softly, "it's a treatise on the philosophy of disenchantment."

Gun took the paper from the eager outstretched hand. His mind was really no longer interested in Caspar. Snap-thinking was pleasant enough in a railway carriage with a stranger, but it developed into a nuisance when it meant thinking to a conclusion, a thing that men try to avoid as they grow older. He saw immediately that it was a speech to be addressed to Caspar's constituents.

A few minutes later, to his surprise and delight, he saw that the figure in the corner had fallen into a deep sleep. Altogether a peculiar little man—first without any form of introduction, inflicting on a stranger his political views and skimming the ethics of life in general; then asking the same gentleman to read his notes; and finally, and probably intentionally, falling asleep.

As Gun folded up the paper his eye caught Caspar's name written across the corner—Hueffer Caspar, Esmead, Drynfen. He placed the paper on Caspar's despatch case. There were other things more important to him than Caspar's political opinions. Gun was on what X described as a "voyage of detection"—always a cold and thankless job. He tucked himself snugly into his fur coat.

Snores were coming from Caspar's corner. In a few minutes they would pull into Arndock and Prescott would be there to meet him—Prescott, cool and careful, passing on instructions, giving advice, inspired advice, and acting without initiative, but filling his role with quiet efficiency. Gun knew him. It remained always to him a puzzle where on earth X found these men. They were not drawn from the army group; "Intelligence Limited" was X's name for the military. There were several of these mystery men that Gun himself had met, careful, painstaking fellows, never diverging one iota from their instructions, doing what they were told with almost mechanical efficiency. This time it was to be Prescott—Coffin Prescott he was called by those who knew him. Gun knew that even at that moment he would be waiting somewhere on the platform.

Caspar was still sleeping, a slight smile on his small mouth. There was something attractive about him awake, something youthful and vital. But now Gun turned to his paper.

The train raced on through the twilight, rocking uncomfortably and rattling the carriage windows. It was pulling up, the brakes had been applied—no grinding like the old P.L.M. The next moment they were gliding smoothly into the station under the bright arc lamps. As the train came to a standstill a porter flung open the door and Gun indicated his suitcase. Caspar, awakened, was collecting his papers. Placing them carefully in his case, he looked up at Gun.

"Hello," Gun said. "Glad to see you in the land of the living again."

"I've a car waiting for me here. I thought perhaps we might have a drink together at the hotel."

"Why, certainly," Gun replied, partly because he liked the little man and partly because a drink was clearly indicated. Then, in that soft duty voice, the other said:

"By the way, don't forget your easel."

Gun looked at Caspar in his dreamy way, but now there was an expression of deep interest in the lazy eyes. As they passed down the platform Gun's tall figure seemed to tower above his companion. He was laughing at something that Caspar had said, and his teeth shone white in the bright light. All the time he was watching for Prescott. Perhaps the man was waiting at the hotel for him. At that moment he saw Prescott, standing by the bookstall, dressed in black, complete with black bowler hat. Gun smiled. There was something so delightfully confidential and retiring about Prescott—Coffin Prescott.

As they approached he stepped back into the shadow and in the eyes that gazed at him Gun saw a warning look.

**G**UNSTON COTTON, or Gun Cotton, as he was known to his friends, was deeply interested in what Prescott had to tell him next morning. Gun had worked successfully for X and the S.S. for some years now, two or three commissions a year, but invariably it had been dull work. One—a case of commercial treaty—was so technical and difficult to understand that, apart from carrying out his instructions, which were plain sailing, he might have been an under-clerk of some business house, collecting and delivering a contract. That was in Buenos Aires. Six months later it was Nassau, and a complicated round table meeting with United States S.S. people who were overstepping themselves in their fight against rum-running into Florida, with a rich flavor of hijackery to it. That was more interesting. Then followed a mission to France with a real kick in it.

Money had to be delivered to a Frenchman under suspicion of espionage. He had to be supplied with cash to help his trial, which Whitehall knew would follow his certain arrest. The wretched man was still in ignorance, and Gun had to approach him while he was under observation, placing himself in an extremely dangerous position. Later, he heard that the man had stood his trial and bought his way to liberty. But this case was different: it involved Maison himself, the careful, slow-moving, calculating Maison. He had begged of X to allow him liberty to follow up some idea that was in his mind. Knowing Maison, X knew, and so did Gun, that if he had his nose down to a trail it was worth following up. As it was they were completely in the dark.

Prescott had been sent down by X to make inquiries before Gun arrived. He had shown his usual caution in withdrawing from view when Gun had alighted from the train with Caspar. And now they sat in the smoke-room. Gun was leaning forward with a keen look of interest in his lazy eyes; opposite, the pale-faced Prescott recounted to him the result of his inquiries. How were they to meet this situation?—the complete disappearance of Maison; a man known to be, if anything, over-careful and cautious, and yet in some manner he had been spirited away three weeks ago to the day, while Gun had been on the high seas.

"He came here, Mr. Cotton. That's why X sent you direct here—that much I have found out and a little more."

"Are yours the first inquiries that have been made?"

"Yes, Mr. Cotton. Of course, day by day we have lived in hopes of hearing news from Mr. Maison, but there is still no word from him."

"I must say, Coffin," Gun replied, "it looks serious when Maison keeps us in the dark for so long. It was understood that he would keep in touch with the office?"

"Yes."

"And what's the little more you've found out?"

"Only this, Mr. Cotton: as far as I can learn, Mr. Maison left this hotel on the 2nd and took a train from platform 8. Now there are only five stations served from this platform. Yesterday I took a run along this single loop line. X told me that I was not to complicate matters too far, so I made no further inquiries. The stations on this line are quiet country places, one station very like another. It's a poorly served line and the villages mostly lie back from the railway—Lathmore, Heringay, Drynfen, Bellhammer, Leveisound, Drynfen is the far station of the loop; it stands back from the marshes which border the sea. The line curves round and returns here to Arndock."

"So that's about all, Prescott? No more information from X? You say he volunteered no suggestion as to what Maison was after?"

"No, Mr. Cotton; but you know X very often keeps something up his sleeve. If there's anything more I can do, I will stay here until I hear from you."

"Many thanks, Coffin," Cotton replied. "I'll have to think things out a bit on my own."

Prescott watched Cotton rise, yawn, and leave the room.

Gunston Cotton seemed a lackadaisical type for X to employ. But the old man knew his business.

Gun in the meantime had strolled into the hall. No one could stroll like Gun. He had a definitely idle walk as though it mattered little to him which way he sauntered. For one moment he stood

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still. There was a wicked twinkle in his eye. A girl had passed close by him and now stood at the Reception Office. In that brief instant of passing she hesitated, and he found himself looking into her eyes.

Upstairs in his room, packing, his thoughts turned once more to his short encounter with the girl. It could have only been a second, hardly that, and yet her face was one that he would never forget. Of course, he had said that often, but this time he felt quite certain about it. The glance she gave—there was no coquetry there; just an expression of interest, a direct look of inquiry, straight and almost boyish in its candor.

What should his next move in this matter be? As far as he could see his best plan would be to take each station in turn and question the station officials on the chance of gaining some information of Maison's movements.

Gun realised that it was the sort of detective work that he'd probably make a terrible mess of, but what other way was there of going about it? Maison had stayed here, possibly in this very room. Gun looked round. Quite a harmless-looking room! And he had used his own name; but would he have continued his journey under that name? False names, X would say, are like false noses—amusing, but not deceiving; the names are almost certainly found out sooner or later, the noses, except by the short-sighted, immediately. And then there's hell to pay.

Coffin Prescott had done something in tracking Maison to platform No. 8. That was one step further. And Gun determined to follow it up. He had very little to pack. The night before he had not changed, so that, except for his pyjamas and bathroom things, he had very little to throw in. Ringing the bell, he ordered his bag to be taken down to the hall. As he stood at the head of the stairs, he wished he had taken the lift. There was nothing more boring than walking down a long flight of stairs. Going up one naturally used the lift. The hotel, for a station hotel, was very quiet in the hall. There were few arrivals and departures.

Prescott awaited him.

"The departures are as few as the arrivals here," Prescott said.

"You're full of wisdom, Coffin; I envy you."

At the reception office Gun inquired on the chance that Maison had possibly returned to the hotel. The girl was probably interested in Gun, accustomed as she was to commercial travellers, either the waxed moustache Lothario type, or those whose clothes smelt of post offices. It was seldom that a man so distinguished-looking visited them.

She answered that she had already told his friend, Indesting Prescott, all she knew about Mr. Maison's departure. He had arrived one night; on the following day he had left.

"Someone only to-day was inquiring for him," she said sweetly, looking at Gun.

"I wonder who it could have been?" Gun questioned her nonchalantly. But behind the quietly-spoken words he was holding back his eagerness. Perhaps this would lead them to another clue.

"A young lady this afternoon was asking about him."

"Had she blue eyes, very dark blue eyes?" Gun asked, with a slight smile.

"I don't know about her eyes. She was wearing an almond green hat with a coat to match and lynx fur, and, now you mention it, I believe her eyes were blue."

Gun knew it. He had known it before the answer came. Some instinct, instantaneous and certain, had told him the answer was to be this.

"Has she asked for him more than once?"

"Oh, yes, several times."

There was little more to be learned. She had always asked for Mr. Maison and she seemed disappointed that he had not returned.

"Did she leave no address?" Gunston asked, rather impatiently.

"When she first came I think she did, but she has called daily for the last week."

"Have you the address there?"

"Somewhere," she answered. "But I don't see how I can show it to you."

"Surely you can," Gun persuaded.

"It would be against all the rules of etiquette."

"Don't worry about that, there are too many rules in this country."

So because it was difficult to refuse Cotton anything when he smiled, she gave it to him: "Panmeadow Cottage, Drynfen, but I can't remember the lady's name."

"Drynfen . . . How do you get to Drynfen?" Gun turned quickly to Prescott.

"From platform No. 8," he replied.

AT 7.15 punctually Gun's train pulled in to Drynfen Station. This was the 5.30 p.m. from Arndock, platform 8. The dull afternoon had thrown an atmosphere of depression over the small wayside station. A porter at the far end of the platform was looking through the van. A minute later he appeared with a parcel under his arm. He showed surprise at seeing Gun with his bag beside him.

"Are you being met, sir?" he inquired.

Gun bent over confidentially.

"I'm going to do a little sketching," he told the man. "I want somewhere to stay for a few days. Can you give me any advice?"

The porter lifted his cap and scratched his head in the orthodox manner of his class.

"Well, sir, there be no place round here, leastways unless you care to be staying at the Pity Me."

The man hesitated, and it seemed to Gun that a look of swift apprehension had crossed his face.

"Is it far from here?"

"A mile! maybe one and a half. I can't rightly say, sir. It's the only house between the railway and the sea. The road's not too good, either, nor can I tell you how you'll fare there, sir."

The man was obviously not over-anxious to recommend the place.

"Do you remember a passenger in a fur coat arriving here one day about three weeks ago?"

As though he would, Gun thought to himself.

"What day of the week would that be, sir?"

"Monday."

"No, sir. The other man would be on duty then, sir. Monday I'm off. I run

a fishing boat with my brothers from Penhens Creek."

There was nothing to be learned from the man.

"Excuse me, sir, I must be getting home now. I close up the station until the 9.30 to-night, and I've things to do at home, and that's a mile away, sir."

At Gun's request the porter indicated the road to the Pity Me Inn.

"Just beyond the willows," he said.

There was really no need for this, for once outside the station Gun could see across the dismal flats towards the sea. The road stretched straight on, sad and solitary. Beyond a wind-blown line of trees he was to find the inn.

"You can't miss it, sir, for it's the only building between here and Holland. It's an old place, an old house, sir. They do say it used to be used by smugglers."

Thanking the man, Gun took up his bag and eased and started out for the inn. A strange name—"Pity Me"—a name that must have lingered in men's thoughts. There was something pathetic and appealing about it. An old smuggler's house, before the sea fell back. The road led forward; on one side a green field close to the railway embankment, on the other side coarse grass, and farther away the suggestion of reeds and squelching fen. There was a clammy look about the country that suggested stagnant water and slime-covered ditches. An occasional bird got up beside the road, and, flying low, would come to earth beyond the railway. A lonely place, if ever there was one.

Gun stopped to fill and light his pipe. When he looked up the last gleams of twilight were leaving the sky. In the grey light the row of pollard willows, like knuckly fists, seemed to be thrust upwards; they were swaying slightly in the wind with a weird effect.

Gun looked back to the station, lost in the dusk now. He could dimly see a moving light—the porter on his way home, probably. There was always something friendly about a bicycle lamp on a lonely road. Then the light disappeared, and Gun knew the man had passed under the bridge on the road that led to Drynfen. Gun had reached the trees; a little way beyond that the inn came suddenly into view. The wind, sweeping gently over the fens, moaned softly, and he felt a swift depression as he gazed on his night's resting-place. The inn stood facing the fens, low built and long, with outhouses stretching from the back. There was a smug, squat look about it. The building was of some dark stone, and in spite of the dim light which showed in the doorway the whole place looked dismal and deserted. Small slits of windows pierced the walls. The roof seemed too large, giving the building a frowning mien; the woodwork was obviously rotten and discolored.

The Pity Me presented a gaunt, inhospitable face to the world, nor did the inn suggest that it had once seen better days. The appearance of the place could only have been the result of years of neglect. It was an atmosphere of decay and the suggestion of evil that haunted the Pity Me.

Gun was extremely impressionable. He remembered somewhere having read: "The world's an inn and Death the journey's end." This was certainly the last place on earth. Gun laughed quietly to himself; but he had too much imagination to be able to dismiss these impressions



entirely from his mind. The road led straight past the front of the inn, and as he approached he could hear the old signboard swinging uneasily in the wind. In the dim light it was still possible to see the tarnished gold letters—"Pity Me Gun."

Gun had come up to the place on the rough grass that grew beside the road. He did this for no particular reason; he was being guided perhaps by some curious instinct, that prompted him to caution; an unpremeditated movement, just as a man will lift a flaming torch above his head. It happened therefore that he was at the inn door before his step was heard on the hard road. It must have been at the very moment, as he stepped on to the road and under the porch, that he heard a man's voice crying: "Maison." Then Gun knew that he had been heard. There was a sound of shuffling feet, and a chair was pushed back noisily. The tall figure of a man showed in the doorway, blocking out the light, and for one moment Gun could see only the silhouette of his lean form. Then the man peered forward. To pass out he had lowered his head under the door-beam, and now he was standing outside, looking inquiry from a pair of shifty eyes.

"What can I do for you?"

It was on Gun's lips to tell him to go to the devil for his sulky manner. Chance had brought him to this lonely inn, and fortune was on his side for the time being at all events. The gloomy appearance of Pity Me had kept him to a point of expectancy, otherwise he might have missed the magic word "Maison." There was no slipping back home now. Somewhere in this inn the answer to the Maison riddle would be found.

The man awaited his reply, scowling. There was no welcome in his manner, and it seemed that he stood before the door in an attitude of defiance.

"I want a room and breakfast here for a few days," Gun said, smiling.

The other continued his sulky stare in silence.

"I'm doing a little sketching, and the peace and solitude of this place appealed to me."

"Peace and solitude," the man grunted. "Wait here then," he added, and turned his back on Gun, leaving him standing on the roadway. The old signboard swinging above them seemed barely high enough to miss the man's head. If the fellow was landlord of the Pity Me, Gun realised that he must obviously expect little for his money.

Suddenly he was aware that he was being watched; a curtain had been drawn aside from a lower window. He turned to face it. As he did so there was a movement in the window casement above, and he knew that the curtain below had been drawn in order to throw the light upon him. The watcher had been above. The curtain closed again, and he was left once more in darkness.

"Come in; bend your head," a voice called. "You're welcome."

The man reappeared, a lamp held in his hand. His attitude had changed surprisingly and suspiciously. Going ahead, he led the way into a dimly-lit hall, and then, opening a door on the right, signalled Gun to enter.

It was the ordinary small hotel room, half dining-room and half living-room. It must have been from this room that he had heard Maison's name mentioned. It was certainly unoccupied now, though to Gun's practised eye it showed signs of

having been quickly rearranged. The chairs had been hastily pushed back, and in the atmosphere of smoke it was obvious that more than one man had been occupying it. The landlord had left to prepare a room for him upstairs. Gun could hear his feet moving about. A few seconds later he came down, and stood in the doorway, smiling. At that moment Gun decided that he liked him better scowling. There was something almost vulture-like in the large bent nose and the broad, stooping shoulders.

"The room is ready for you, and supper will be at nine if that suits you, sir."

"Certainly, that'll do me all right."

"Very well, Mr. Cotton."

As the landlord moved to lead the way up, a man was standing in the hall. Gun had a quick vision of a white round face with eyes open wide and a large gaping mouth. In the poor light it was difficult to see more, and as the landlord, turning, growled something in anger, Gun saw the figure shuffle into the shadows beneath the stairs.

The landlord led the way upstairs, and Gun smelt the musty atmosphere that pervaded the place. The carpet under their feet felt threadbare, and the banisters rattled unsteadily when the landlord bumped them with the bag. At the top of these stairs they turned to the right. A long dark passage led the length of the inn. They passed on down the passage, and, underneath a rounded arch, entered an apartment on the left. This was to be his room, Gun heard the fellow mumble.

"Our best room," the man added in a louder voice, with a dim smile. "Is there anything more you will be wanting?" he asked, lighting the candles on the mantelpiece.

"Hot water, please," Gun said, "and plenty of it."

As the man left, Gun looked round to find himself in a small, badly-papered room, the ceiling discolored. There was a wardrobe, an iron bedstead in the corner, and a wash-basin. Crossing over to this, he lifted the jug from the basin to see how clean it was.

A step sounded outside in the passage. The door opened and the landlord entered.

"Hot water, sir?"

"Excellent," Gun said, with a slight smile, for his hand had closed tightly over a letter lying in the basin.

AS the landlord came towards him, Gun watched carefully to see whether the man had noticed the movement of his hands. The fellow had to bend his head in the room; he lumbered over with the water-can, apparently unsuspecting, and then the door closed on his lean figure. There was a suggestion of dead flesh about the man's face; he moved like a restless corpse.

The note was from Maison. Gun recognised the writing; also it was signed A.28—his official number. If Gun had not known the handwriting the number alone would have been sufficient to convince him that the writer was Maison. They each had their number; X insisted on this. Though known to each other in a small circle, there were others outside this circle who knew of outside members only under these numbers. Maison, then, in leaving this letter, judged that in all probability his disappearance might be followed up by one outside his circle—hence his number signature.

Gun read the note carefully, with a

thrill of unexpected adventure running through him.

"This is my last chance of communicating with friends. I am certain of this. My lines of communication are being cut behind me. This is the 2nd of May. There is no time to attempt explanation, nor dare I. This inn is dangerous. If you stay, watch it and listen; but better still, leave. Tell X the wind is in the East."

"A.28"

Gun seated himself on the bed with the letter open in his hand. There were facts to be marshalled together now. This letter from Maison made clear several things: one, that Maison really had vanished; two, that he was prepared for this; three, that he was probably in danger; four, that he was pressed for time. When this letter was written he was expecting something at any moment. Whatever that was it had come swiftly and surely, for he had been here, in this room, on the 2nd of May. He had left his note under the basin knowing that it was the one thing in the room that would not be touched by the landlord, and one of the first to be inspected by a visitor. Also he must have surmised that he was occupying the only room available in the inn for guests. Gun remembered the landlord's "Our best room."

And now the memory of the girl crept into his conjectures. Who could she be, and if she was intimately connected with Maison, why had he made no mention of her? The reason for this was probably Maison's wish not to complicate matters with X.

As he gazed round the room he tried to visualise Maison's actions. Had he been trapped here, or had he willingly and knowingly allowed himself to be drawn into something? Maison had known by this time that he was suspected; he must have looked down from this window reckoning his chances of escape, if indeed he wished to escape.

Everything was quiet in the house except for the wind. Then, for the first time, Gun noticed a heavy curtain hanging before the door, to keep back the draught, probably. Drawing it aside, he saw the reason for its presence. The door behind had two panels of glass through which it was possible to see. Singularly disturbing, that. In spite of the curtain across the door all sense of privacy seemed to have deserted the room, leaving him with a sense of uneasiness. In addition to this, those members of the household whom he had seen were by no means prepossessing: the landlord, suspicious and watchful, and then the other, the white-faced, ape-like being. Who could he be, with the vacant look in his eyes and the hurried shuffling gait as he disappeared down the hall? Gun could not rid himself of the certainty that the landlord was acting under someone's orders. Somewhere in the inn a third man was hovering, the man whose voice he had heard on arrival, the man who had watched him from the window above the door. Where was he, and who was he?

After supper he went downstairs and smoked his pipe with his feet stretched out into the grate; the fire only heated the room in a small circle. Gun wondered whether the sheets and blankets on his bed would be clean. It was an uncomfortable feeling to know that he had only been admitted to the hotel on sufferance.

He rose to his feet and stretched himself. It was ten o'clock, and, above, his cheerless bed awaited. There would be no more coal for the fire without ringing.



and Gun was anxious not to meet the landlord again; one evening of his presence was sufficient. Taking his candle, he made his way through the hall. His light showed up a number of little yellow specks on the floor. Bending and picking one up, he heard a voice say, "Parrot seed." It was the landlord behind him. "Very careless to drop it about, but one can't blame the poor bird."

"Good heavens, no, you can't," Gun replied, as if the one thing he'd always determined not to blame was a parrot for throwing seed about. All the same he felt uncomfortable; he would have preferred that the landlord should not see him picking it up. Carefully he made his way up the stairs, along the shabby corridor, and into his wretched room.

Lying in bed with a feeling of uneasiness, he planned out his scheme of campaign. So far, with any luck, he was unsuspected. It was certain that they, whoever "they" were, would be on the lookout for inquiring followers. His easel and his paints might allay suspicion, but surely only for a short time. They must have quickly realised Maison's intentions, and he stood the same risk. In the meantime, as long as he was free to act, he could devote himself to sketching the countryside, and even the inn itself. In this way he would have the place constantly under observation with an entirely plausible explanation. That was good as far as feeling went. There was still the listening. Perhaps if he could run the girl to earth, she might be able to throw some light on Maison's disappearance.

And now, as he lay awake in the sullen inn, his thoughts were filled with the danger that Maison might be in. Maison the careful; the cautious-minded, clear-thinking Maison. Too cautious to say more in his letter, he would gladly risk everything rather than give anything away. What strange suspicion could he have had?

Gradually Gun fell into a troubled sleep. Vaguely, in the middle of the night, he seemed to be dreaming. Someone was in his room, standing by his bedside, looking down at him. And all the time a steady humming was running through his brain, a faraway dumb sound like the beating of a muffled drum.

NEXT morning Gun was awakened by the sound of rain against the window-panes. Slowly he moved himself, and as his drowsy eyes took in the unusual surroundings he remembered . . . He was at the Pity Me, with the problem of Maison's disappearance still to be solved.

Suddenly, while these thoughts drifted through his mind, the memory of his dream returned to him, first faintly, then with full force. Then, while he thought of it as a dream, the vividness suggested that perhaps after all it had been real.

The muffled drumming sound, thudding with a steady hollow throb. Could that have anything to do with Maison? Then he remembered Maison's letter with its word of warning and strange advice that he was to listen.

He saw by his watch beside his bed that it was already half-past nine. Almost at the same moment a knock sounded on the door, which opened in answer to Gun's summons. The landlord entered, carrying a jug of water.

"It's a very wet morning, sir," he said.

"I wondered what that rain was," Gun replied.

The man left the room, to reappear a moment later carrying a tray on which breakfast had been laid. Was this the beginning of a scheme to keep him in the inn? It would be interesting to know whether, suspecting him—as they might—of being on Maison's trail, they would wish him to remain in the inn or be kept out of the place.

The man was closing the windows, and Gun had an opportunity of realising the fellow's extreme height and breadth of shoulder.

"I thought you would like to breakfast in your room—the other gentleman does."

The other gentleman! Could that possibly be Maison? The next second Gun dismissed the possibility from his mind. There must be another man staying at the Pity Me. Had it been Maison he would have already communicated with Gun on his arrival. This other man might be an added complication.

"Who's the other guest here?" Gun asked casually.

"A Dutch gentleman, sir. He comes from The Hague, I think it is."

"It's a quiet place for him to come to. Is there fishing here or anything exciting like that?"

"Oh, no. Mr. Werner is a writer. He has been there off and on for three months. It is quiet here, but that's what these literary gentlemen like."

The landlord was being distinctly civil; certainly his manner had changed since their first meeting, but there was still a look of quick inquiry darting from the small black eyes. Hardly an expression of suspicion, but just a curious glance, penetrating and constant.

Gun dressed in tweeds, for already he felt the house was cold. Spring, which was beginning to fill the country lanes with fresh green leaves, had left the dreary fen land untouched. As he looked out from his window the expanse of marsh looked cold and winter-like. There was nothing in his bag he didn't wish the landlord to see, so that he saw no reason to lock his door behind him.

On the stairs Gun lit a cigar in the hope that he might have another sight of the mysterious object who had scuttled away at the landlord's bidding. There was no sign of him in the hall, so Gun strolled into the living-room. As he entered, a young man rose from the chair on the far side.

"My fellow guest," he said, with a shy smile. A pair of shrewd, snuff-colored eyes looked across at Gun. "Just for a few days." He spoke, Gun noticed, with only a slight foreign accent, not unpleasant, but what was less pleasing, he spoke from the tips of his lips.

"It is very quiet here."

"That's just what you want, yes," the other replied.

"Yes," Gun said.

He might have explained why, but the landlord would do this in any case, and Gun was also anxious not to give the impression that he was explaining himself and his presence there.

"Perhaps, if you will not think it too bold, may I ask if you are a painter?" He hesitated. "I have seen your easel and paints in the hall."

"You're quite right; but I'm only an amateur, and I have a friend who has

commissioned me to make some sketches of these parts for him."

"What are you thinking of doing this morning?" Werner inquired.

It was Gun's intention to walk into Drynfen and find Panmeadow Cottage. On his way there he would have a quiet look round the inn and generally reconnoitre the position. Already the fellow was beginning to be tiresome.

"I just thought of a look round—having a stroll to see how the land lies."

"It lies low, and it is dangerous for strangers."

Was it Gun's imagination, or did the man mean to convey a warning?

"Well, I've got to find my way about later."

"Let me show you first then," Werner exclaimed. "It is unsafe to wander in the fens unless you know the paths, even a little." He said it like "leettle" as that his teeth were bared. "There are paths that lead nowhere unless you go too far, and then you are never heard of again."

"Well, I must say you're not very cheering."

"Oh, I tell you this because many people have lost their lives, sucked under, you know." He made the sound of choking in his throat. "We'll find something interesting for your first sketch. Will you come?"

It was difficult for Gun to refuse without a good reason.

WHEN Gun returned from his room with his cap and stick, Werner was waiting in the hall as he had expected, and made no effort to conceal his pleasure at the prospect of a walk in pleasant company.

"I don't think you believed me just now, but I assure you it is well that you have me for a guide. This is not a country to wander in at will."

"It's really dangerous?" Gun asked.

Werner looked him steadily in the eyes. "It is dangerous. You know what I mean," he added laughingly, "dangerous if you leave the beaten track."

"How do you know the place yourself?" asked Gun as they passed out under the swinging sign.

"I've been coming here for some time and I roamed about a bit."

"On your own?"

"Of course. There was no one else." There was a note of impatience in his voice, and Gun felt that somehow by chance he had touched some nerve centre.

"You took a bit of risk yourself then," Gun said quietly.

It was with a feeling of relief that Gun left the Pity Me, its musty hall and unkept stairs, the dingy sitting-room and the nest of unused rooms above. As he looked back over his shoulder the forbidding frontage was half-hidden by the willows. A little further along the road Werner took a side-track to the left. This brought them on to a small footpath that cut apparently aimlessly through the thick reeds and squelching bog.

"Holden first taught me my way about here."

"Holden? Who was he?"

"Oh, he was the former landlord at the inn. A pleasant old man."

"He sold out, did he?" Gun said. At that moment there was some idea in his



mind that if the man still lived in the neighborhood he might be approached; but this idea was quickly dispelled by Werner's next words.

"Poor fellow. He was lost here in these very bogs that he had taught me to know."

They had taken a turning sharply to their left, and now, about half a mile ahead of them, over a line of trees, Gun could perceive the slate roofs of a large house.

"Epmead," Werner said.

So that was the home of his little friend in the train.

"Hueffer Caspar's place, member for the district. I have met him once or twice on my wanderings. A pleasant little man. I should like you to meet him."

Their casual meeting in the train had been so informal that Gun kept silent.

"You could make a picture of the house from this side, and I'm sure it would please him."

"That's a good idea," Gun laughed. "I might even get asked up for a meal, which I feel sure I'll be wanting after a week at the Pity Me. It's short commons there, isn't it?"

"Well, it's certainly not Ritzy. How do you like the people there?"

"Well, I've only met the landlord. He seems very civil," Gun replied. "And then last night I saw a white, scared-faced apparition."

Werner looked across at Gun, for they had come to a standstill as two men will sometimes unconsciously. "A half-wit," he said. "He was here in Holden's time." For one moment he touched Gun's arm. "Don't mention him to anyone, will you? You see, the man Grood, the landlord, is having the poor thing out of respect to Holden's wishes."

"Holden's wishes! Then Grood knew Holden?"

"Only slightly," Werner replied. "We all knew Holden had some interest in the boy; and I believe if it came to the ears of the authorities he would be taken away. Kapax is quite harmless," Werner added in answer to a question from Gun.

As they strolled on through the tall reeds Gun saw that they had come out to the edge of Caspar's property. A row of willow skirted the place; and here a small stream bordered the fen like a long black ditch. A wicket gate led on to a bridge that crossed the ditch. Apart from this there was no other indication to mark the boundary line.

As Gun looked down into the slimy channel, too broad to jump, too deep and treacherous to wade through, he realised that Nature had provided what was stronger than a wall and more secure than a fence. His friend Caspar knew how to look after his property without needless expense. Somehow it was difficult to think of the cheery little man living in this desolate part. The house of grey stone in the distance looked gloomy, worn and weather-beaten. There must be some attraction for the little man here. What could it be?

Gun would have liked to walk round this estate; after his meeting with Caspar he felt an interest in this home of his. Gun's Dutch friend, however, seemed to have suddenly developed a wish to return to the inn.

"It's getting on for one o'clock," he

said, glancing hurriedly at his watch and closing it with a snap.

In spite of the time Gun felt instinctively that he was being hurried back for some reason unknown to him. Walking slowly at first they gradually quickened their pace. At one moment he felt the Dutchman's arm in his, urging him forward, it seemed to him, and at that moment the thought came that there was something inexplicable about the man that he did not like. The human contact seemed to have brought to the surface a feeling of distrust that had lain dormant. Gun was not certain whether they returned the same way. The narrow track and those that led from it all seemed curiously alike; but at last he saw that they had reached the road a little higher up.

The rain had ceased and Gun took off his waterproof.

"We're just home," the other said, "hardly worth taking it off."

"Oh, I didn't know," Gun replied absent-mindedly, for he was puzzling over what had caused this sudden return to the inn. Something or someone the Dutchman had seen by Caspar's place? Something or someone that he was not meant to see? For the time being he must play the fellow's game. It was only now and dimly that Gun realised that Werner might himself be mixed up with Malsion's disappearance. As they entered the gloomy hallway, Gun knew that in this man's presence there was something distinctly disturbing.

He left Werner on the stairs, and found his way up to his own apartment. The long corridor with the empty rooms on either side left a feeling of disquiet, as of something unaccounted for. His things had apparently remained undisturbed. His bed had been made—by whom? he wondered, for he had seen no sign of womenfolk about. Still wondering, he crossed to the window. As he did so a girl passed the swinging signboard. At the same moment the Dutchman emerged and joined her. Gun saw her look across the road at him, and in her smile of welcome he recognised the young girl from Arndock. In country clothes her slim figure showed to perfection. She was accompanied by a big wolf-dog.

What strange game was being played round this lonely inn, and, above all, where was Malsion?

As the two passed down the road it seemed to Gun that the man half-turned towards his window; but Gun drew back his head.

Lunch awaited him below. Turning over these dark thoughts in his head, he passed down the creaking stairs into the hall.

**L**UNCH was a dismal meal, and Gun was relieved to get up and settle himself in one of the two old armchairs that were drawn up to the fire. There were things to think over. He was playing a lone game at the inn.

It would have helped him to have had someone with whom he could discuss the best line of action. He realised that events were moving slowly towards the solution of Malsion's disappearance—but which way was he to move? One thing appeared feasible and comforting—the probability that if Malsion was being held captive, at least no harm would befall him while they were uncertain whether he had left note of his movements with X. If they suspected that his disappear-

ance would be quickly followed up, they would hardly risk harming him and eventually being found out.

These things stood out as certain; that Malsion had been to this inn, had stayed in the same room, and that for some reason he was unable to communicate with them.

At the same time, Gun wondered what suspicion really could be levelled at the people in this inn. The facts that the landlord was unprepossessing, that a semi-lunatic was employed, and that the general atmosphere suggested sleeping disquiet—this was very little to work on. The man Werner might be on the straight. "Writing"—this was quite plausible. The fact that he knew the girl of the hotel—that, again, was more than likely if she lived in these parts. Supposing, then, that the landlord, Werner, and some unknown lived in the inn—how did they regard his presence there? First, they had been anxious to refuse him a room; then, after seeing him, they had found lodging for him. Everything pointed to the fact that he was suspected; and by lodging him at the inn they were keeping the best possible watch on his movements.

The answer to all this, Gun felt sure, was in the presence of the unknown lodger, the owner of that face so swiftly withdrawn from the window on his arrival. That quick inspection . . . It might have been Werner, but some instinct warned him that in the background, behind these men, existed someone else, some commanding member who probably controlled the secret of Malsion's disappearance.

Gun rose from his chair, his lighted cigar between his teeth. Werner was apparently not returning for lunch. Now was his opportunity to explore the inn.

The hall was empty. A second hall gave on to this one; it had at one time served as a bar. The window and counter were still there, dividing one from the other. Opposite the old bar he came to a door. Opening it, he passed into a room the same size as the sitting-room. A musty smell greeted him, and the stiff chairs and empty fireplace told him that the room had not been used for some time. Nothing there to help him, Gun decided.

The hall was empty of the landlord's presence; he was possibly lying down or working in one of the outhouses. Gun walked quietly to the end of the passage; he knew that Grood would probably prevent him from making any inspection of the premises if he were about. A door led into what was probably the kitchen—for it was through this entrance he had seen his meals being carried. He opened the door and stepped in. Directly opposite the door, on a hard deal chair, sat the idiot, Kapax. His pale oval face and staring eyes were fixed on Gun. On his shoulder a parrot was perched. Then his lips moved:

"Private," he whispered. "Private."

"Sorry to disturb you," Gun said. "What a nice room you have here."

It was a small room, barely furnished, with a door in the end wall; obviously a passage room.

"Nice room," the wretched man mumbled. "Private, private."

The fellow had probably been warned not to speak to anyone. Gun had remembered being told, or having read, that a sudden question to an idiot, made unexpectedly, would bring a sane response. Was it worth the risk of ques-



tioning him about Maisson—something sudden on the lines of "Where is Maisson?" If it failed, the fellow might repeat it, and he risked showing his hand.

As he was debating this in his mind, the door at the far end opened and the landlord appeared. He seemed surprised to see Gun, and a look of quick suspicion darted from his narrow eyes.

"Do you want anything, Mr. Cotton?" he said.

"No. I was just getting my bearings; having a look around, you know."

The landlord was in ill-humor, his mouth sulky, his brows beedling into an angry frown. He was bending his head to avoid the low doorway, and all the time the idiot was whimpering:

"Private. Private."

There remained nothing left to do but to retreat; the landlord followed him.

"Mr. Werner must be enjoying your company, sir. It's lonely here for a young man, even when he's busy with his writing."

Was the man going to be talkative? Nothing loath, Gun questioned him.

"I should have thought there were better places for writing English than here in this uninhabited part of the country."

"Perhaps he has other reasons," the landlord said slyly.

Gun waited eagerly for him to continue; for one moment he thought there was the possibility of information coming. But the other winked, with a long finger pressed to the side of his nose.

"Perhaps he likes some young lady who lives in these parts, and perhaps," he hesitated—"perhaps she likes him," he added, with a leer.

There was something loathsome about this tall, beak-nosed man, and a few minutes later Gun was pleased to be rid of his presence and in the room upstairs. The rain had stopped; all things considered, the easiest thing would be for him to put in a little palping to allay suspicion. Outside, he took up a position where he could sketch the inn showing through the line of willows. From this angle he was able to keep one eye on the road and a watch on the inn.

It was already 3.30, and the light was not good; but Gun was able to make a hurried, unfinished sketch. To his right, and behind him, the long arm of the sea was battling with the tall reeds for supremacy. The line of unhealthy bog stretched as far as the eye could see in that direction. In the distance a portion of Epmead showed, and on his left the long road leading to the station. After the station, the railway embankment took a sudden curve away from him, leaving another expanse of fen land, melancholy and impregnable. His information and suspicions up to date were so uncertain that Gun decided to await further developments before sending word to X in London.

Except for the shrill cries of the curlew and seagull, everything was quiet about him. The inn stood in its stocky ugliness silent and secretive. A thin trail of smoke rose from one of the chimneys, and the willows made up a picture of desolation. The *Pity Me Inn*—the name carried with it a sense of appeal, plaintive, but at the same time cringing. The whole landscape seemed to lack color; under the leaden sky. Once Gun saw the landlord come to the door, his tall figure stooping under the doorway. He seemed to glance first up the road, then towards the station.

He must have been satisfied, for he turned abruptly and re-entered the inn.

The time passed quickly for Gun as he sketched in the scene. The days were long, but dusk had set in before he started packing up his paints. At that moment a pair of headlights appeared round the bend of the road leading from the station; they swept round as the car took the corner, then, opening out its engine on the straight, rushed past him and beyond the inn.

Gun stepped on to the road; he could see the red tail-light growing smaller in the twilight. And then he noticed that it had stopped. If he judged correctly it must be two or three hundred yards from the inn on the expanse of straight road that led to Epmead. He was approaching the inn now, and by keeping well on the right he could avoid the window lights that fell on the road. He might pass unseen. It was worth while investigating, discreetly, the reason why any car should wish to stop at that exact spot.

At that moment a hand fell on his shoulder and Werner was beside him. Fortunately, they were hardly up to the inn, so Gun knew that the other could hardly have guessed his intentions.

"You're out late for sketching."

"I waited to see whether the sunset effect was good round here."

"You'll have to find a shepherd up Drynfen way to know that."

He volunteered no information about his absence, and Gun decided not to question him. He carried Gun's canvas, insisting, and in the hall, under the flickering candles, Gun saw him glance quickly at his work. Handing it back, Gun heard him throw himself into an armchair with a loud sigh of contentment.

Upstairs on the landing, Gun found the idiot and his parrot; he was standing in the middle of the passage playing with something in his hands. Gun put his hand out to move him on one side. The poor thing must have mistaken the movement; for suddenly he stretched out his hand to meet Gun's and handed him his plaything—a small black block of wood. In his room Gun examined it. Where had he found this? Gun whistled softly. In his hand he held a thick carbon brush.

**T**HERE are necessarily dull moments in the Secret Service. Like the entries in the log of a ship, the events of the ordinary working days flow smoothly by, tempered occasionally by some trivial incident that might culminate, and often does, in a happening of importance.

Gun had been precisely twenty-four hours at the inn. How far had he got? A very little way, for all he could see.

What in the name of Glory was Maisson after when he came to this outlandish place? The letter from him was enough to convince Gun of the seriousness of the position. Maisson was no alarmist; everyone who had ever worked with him knew that. It seemed incredible to Gun, as he glanced round, that here in this very room Maisson had slept, at the time knowing and holding some secret knowledge which could only have been desperately important.

And the girl? Vaguely Gun realised her presence in the scheme of things.

Gun determined that X should be consulted on the matter. If she was some-

one closely related to Maisson, why had he not been told so? Then he realised that he could never risk getting into touch with her without letting them know at the inn that he already knew Maisson. So X had said nothing.

At dinner that night Werner talked of his travels. Here they met on common ground, for both men had travelled extensively. They discussed hotels, from the Pera Palace in Constantinople, that lifeless caravanserai, to the Marine in Barbados. Werner appeared to have enjoyed his life; he touched lightly on many subjects. With the second bottle of port he spoke of love and women and bars and barmen.

"But I was always faithful to the Rila when I lived in Paris."

Gun docketed this fact in his mind; the only remark that Werner had let slip with a definite address.

They digressed to books and the almost mechanical writing of the day. Werner was busy on a novel dealing with life in Malay.

"I prefer to write here about what I have seen there, for I find it comes easier. The mind," he said, "is like a camera that photographs scenes, but they must be developed to be effective."

"So that's why you come here to write?" Gun asked.

"Yes. Here I look back on everything I knew of the F.M.S. with a more vivid picture in my mind. Now were I writing of this spot, I feel sure that my imagination would be charged higher were I in some place in every way different."

The landlord had entered noiselessly and seemed about to remove the things from the table. Suddenly he put the tray down with a brisk movement, and, diving his hand into his apron pocket, produced a letter.

"For you, sir," he said, addressing Werner.

"For me, Grood?" Werner exclaimed.

"Yes, sir. Sent from Epmead, and the messenger's waiting for an answer."

Werner quickly tore open and read the note, and Gun saw a look of surprise on his face.

"It's from Caspar, the man at the big house. I told him you were a new arrival, and he wants us to dine with him to-morrow night. Would you care to?"

Gun was conscious of a look of strained anxiety in Werner's eyes. Natural enough on second thoughts; after all, the man was responsible to Caspar for the introduction.

"Delighted to," he replied with a smile.

The other looked relieved and rose from his chair. "I'm so pleased," he said, "and you can rely on a good dinner. I'll let the messenger know."

Left alone in the room, Gun pulled his chair up to the fire. His cigar was burning evenly, and the room seemed all at once cosy and hospitable.

At this stage Werner reappeared. He had accepted for both. Then Gun noticed that there was a look of real excitement in the man's eyes. The color was in his cheeks and he was smiling. Gun waited for him to speak.

"I don't quite know who else will be there, but I may as well tell you that someone whom I care a great deal about will be one of the party."

"Can I congratulate you?" Gun inquired.

The answer seemed a long time in



coming, and Gun realised that for some reason the answer meant a lot to him.

"No, not yet," Werner replied.

Gun was conscious of a feeling of relief. He knew only too well who the girl must be.

Eleven o'clock struck from the grandfather clock in the hall. The deep notes vibrated through the cold, dark spaces and seemed to echo through the inn.

Werner rose and stretched himself. The candles had been placed for them on a sideboard.

Turning in, Gun said: "Light me a candle. I say, Werner, why the devil don't they have electricity here?"

Was it his imagination, or did the other start slightly? But his "I don't know, really" was in his normal, evenly-modulated voice. "Let's hope they don't," he added. "They'd be sure to make us pay extra."

"Surely Caspar's place has it?"

"Oh, I think so. I really forget. I've only been there in the daytime."

"Perhaps he's got his own plant," Gun suggested.

"Oh, no, it runs from Arndock." Seeing his mistake, he stopped abruptly. "That's if he has electric light," he added.

Gun felt the sharp look of surprise that Werner gave him. At the foot of the stairs Werner bade him good night. "I must tell Grood that he can look up."

Peace descended on the building. In his room Gun proceeded to undress. The wind had fallen, and in the hall below he could hear the landlord's shuffling feet, then the sound of door bolts being driven home. Gun opened his window wide to let in the fresh night air. The lamps in the sitting-room were still shining; as he looked out he saw the light on the open road. The sign-board within his reach was swinging gently. At that moment, glancing down, he knew that two men were talking in the shadow. Suddenly one of them stepped clear of the other. The light from the window fell on his face, and Gun, in that second, recognised the rosy features of Caspar.

It was a starry night on which Werner and Gun set out for dinner at Epmead. Caspar had sent his car for them. The moon looked like a yellow feather in the sky.

In the car Werner remained silent. Gun, wrapped up in a fur coat, watched the dismal roadside as the car carried them forward. The day had been uneventful; as on the previous day, Gun had spent most of the time sketching. Werner had explained that he meant to work so lunch had been a solitary meal.

Dinner was at 8.30, a reasonable time; it was 8.25 by Gun's watch as he felt the car rumble over the wooden bridge across the mud stream that bounded the property.

"A sort of drawbridge," Werner remarked with a slight laugh.

The carriage drive, winding several times, finally brought them to the front door of a long, low-built house, and in the dim light of the moon, Gun's first impression of it was that here was a replica of the Pitty Me, on a larger scale; the same row of slit-edged windows; the same shaped door; and built in some way that gave one the idea that the house was squatting rather than lying on the ground.

As they pulled up, the door opened,

and the two men, descending from the car, passed into the brilliantly lighted hall. Electric light! Their coats and hats were immediately taken from them by a butler and a footman who stood awaiting them. As they were announced Caspar came forward from the end of a long room. He had been leaning over a piano; there was a smile of greeting on his rosy face.

"Welcome," he said, "to Epmead. Thank you, Mr. Werner, for bringing Mr. Cotton with you." He hesitated. "Surely we have met before?"

"In the train, Mr. Caspar."

"Why, of course! It is indeed a fortunate chance that we should meet again."

Had he seen him since, Gun wondered? If he had, the man was a consummate actor. The surprise on his face was even carried to his voice.

"Now let me introduce you," he said, smiling. "This is only a little informal gathering. Mr. Cotton, may I present you to my sister, who has taken pity on a poor bachelor and looks after him—Miss Caspar."

She was a thin, bony woman with quick, bird-like eyes, riveting themselves on Gun. She was there only for the week-end, she said. Gun felt, secretly, delighted at this remark.

He was introduced to a Mrs. Layman, wife of a local J.P. Then someone came up behind him, a hand was on his shoulder, and he was shaking hands with Charles Casleton: the delightful, care-free Charles. In the moment of their meeting half Gun's troubles seemed to pass from him. If Casleton was here, then X was behind the scenes. So much the better.

"You two know each other, then?"

"Rather!" Charles laughed. "We were at Borstal together."

Was Charles at Epmead by chance or on X's instructions? It was X's custom to use them wherever he had suspicious casual suspicions he called them.

Cocktails were being handed round when the door opened and Miss Maison was announced. It is to Gun's credit that he betrayed himself not by so much as a wink of the eyelid. As he put his glass down on a side table, he knew that Miss Caspar had never taken her eyes off him, but now, when he turned to her to pass some conventional remark, he saw that she was watching her brother. Gun felt surrounded with uncertainties. The J.P.'s wife, round and buxom, stood like an island of convention in a sea of uncertainties. Miss Maison stood smiling at him. There was no suggestion that they had ever crossed each other's ways before, and yet Gun knew that she remembered.

She was dressed simply and expensively in some creamy lace. Her eyes seemed bluer than before; her lips, half parted, showed the flash of her teeth, white and even, as she smiled faintly. In that moment, the sweet smile and the look of faint bewilderment in the eyes brought the swift vision of a little girl fighting a sense of shyness and somewhere a deeper and mysterious sense of fear. If this was Maison's daughter, did she know, had she any idea, where her steps were leading her? Undoubtedly it was his daughter, for later, at dinner, he heard her telling her host that her father was abroad. Did she know? Or was she allaying suspicion?

Caspar, at the end of the table, was in

great spirits, and Gun realised the man's charm of manner. As he spoke to Werner, Gun watched the twinkling eyes and the good-humored expression round the small mouth. Was it possible to connect this man with Maison's danger warning?

"How's the writing getting on, Mr. Werner?" he said with a smile. "Take all writers, you're dreaming of fame?"

Werner laughed, though Gun could see that the remark had left him uncomfortable.

"It may come," he answered. "It's worth wooing."

"As long as the public don't suspect you of being serious. Serious books are written for the flippant, while the others—the novels that we read—are written for the famous. In future they will cease talking of a Minister with a portfolio—it will be a Minister with Edgar Wallace."

Gun could see that the little man was thoroughly enjoying himself.

"Those whose lives are devoted to fame are invariably devoted to fiction."

CASPAR, when he spoke, had a way of waiting until the whole table was his audience, so that gradually the conversation had developed into a monologue.

"Any time you get tired of the inn, Werner, you're welcome to stay here. I like having a writer in the house. I believe most people do. Don't you think so, Mr. Casleton? It makes one study one's conversation, and it brings ideas to the surface, makes you go digging for them."

"I'm not one myself," Casleton said.

"What a digger!" Caspar broke in. "No, a writer," Casleton said; "but a friend of mine who is always tells me that the handiest thing about a house is a publisher."

"Certainly every woman novelist is out to marry one," Miss Caspar said, with a beady look round the table.

"No writer, if he wishes to be successful, should ever marry," Caspar said, with a sly look at Werner. "Matrimony and masterpieces rarely go together."

It was clear to Gun that Werner was en rapport with Toni Maison. There was little opportunity for personal conversation, but Gun learned from her that she ran a violet farm. As she listened, Gun noticed that she carried her head slightly to one side, and when she spoke she straightened it again; and in this little mannerism he found an added charm which held him under her spell.

Slowly he gathered that her mother was dead. She lived alone with her father, who was now on the Continent. She repeated this, and in the straight look she gave him, Gun seemed to read a message. In that moment his heart went out in sympathy to Toni; her courage and her loneliness appealed to his protection; the slight tremble of her lips, the eager movements of her slim hands, told him that all the time tears were not far from those night-blue eyes that looked across at him.

The table was cleared and the men were left to their port. Across the shining table Charles saw Gun idly toying with the stem of his glass. It was impossible to see Gun without noticing his extreme neatness; even his slow movements, as when he drew a cigarette from his case, were marked with that neat



economy of action that never failed to interest people.

Charles Casleton was leaning back in his chair enjoying his cigar with the air of a connoisseur, and discussing the latest divorce—a Parliamentary affair of a man with many loves, a friend of theirs.

Caspar interrupted. "He found his amusement in different women, but it's indifferent women who amuse me least."

It was in these moments when he felt that he had been witty that Gun liked the man least. He was a poseur at his own table, but at the same time a charming host. The dinner had been exceptional, the food and the wine excellent.

Caspar spoke again of his keen idea of forming a scientific party. How they were to obtain votes was not quite clear to Gun, but they were to devote their time and presumably the ratepayer's money to subsidising patents of every description and inventions which would lead to the elimination of labor. One thing was certain. The man had some peculiar attraction that could draw people to his side; he was clever, too, never allowing himself to be seriously cornered, falling back on his reserve nature, a pleasure-loving, laughing side of his character which left his listeners wondering and confused.

Caspar explained that there would be no bridge; the J.P.'s wife had over-taxed her husband's patience and bank account, and had promised him not to play for six months. This, it appeared, was the talk of the district. In the drawing-room there was the usual cold atmosphere of beginning the evening all over again.

Much to Gun's surprise and amusement, Charles was persuaded to sing, and it was soon obvious to the listeners that this had been a mistake. The J.P.'s wife accompanied him, and the result was particularly distressing. Charles, persuaded by his accompanist, sang again. Toni had been seated facing the piano, so that Gun had only seen her profile, the small, straight nose, the fullness of her lips, and the upward tilt of the chin.

Once in the nervous silence that followed one of Charles' notes he caught her eye. Her smile was serious, but the laughter in her eyes gave him a delicious feeling of sharing a secret with her. Another time a particularly excruciating note from Charles seemed to unlock something in Gun's throat, something uncontrollable, screaming for freedom, and in that terrible rest in the music that followed, Gun's laugh echoed through the room.

The more Charles attacked the high note, the more Gun laughed; the greater the expression, the more Gun laughed. That laugh! It rose and fell in uncertain cadence. It reached the ceiling and reverberated to the floor. It whistled and screamed. It bellowed. Gun leaned forward to control it, but it threw him back into his chair. It replied and echoed, it roared and re-echoed; all hope of controlling it had passed. The tears rolled down his cheeks and blinded his eyes. Then Charles took a note higher still; his voice faltered, and cracked, and Gun's laugh reached a crescendo, rending the air with its vibrations, filling the empty spaces with its haunting ring. And now Charles was standing watching him with his eyeglass in his eye.

"I say! Hang it all, Gun! That's the last time I'll sing to you."

And all the time the J.P.'s wife was unconscious and smiling.

Later, over their whiskies, when the J.P.'s wife with Toni had left and Miss

Caspar had retired, Gun turned to Charles.

"What can I say, Charles? How can I apologise?"

"I don't know how you can, but I accept it, Gun," he answered, with a twinkle in his eye. "Suppose I look you up tomorrow. You might do your best to apologise then, over a glass of whisky-and-soda."

So it was arranged. The car came to the door, and Caspar saw them off.

"You know she did accompany me nicely," Charles said, with dignity. "She might have been born with a piano in her mouth!"

"On those top notes of yours, Charles," Caspar said. "One might easily have put one in yours! Next time you come, which will be soon, I hope, Mr. Cotton, I will see that we don't have another musical evening for you." He gave a wink and a nod in Charles' direction.

Back at the inn on the narrow road, Gun thanked Werner for taking him along.

"I'm afraid I blotted my copy-book with Miss Caspar," Gun said; but the other made no reply. He seemed lost in thought, and Gun guessed that it was of Toni that he was thinking. Perhaps he had overheard her invitation to Charles to bring him to the cottage. A man in love was a peculiar animal. Gun turned impatiently to the stairs.

That night, to the wheeze of the swinging sign-board, Gun fell into a deep sleep, and in his dreams once more he heard the sound of a drum beaten as it were under a blanket.

NEXT morning after breakfast Gun passed down to the sitting-room. Werner had gone out early. The innkeeper rejoined him. The man hovered about in the hall, dusting and sweeping; always someone within call. He seemed to act as guard and custodian. Gun had been three days now at the inn; three days and four nights. Two of these nights he had heard the sinister drumming, and still he realised he was no further towards solving the mystery of Malson. The only possible opportunity he had of exploring the place was at night: during the day the innkeeper or Werner was always about. And day-time was the only possible time to explore, for at night what explanation would clear him of suspicion were he discovered? Even now, how did he know Werner was out! In all probability he was in his room awaiting Charles Casleton's coming. Charles might as yet be unsuspected, but Gun felt instinctively that Caspar and Werner were not men to take chances.

As if in answer to his thoughts, at that moment he heard Charles' voice inquiring for him. Opening the door, Gun called to him, and Charles entered the room, immaculately dressed, holding his eyeglass in his hand. Slowly wiping it with his handkerchief, he placed it in his eye.

"You've found an uncommonly nice little place to work in, at, from or to, Gun," he said, smiling.

He closed the door, and, for the first time, Gun, looking round the room with the fire burning and the wind blowing outside, realised that it wasn't too bad a room after all.

"I'm very comfortable here," he replied, with a quick look at Charles; "but

what about—?" He broke off abruptly, slipped quickly to the door, and opened it. The innkeeper, bending his head, stepped into the room.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether this gentleman would like a cup of coffee or something warm?"

"Oh, no, thanks," Charles said; "many thanks for the suggestion."

As the innkeeper closed the door Charles turned to Gun and said: "The attention here, I can see—the attention is excellent."

Gun broke in: "In spite of that I think we might take our walk. I want to post some letters."

In their heavy overcoats the two men stepped out briskly along the windy road. "Are you here on this wretched Malson business, Charles?" Gun inquired.

"The fact of the matter is, Gun, I don't know what the devil I am here for. I was never more surprised to see you in my life."

"But you must know what you're doing here," Gun said.

"I only know that X put me on to Caspar months ago. He was secretive as usual, giving nothing away. 'Get to know this Caspar; he's a charming fellow from all accounts.' X knows what he wants, so I set about to get an introduction. I got hold of Derrick Graham, he was just leaving London. 'Certainly, my dear fellow, he's a charming man.' (You can hear Derrick, can't you?) But it was Fergus Graham who fixed it in the end. What followed was easy. I've been down here several times for week-ends; but what the deuce for, I can't make out. I've seen X several times, but I got no further. All he said was: 'The man's got money, and when an influential man has money from sources we can't trace, then we're interested, aren't we, Casleton?' I agreed, and that was that. No good trying to get anything out of X unless he's out to tell you."

As they drew near the station Gun told his friend, briefly, the story of Malson's disappearance.

"The devil of the thing is that I know nothing to work on. Have you any suspicions of Caspar? You know what I mean, Charles. Is there anything queer about him that you've noticed?"

"I can't say I have, Gun. You know it's worried me a bit every time I've been down here. I feel an awful beast, looking round for trouble, and all the time Caspar being as hospitable as you make 'em."

"Well, there's something in the wind now," Gun said, smiling. "I don't even know whether we can connect Caspar with Malson's disappearance, nor Werner either for the matter of that, but in my own mind I am firmly convinced that they're in it somehow."

"And this drumming, Gun? What sort of noise is it?"

"It sounds to me like a drum being beaten under a blanket—a ridiculous idea, but that is how it sounds to me."

"What time was it?"

"About three o'clock."

"The devil it was," Charles said.

"Why?" Gun asked.

"Nothing; but go on, Gun. Did you try to locate it?"

"It must have been going on for some time when I awoke. You know the way you wake to a sound with the realisation that you have been listening in your sleep? It was like that, Charles. In the darkness of my room, I slipped into my dressing-gown, and, barefooted, listened at the door. You know there's something about the inn that gets you down. I can't



# GUN COTTON

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explain what, but a feeling that takes hold of you; something silent and menacing; with the wind outside whistling across the fens and the sinister silence in the place, a silence that keeps you listening, taut and rigid, waiting all the time, it seems to me, to catch you by the throat."

They had come to a standstill close to the railway arch. Gun was looking out across the fens and Charles saw his dreamy eyes sweep round to the line of willows that hid the inn.

"Go on. Let's hear what happened then, Gun. You were standing at the door in your dressing-gown, listening."

"That's about all there was to it, Charles. It's a story like a true story, all anti-climax. I crept down the passage and down the stairs. The inn-keeper was standing in the hall. I told him I had come down for a book because I had wakened up and could not go to sleep again. He said that he, too, had been restless, and I saw him look at my bare feet, but he made no explanation for being fully dressed himself. I painted yesterday, but I feel certain they know that's it's only a blind. I'm keeping it up to give them the impression that I believe I'm still unsuspected. . . . Look here, Charles, X ought to give me something more to work on."

"Why not ring him up?"

"Too dangerous from here."

"Arndock then," Charles said, "by car. Prescott is probably still there. I'll ring up for a car from the station here and make my excuses to Caspar."

The 11.40 due from No. 8 platform Arndock was expected, and as they came on to the station level Gun saw his friend the porter looking down the line with expectant eyes. Charles reappeared from the booking-office.

"All set," he said with a smile, and it seemed to Gun there was a twinkle in his eye.

"You're some joke on, Charles."

"Mayn't a fellow blink his eyes?" Charles laughed.

A few minutes later a car drew up and the two men set out for Arndock. The few miles were soon covered. It seemed a terribly long time since he started off from this hotel, Gun reflected; more like months. They inquired for Prescott. He was in the smoke-room. It was with a quiet thrill that Gun stood at the reception-desk. Here he had first seen Miss Maison, a straight, subtle figure, her right-blue eyes with their long, sweeping lashes, the upturned chin and soft red lips; he thought of her the night before playing some part, with laughing eyes and smiling lips, and all the time hidden in her heart the knowledge of her father's danger.

Charles caught him by the arm in the smoke-room—their friend Prescott. He greeted them without surprise. Gun turned to him. Charles was ordering Martinis dry—three-parts gin.

"X knows no more than you do," Prescott said.

"I've been in communication twice with X, Mr. Cotton, and each time he has told me to await instructions here, and given a message for you that he has confidence in you."

"Does he know that I'm in touch with Mr. Casleton?"

"Yes, he does," the other replied, "for he told me that you were likely to join forces."

"How the deuce could he have known that?" Charles reflected the surprise in Cotton's eyes. X might not know any-

thing more than they did about Maison, but he certainly knew more about Caspar, and Caspar was gradually developing out of the mist into the central figure.

"I have one other message for you, sir. X wishes you to know that he has every reason to believe that Mr. Maison is not in any danger—at least, until the eighth of this month. This is to reassure you; but you are to continue your inquiries with the utmost vigilance and caution. If you hadn't come over today, I would have sent you word."

This message was certainly comforting to Gun. In spite of the rather more conventional view he could now take of the matter, he realised that under the surface of Maison's disappearance there lay some matter of the greatest importance. X seemed to have his hand on the pulse of the situation, in that extraordinary way of his. Charles had been busy with Caspar weeks before Maison could have been moved to action, unless, of course, he passed on his suspicions to X—certainly not all of these, for he would otherwise have taken greater precautions to protect his lines of communication.

"Is Maison in touch with X?"

"I hardly think so, Mr. Cotton. X went out of the way to impress on me—I was surprised for him, too—that he really was anxious that I should tell you that he is completely in the dark as to Mr. Maison's present whereabouts. It is most important that he should be found."

Charles lit another cigar and looked over towards Gun.

"As far as I can see, it's like this, Gun. X is in the position of someone beside a big machine. Something goes in at one end; he only knows something has; he doesn't know what, and he does know where it's got to come out, but what he doesn't know also is what shape it's going to be when it comes out."

Each of the three men seated together was distinguished in his own way. Prescott might have been placed in a semi-legal category; his black coat, black tie, and his general air of seriousness conveyed this impression. Charles, with his pale face, his eyeglass, and his attitude of boredom, and Gun, with his ready smile, debonair, but seated now with a serious expression in his lazy eyes, suggested men of the larger world; but each had been chosen by X to fill some part in his scheme of things. After each man's name there stood, as with ships registered A1, the phantom letter "I." Something greater, this, than looks and fame and birth or money: intelligence. In short, X once said:

"I like mine"—he never spoke of his men other than as "mine"—"with wits to digest before others begin to chew."

It was a relief to Gun, this news that Maison was not in immediate danger, and it said something for the men's complete confidence in X that they never doubted this was so.

"I don't know how much longer I'm to be kept here, but I imagine until we get Maison out of this hole," Prescott said.

"It's getting on for three," said Charles, glancing at his thin platinum watch, "and you and I have another appointment to keep."

Gun looked up, surprised. Prescott rose quickly from his chair; his movement stopped the half-spoken question on Gun's lips. Gun looked with amusement at Prescott. The mechanical attitude of his mind to his own part of the

business could never encroach beyond its ordinary function. Here was the suggestion of another appointment, one he was not to be at; therefore it was no concern of his, nor, possibly, did Mr. Casleton wish him to know. Hence the movement. Gun took his hand, smilingly.

"You're a good old scout, Prescott, but for heaven's sake don't leave me in the dark any more than you've got to."

"Rely on me. You can write or ring me up here."

Gun was about to turn and lead the way out, when Charles suddenly gripped his arm.

"Caspar's in the room," he whispered.

Casualty, with complete self-possession, Gun looked round slowly. At the far end the only other occupant of the room was seated. With a copy of "The Times" spread out before him, he was completely hidden except for the patent, buff-topped boots and his legs, and the white hands that gripped the paper.

"No mistaking the feet," Charles said, in an undertone.

As they stood, momentarily, in two minds, whether to approach Caspar or not, Prescott quietly left the room. Then Charles hailed Caspar in a cheery voice of welcome, and this was fortunate, for as Caspar threw his paper down Gun could see that he had been surprised. But he spoke in his usual careful way.

"I thought you were busy—didn't want to interrupt you."

They had approached him now and seated themselves beside him.

"Income Tax, my dear fellow," said Charles.

"I guessed something like that when you told me you were meeting your solicitor. I was sorry for you—I don't like solicitors."

"But mine's a good friend to me," Charles replied, smiling. "He keeps me out of all kinds of trouble."

"They live on trouble and misery. They are the parasites of human weaknesses. I'd sooner insult a solicitor than—"

"But you turn to them in trouble," Gun broke in.

"I turn to my cheque-book," Caspar retorted, tapping his breast-pocket. What are you two fellows doing now your conspiracies are over—conspiracies."

He paused, seemingly enjoying the situation, as they waited for his next word. . . . expecting to defraud the Government," he added, with a wink.

"I was taking Cotton along to have tea with Miss Maison."

Gun looked up with surprise, and a thrill of pleasure went through him at the prospect of meeting her again.

"Excellent idea," Caspar said. "There was nothing I liked doing myself better than turning in there and yarning with Maison. A clever man, Maison. Find out when he's due back."

As Gun watched him, he realised that in Caspar they had a character that would require careful handling.

Charles rose to his feet.

"I'll see you later, then, Caspar. Cock-tail time."

The other answered with an airy wave of his hand to Gun. Outside the hotel their car was waiting for them, Charles gave his directions to the driver and they settled themselves comfortably in the car. Charles whistled softly.

"He's a difficult proposition, Gun. I swear until the Maison complication I



never suspected him of anything, but now I seem to see the cunning in his eye and the smooth urbanity of the fellow."

The car was carrying them along the twisting road that led to Drynfen. Gun knew what was worrying Charles—the thought that as a guest of Caspar he was at the same time spying on him. Charles admitted it.

"It's a rotten position, Gun."

"Still, you've got to stick it out, and you have this satisfaction: unless I'm very mistaken, Caspar knows it, too."

"I'm not sure that doesn't make it all the worse," Charles cried, impatiently. "Don't forget what X said to me once: 'There's lots of un-English things we've got to do for England.'"

And so they came to Panmeadow Cottage with the twilight.

**G**UN'S first impression was that of a long, low cottage with a rambling creeper hugging the walls lovingly. Lights were showing in the downstairs rooms as they walked up the straight, box-bordered path to the door.

Charles rapped on the old brass knocker, and the door was opened by an old lady in a white lace cap.

"Come in, sir," she said. "Miss Toni's waiting for you, and the scones will be cold unless you hurry."

The old servant bundled them into the drawing-room with their coats still on and their hats in their hands. They were in a long, low room smelling sweetly of flowers.

Toni came forward to meet them with a smiling welcome in her eyes. Each time she seemed more attractive to Gun, with her clear-cut features, dark blue eyes and full red lips, her head slightly on one side, and her low, sweet voice. He gazed, enchanted, as she leaned against the old oak fireplace. In the corner the large wolf-dog Gun remembered seeing with her curled up against the wall.

She was dressed in blue and white—short blue skirt, white jumper high in the neck, and legs in beige with the neatest ankles Gun had ever seen.

"Kazan, get up and be sociable!" Toni said.

The dog stretched himself lazily, then, strolling leisurely over, laid his great head on Gun's knees.

Gun stroked the pointed ears until they fell back against the head. Kazan was smiling, and Gun had made another friend.

In the long, low room filled with flowers and comfortable chairs, Toni busied herself with the tea things. "A real country tea," she said. "Old Lady, who looks after me, made the scones specially for you. We all call her Old Lady. I called her that when she was only thirty-three." There was a soft gurgle of laughter. "Daddy, too. She's been with us since Mummy died—that's years ago."

At this moment Old Lady came in bustling and worrying about their coats. "How foolish of me, Miss Toni! What will you all be thinking of me?"

"That's all right, Old Lady. We don't stand on ceremony at Panmeadow Cottage."

"Have you lived here long?" Gun asked.

"We came here when I was twelve."

A puzzled look came into her eyes.

"Six years ago?" Charles guessed.

"Yes, that's it," she said. There was

no coquetry about her, and Gun remembered the first direct look that she had given him at the hotel.

In a low voice Charles spoke to Toni. "We've come to talk to you about your father, Toni."

From her slight start Gun knew that she had been taken by surprise.

"I don't understand," she answered.

"Look, Toni, I saw you playing the game last night," Gun said. "We're with you, on the same side, you know."

"How do I know?"

"Because you wouldn't disbelieve Charles."

She nodded her head in agreement.

"Nor you either, Mr. Cotton. Are you both in the Secret Service?"

"There's no such thing, Toni—no Secret Service."

"I see," she answered, with a little smile. "One can think about it, but never talk about it. A sort of unspoken thought..."

"Sort of!" Charles replied, with a laugh.

"I trust you—both of you," she said. "I'm afraid I can't help you much. Daddy never told me any secrets, and it's only recently that I've known he was doing Government work."

"Will you tell us, Toni, how you learned about your father's work?"

Toni remained silent for a minute. "I think it was one day last May when Daddy spoke to me smiling and seriously. He told me that if anything ever happened to him, he had arranged for me to live with my aunt in London, or she was to live with me here. I remember I asked him what he meant by 'anything ever happening.' Did he mean 'dying'?"

I hated saying it; and then he laughed, because he said I always wanted to know everything, but it was that he meant. "Two D's," he said; and I said: "You mean 'darned depressing'?" And he laughed and said, "No, dying or disappearing." You see, Charles, we were touching on real things and he's very English. I knew he didn't want to be too serious."

Gun could picture the scene—Maison telling her, speaking as casually as possible.

"That was the first time," she said quickly.

"Did your father know Caspar at this time?"

"He'd known him for some time, and he was going there pretty frequently, and often Caspar came here. About that time we went over to Le Touquet and stayed with the Stonehams. Caspar was at the Hermitage. That was the first time we met Mr. Werner. I wasn't allowed in the baccarat rooms, so we had supper together. We four with Vincent Stoneham. Daddy was full of life that night and Moet Chandon, and I worried me—not the Moet Chandon; but I could see that Daddy was worried about something. I felt he was really worried, but no one suspected this. I waited for him to speak to me, but he said nothing till we got back here; then he made arrangements for me to stay with my cousins in London, taking Old Lady with me. This cottage was to be closed for a week. We went up to London together, and Daddy told me in the train that he was going abroad again for a few days, and that I was to return to Panmeadow on the following Thursday. I was terribly worried about these plans. Something told me that Daddy had reached some crisis, and, coming after his serious talk to me, I begged

him to tell me more. We were in the train at the time, and I remember he leaned over and pressed my hand and said: 'Darling Toni, it's work I love... and useful.' I said: 'Government work—secret?' And he nodded his head. It wasn't difficult to guess it was something good and brave and useful if it was Daddy. Then he told me not to worry, he would be back by the 15th. When he left me, he hugged me like a big bear."

Gun saw that Toni's eyes were moist, and then she was smiling through her tears and her teeth were milky white.

"Anything else you can tell us?" Charles asked. "You see, your father rather left us in the dark."

Toni shook her head. "Nothing, really. Lately he talked a great deal about something that was to come from the East, something that was to threaten Europe."

"What sort of thing?" Gun asked.

"It wasn't the yellow peril. I asked him that. He said it was something nearer and more menacing. He never said much more, but I felt that it was on his mind. He used to be so eager to read those papers when they arrived." Toni pointed to a store of journals in a corner of the room. "Chinese, Turkish, Japanese... He used to make me look up words he didn't understand."

"What do you know about Werner?"

"Oh, Werner? I dislike him," she said, and a flush rose to her face. "Not the hate that turns to love; just dislike. After Le Touquet he called here often, and as he knew quite a lot, I could learn from him about Dutch bulbs. I didn't mind at first. Then he started coming too often. He talked a good deal about Daddy, and once he gave me the impression that they had some secret together."

"And now?" Gun interrupted.

"Oh, now I see him because I feel that somehow he knows where Daddy is, and it seemed best not to make an enemy."

"And Caspar? What do you think of him?" Charles asked.

"I'm afraid of him." Her voice had fallen to a whisper, and it even seemed to Gun that her glance travelled swiftly round the room. "I can't tell you why, but I'm afraid."

Toni was going to London next day for two days to stay with her cousin, Corinne Drexel.

"May I come round when you return?" Gun asked.

"Oh, do," she said. "Corinne may come back with me. I know you'll love her."

"Not he," Charles said, smiling. "She'd have to be your twin sister."

Toni blushed, but Gun could see that she was not angry with them.

She walked with them to the garden gate where the car still awaited them.

**O**N his return to the inn, Gun felt the cold hand of depression grip him. There was only the uncouth landlord to greet him, and the wretched half-wit staring with his wide-open eyes, and the parrot on his shoulder. At dinner Werner sat silent, and Gun was pleased to fall in with his mood. The less said at the present stage the better.

By twelve o'clock he had fallen into a troubled sleep; at twelve-fifteen the candle by his bedside with a final splutter burned itself out. The room was in



darkness. The wind outside had dropped. Gun was breathing evenly. Then softly a faint, dull sound like a muffled drum disturbed the stillness of the night. He turned over restlessly. A dull throbbing was beating in his brain. The drum! He was awake. All his senses were about him now, and with his awakening had come clearly and definitely the sense of danger. In the moonlight from the window he could see the door. He peered forward, and noticed that the curtain before it was swinging gently. The draught beneath the door was fanning it towards him. That meant a door in the passage had been opened.

The drumming had ceased, and Gun knew that he had heard it only in his sleep. The curtain across the door was slightly on one side. Strange, that! He had not noticed it on retiring. Then Gun looked up again quickly. A face was pressed against the window panel watching him.

THERE are moments when even the quickest thinking man of action may hesitate. In that brief moment of uncertainty may hang events important and far-reaching. Gun saw the white face pressed to the window panel, then hurriedly withdrawn.

Somewhere along the landing outside a board creaked. His unknown visitor was making his way either down to the hall or into one of the empty bedrooms. The curtain was now hanging straight against the door. This suggested that some door had been closed along the corridor. Silently Gun slipped his legs over the side of the bed. As he did so, a faint sound of voices seemed to come up from below, the faraway mumble that even the quietest voices will make in an old house. His bedroom slippers were leather-soled, but he quickly drew a pair of socks over these. Then, slipping into his dressing-gown, he waited by the door, listening. The steady mumble of voices continued as he felt his way along the landing.

There was some game on foot in the inn that night. Gun gripped the comforting stock of his automatic hidden in his pocket. He had reached the stair now. On the right he had passed the danger of Werner's door. As he crept slowly down the stairs he could hear the voices more clearly; one voice, louder than the other, seemed to be recognisable as the landlord's.

"The man may be all you say, but why should I take the risk? Fools can make lots of trouble sometimes."

The other voice was speaking now, but so low that it was impossible to catch a word.

"The eighth—that's not far off. Yet much may happen between now and then. And supposing Mr. Eagen comes making more inquiries?"

Who was the second man? One voice was certainly the landlord's, but the other Gun could not define. Was it Werner's or friend Caspar's? Had they finished the interview? Everything was silent—the silence that seems to buzz. A faint light pervaded the hall just opposite the living-room door. Could he risk approaching any nearer?

At that moment a hand was laid on his shoulder.

"And who, may I ask, are you?" It was Werner. Silently he must have opened his door and descended. In the darkness Gun could barely distinguish him, but the voice told him it was Werner.

"I can recommend you an excellent nerve tonic, Werner," he said quietly. "My dear fellow," the other cried in a voice of astonishment. "I had no idea that it was you."

"Well, now you know," Gun said, "you might let go my shoulder."

"Fact is, something woke me up and—"

"I couldn't sleep either," Gun said, "so I was going to raid the cellar. We might have one together now and drink to crime."

"One minute, then," Werner cried, "and I'll put something on."

In the shadows of the hall there was some movement, then, with Werner, he descended into the hall and went into the living-room.

Good was standing in the corner of the room, and Gun could have sworn he gave Werner a warning glance.

"Not in bed yet?" Werner said with a note of surprise in his voice.

"Delightfully assumed," was Gun's thought.

"You know what it is, Mr. Werner. There's always something to do, me single-handed here."

"Well, what we want is a whisky and soda apiece."

"Certainly, sir." But Gun could see that he seemed reluctant to leave them.

Werner looked up sharply, but still the man hesitated. Then Gun saw a very singular thing happen. Werner approached him and caught his arm.

"Bustle along—it's cold down here."

The fellow hurried out of the room. Why had he hesitated?

Werner remained standing, and Gun seated himself with the strange sensation that there existed some understanding between the landlord and Werner, which, at that very moment, had been put into action.

The landlord returned with the whiskies.

At the time there were three candles burning in the room, two on the mantelpiece and one beside Werner. This one the landlord took up.

"We're a bit short of them to-night," he said. "You gentlemen will excuse me if I leave you with only two?"

Now this fact coming on top of all the other suspicious actions of the evening, warned Gun that the two candles could only have been left there for some special purpose. It was not difficult to reason out that two candles gave less light than three, and it followed, then, that the landlord was anxious to leave them as little light as possible.

Following this train of thought, Gun realised that somewhere in the room there was something that he was not meant to see. Then he remembered the man's hesitation in leaving, followed by the stage-like movements when Werner took his place before the table.

Rather odd, meeting on the stairs like that; fact is, I thought you were a burglar. You know what it is when you wake up suddenly."

Werner was apparently too busy keeping Gun's suspicions under to be able to probe too deeply into the circumstances of Gun's presence on the stairs.

Gun stood up. Werner remained in the same position across the corner of the room. Gun smiled, and Werner watched him with a feeling of hatred in his heart.

Was this good-natured, lazy brute going to upset their plans?

But Gun was still smiling. In the mirror, even in the half-light, he was able to see something that brought this smile to his lips. Picking up a pencil dreamily from the table Gun examined the point.

"You're not getting on much with your painting, Cotton."

"Nor you with your writing, Werner."

Gun laughed. "And so to bed, as our Mr. Pepys would have said."

Then he did what appeared to be a very thoughtless thing; for he blew out the two candles which were burning on the mantelpiece.

Werner cursed, but Gun laughed.

"No matches, I'm very sorry. Did it absent-mindedly, and I thought there were lights in the hall."

"Make your way to the door, Cotton, and I'll look for a match."

But either Gun failed to hear him, or he did not mean to for, taking in a deep breath, he stood close to Werner. His object accomplished, he stumbled to the door.

"Can't find them," Werner's voice cried.

"Too bad—too bad," Gun called back. "That being so, I'll go on up. Good-night, Werner. Pleasant dreams."

From his bedroom Gun could hear a low rumble, and he knew that the landlord had arrived with matches. Werner was coming up the stairs. He had opened his door. Gun could tell this now from his draught-disturbed curtain.

Below the landlord was moving about; his footsteps sounded in the hall.

Gun smiled pleasantly. He knew that at that very moment supper on a tray was being carried to someone, and if it wasn't Maison, then the S.S. No. 22 he had written on the serviette cloth would not mean anything. And if it were for Maison? Gun laughed quietly. At least Maison would know that X had not forgotten him.

Back in his room Werner glanced at the table to make sure that his papers had not been touched. He hid them carefully; an unfinished letter lay uppermost. His eyes fell on the white paper and he read:

"My Dear Lichenstowan,—A wild night with a windy sky and a bright yellow moon. Can you imagine it? With the vile smell of marshes—a cry, carried away on the wind, two eyes like pools of blood, a squawking parrot, a muffled shout, and then the squeal of sucking mud—"

NEXT morning Gun reviewed the position anew. On waking, the events of the preceding night had seemed to him more like a dream than reality. One thing he had to feel thankful for; he knew now for certain that Werner was in some way connected with Maison. That was point number one. Point number two: Maison was somewhere in the inn or near by. Three: For some reason they were afraid of inquiries from a certain John Eagen.

It struck Gun that an interview with X might be useful at the present moment.

Maison was somewhere not far away. Gun had investigated the inn to the best of his ability without discovering any trace of his whereabouts. Of course it was possible that X might risk raiding



the place, but that might force their hand to move him farther from deliverance. Decidedly X could not do this, nor would he be able to secure a search warrant on such secret and flimsy evidence without the greatest difficulty. Gun laughed softly when he thought of the night before, the pencil, the tray, the dark. Malson could hardly fail to see it, just the figures 22; when he saw that sign he would be comforted to know that there were friends at hand; but would he try to reply?

Considering the matter carefully, he thought he would probably go up to London and return by a late train.

Downstairs Werner had finished his breakfast and was standing with his back to the fire. The rain was falling heavily, beating against the window-panes.

"Going to London to-day," Gun said. "Rather tired of this weather. Only for the day."

"Very wise of you," Werner exclaimed. "Wish I was, too. I particularly want to see Charles Laughton in that new play he's in."

"None the worse for last night?" Gun asked.

Werner laughed. "You must have thought me a funny, nervous old person."

"Not a bit," Gun replied, though he could still feel where Werner had gripped his shoulder.

"War nerves," Werner said.

"You were in the war, then?"

"In the sky," he answered.

"So was I."

Just then a car drew up at the inn, and they saw Charles step out. He came straight into the room.

"Morning, chaps. Just called in to say good-bye."

"It couldn't be more convenient!" Gun exclaimed. "I was wondering how to get to the station with a dry shirt."

"You're going up? We'll go together, then. We've plenty of time—11.30 from Arndock."

Charles was polishing his eyeglass on his silk handkerchief.

"Lonely here for you, Werner," said Gun.

"I've plenty to do," the other replied.

"Writing and reading."

Charles picked a book out of the shelf.

"The Infidelity of Mr. Pope." "This yours?"

"Not mine," Gun said.

"Some visitor to the hotel left it. That's how most of them come to be here."

A visitor's book, then—a visitor's book. The words and their meaning rushed through Gun's mind. Why hadn't he thought of it before?

Charles lighted his cigar and made himself comfortable in a big armchair, while Werner pulled at his pipe. Now was Gun's opportunity.

"I'll just throw some things into an attache case, Charles, then we'll be fixed to leave."

He left the room, closing the door quietly behind him. There was no one in the hall. Usually on hearing the door opened and closed the landlord would appear, but Gun was in luck. He crossed the hall and entered the deserted drawing-room opposite.

The visitors' book—if lay there on the corner table just as he remembered seeing it when the landlord had shown him the room. Hastily he turned over the pages. It had obviously not been used for some time. The last entry dated back to four

months previously. Hastily he glanced through the names, running his finger down the margin. The inn seemed to have been well run in those days. Several names appeared with constant regularity on the week-end dates, suggesting a definite clientele—for the duck-shooting probably. He heard the living-room door opened—steps down the hall. Then another door being opened, followed by hurried steps along the landing above: the landlord looking for him. . . . Werner had warned him. Now the man above was making his way down. He had not found Gun in his room. He would find him here. Gun turned over the pages hurriedly. "George M. Rogers, Sydney Jackson, Winchey Sanderson. . . ." Then "John Eagen. . . ." What luck! and now the name appeared several times, divided by a week, then a fortnight; then again he must have been at the inn the first week-end of the next month. "John Eagen, 14 Lane Court, Temple."

At that moment the door behind him opened suddenly. In the doorway the landlord stood.

"Well, what is it?" Gun said curtly. He was tired of this constant surveillance. "What do you want?"

The man was taken aback by Gun's attitude. "Is there anything I can get—?"

"Yes," Gun replied. He was about to say, "Get out." Suddenly he changed his mind and smiled. "Ask Mr. Werner to lend me his fountain-pen. I want to sign the visitors' book."

When Grood returned with the pen, there was a glint of anger in his eye, and his face was even paler than usual. Gun cared nothing for this, nor for the fact that Werner and Grood might suspect his reason for looking up the visitors' book.

A moment later in his room Gun was inclined to regret the impulse that had driven him to show his hand, for he knew that Grood would not be deceived by his wish to sign the book.

Charles was calling him from the hall. One last look round the room. No need to take anything up. He had everything he wanted at the flat. Charles was in the sitting-room again, getting into his coat. Gun looked at Werner. He was fumbling with his fountain-pen in his waistcoat pocket. Gun guessed he was thinking of what the visitors' book had to tell.

Grood was in the hall when they passed out. As they drove off, Gun glanced back and saw his tall bent figure standing outside the inn. The rain was falling and running in streams down his greasy coat, and in his eyes Gun saw a look of blind hatred.

AT St. Pancras the two friends parted. It was arranged that Charles should get in touch with Toni at her cousin's, and later they should meet somewhere for a cocktail. Charles was to lunch with Caspar at his house and he would leave a message for Gun at his club.

In the meantime, Gun decided to look up a certain Mr. John Eagen. His meeting with X would probably be at 5.30—a favorite time with him. Taking a taxi he drove straight to the Temple.

Gun paid off the taxi at the corner of Essex Street and went down the narrow alley and into Lane Court. The quiet dignity of everything about him, the old brick, the grey flagstones, filled this backwater of busy London with all the charm

of Georgian days. Each door carried its list of names—Herbert Metcalf, Sir Ellis Griffith, John Kemp. He found the number, and, stepping at the doorway, ran his eye down the painted names upon it. Basil Watson, K.C., probably the most intelligent magistrate in London—John Eagen. That was his man.

Gun made his way up the steep stairs. On the first floor, turning to the right, he came to the clerk's room. Mr. Eagen was in. Gun gave his name, and a few minutes later he was shown into the presence of J. Eagen. A young man, clean-shaven with a pleasant smile and tortoiseshell-rimmed glasses, gripped Gun's hand with friendly pressure.

"Come right in, Mr. Cotton. I'm pleased to meet you. You'll be surprised to meet an American in this part of London, I expect."

Gun smiled.

"I'm learning what your law's got to teach us. But excuse me. I should have asked you to sit down."

So far Gun had not spoken. He had had no opportunity. But what he did know was that he liked this J. Eagen: liked his open face and his frank, pleasant manner.

"It's kind of you to see me," Gun said, "without a letter."

"Oh, I see everybody. I've not been here long enough to wear out a suit, so everyone's shown right in." He laughed in a jolly, chuckling way.

"I wanted to know whether you were comfortable at the Pity Me?"

The other almost jumped.

"Why, you don't say you're interested in that darned place?"

"I am," Gun replied in a quiet voice. "I'm very interested." And then he added, "Desperately."

He wanted Eagen's immediate interest. "See here, Mr. Cotton. That is a matter that we could talk over better if you'd honor me with your presence at lunch."

"Where shall we go?"

"I only go to the Cheshire Cheese when I'm homesick. You may be seated with someone else at the Cook."

In the end they decided on the Savoy grill-room. The tables were well apart and the cooking was good. After the small-handed Craddock had stirred them a couple of Martinis they passed down from the American bar to the grill-room.

As the meal progressed Eagen disclosed to Gun in what direction his interest lay at the inn called Pity Me. He told his story first and Gun knew that he was showing his trust in him, for Gun had not explained why he had come to Eagen for information.

"I wanted a quiet place, you see, and someone, a friend from home, I guess, recommended me to go there. You know the place all right, quiet as can be, and plenty of peace for reading up law. No comfort, but it was summer time and I got a rubber bath down from London. I went there quite a bit after my first visit. I got to like the owner of the place, Holden. Tubby Holden, I called him. You'd have had as much chance of passing him in the Temple as of passing an elephant in a one-way alley. Well, he and I were good friends. He had that idiot boy around the place, and that was just one of the subjects that we left alone. I don't know why he was there or who he was, and as Tubby never spoke of him I never cared to ask him. I never liked the boy. I suppose it is possible to like an idiot. In fact, I came



to dislike him. There was a parrot there in a big cage in the drawing-room. The boy was always crying out for the darned thing, and one day in London, to appease the blighter, I bought him one and took it down there."

They had finished lunch now and were smoking. In the courtyard visitors were coming and going. The brightly painted room with its bizarre lightshades was filled with the gay cosmopolitan crowd which the grill-room attracts.

"That boy," Eagen continued, "killed that parrot. He just crashed his head with something. Poor devil! He probably didn't know what he was doing, but he knew it wasn't the parrot he wanted. I'm sorry if I'm falling away from the story rather, but I may as well tell you everything. I wasn't down that way for some time after that. Then one week-end I did go down there. Tubby was pleased to see me. He looked on me as a regular business man, he said, and he'd had some sort of offer for the inn. He showed it me, and it was a good offer I can assure you. From what I knew of the place, it wasn't worth much. It seemed to me more than reasonable. Of course, I advised Tubby to accept it as it was and perhaps get a trifle more, but he seemed all over the place about it. Gradually it all came out. The reason he did not want to leave was because of the idiot. I don't know whether I told you, but he was always kept pretty well hidden away if any strangers were about. Now, what was troubling him was that if he left the inn he would have to find some other place where he could keep the idiot boy's presence secret. He was afraid apparently that by your English laws that boy might have been taken away and locked up. Tubby was still unwilling to talk too much about the boy, but you know, Mr. Cotton, reading between the lines, one usually comes to some conclusion. This is how it all figured out to me.

"Tubby made some promise to some woman, his wife, perhaps, a death-bed promise, probably, that he would look after that boy and keep him by his side in spite of everything. That was how I looked at it, Mr. Cotton.

"The offer came from some London lawyers. I wish I remembered their names now, but then it was a matter of very little importance to me. After Tubby's refusal another and better offer arrived, and he refused that. Then they asked him to name his own price."

Gun leaned back in his chair inhaling his cigar. The waiter had brought two large brandy glasses and an old fine champagne.

"When Tubby told me this you can imagine I advised him to state his price and take the risk of any authorities attempting to take the boy. He must have thought it over that night, for next morning I found him looking pretty sick and tired. 'I've refused it, Mr. Eagen,' he said. We didn't speak any more about it. There was something fine about Tubby with his jolly round face, shining and weather-beaten; just something in his nature that was big. He was doing something big, I guess, when he chucked that last chance."

Eagen remained silent for a minute. His cigar had gone out and the brandy in his glass was still untouched.

"I didn't go near the place for some weeks. When I did return it had changed hands. A man called Grood had taken it over, and I heard that poor old Tubby

had lost his way over the fens and missed his footing. He'd been sucked down to his death. An inquest was held on the body, which had been recovered. A verdict of death from misadventure was returned. He died leaving his money for the maintenance of the idiot boy. I saw a copy of the inquest report. There was very little said about the idiot. His evidence had been taken in writing. The jury were called mostly from Arndock, and the inn was put up for sale directly afterwards.

"You know, Mr. Cotton, there was something about the whole affair that disturbed me. You see, in his funny old way, there was something so likeable about Tubby that I had come to look upon him as a real friend. I saw nothing in the papers, except the local paper, where I read the inquest report. It was what you English people would call rather unsatisfactory."

"That's instinct, Eagen, but it's not evidence. Tell me, had you any reason to suspect anyone? Because from what I heard, or rather overheard, you made several inquiries on your return to the inn."

There was silence as Eagen swallowed his brandy and then lit his cigar with slow deliberation.

"You see, I wondered why they had given the idiot the parrot to walk round with."

**J**OHAN EAGEN'S suspicions filled Gun's mind with vague uneasiness. It was disturbing to be involved in an ever-increasing undercurrent of submerged diplomacy, but to be suddenly faced with the fact that the partisans are not above criminal methods becomes positively alarming.

When Gun left Eagen it was with his telephone number in his notebook and an arrangement to meet again.

"I guess I don't want to be inquisitive."

"You don't have to be," Gun had replied, interrupting him. "But if you'll help me, as you have already, I'll be extraordinarily grateful."

The other gripped his hand. "I want to clear things up for poor old Tubby."

From the scarlet telephone box outside the Law Courts Gun rang up his club. He was to be at Covent Garden at 5.30. X usually named the customary place and always 5.30, an indefinite, misty hour, neither afternoon nor evening, neither day nor dusk.

At 5.30 punctually, Gun strolled into a flower-shop in the market. It was no different from any other flower-shop, except perhaps that the flowers were more beautiful and fresher.

"Look at that one," X said, from the far corner of the room, holding up an orchid, mauve with yellow feelers.

X was leaning over a long box of flowers. Gun could see that he was in a well-known lounging mood.

"You'll watch the shop, sir." A voice came from behind a bunch of carnations. Gun knew the old procedure. Mrs. Horton would leave them; they would talk. It all happened according to rule.

"What's the news, Cotton?"

X listened, as he always did, with patience. He disliked reading a report, but when listening to one he seemed to be able to divide the wheat from the chaff with unerring instinct.

"You say you heard a drumming, hol-

low sound, like a drum beaten under a blanket; and there's no electric light at the place, but there is at Caspar's? You have not spoken to Eagen of these things?"

Gun shook his head.

"You know the value of discretion, Harpocrates. I can trust you, Cotton. As the Italians say: 'Il tacer non fu mai scritto'—Silence was never written down. Now this drum. . . . You tell me that each time you have heard it, you have been only half awake. If it stops the moment you are perfectly awake, that suggests that someone is watching you."

Cotton explained about the glass door and his experience on the previous night.

"It looks to me as if there's something in your friend Eagen's theory. And it strikes me that there must be some very good reason for occupying the inn if they're ready to murder a man for it. And Caspar was coroner." X whistled softly. "Funny fellow, Caspar, you know, Cotton. Just became interested in him last election. I like to look 'em over—the new ones; and here was a fellow, living well, income declared £1500 a year, spending approximately about £25,000. That was interesting enough, and I liked the Independent Socialists and the fellow's popularity. I got Mason to look in on him, then Cazleton; everything satisfactory. Then the pilot fish came along and we knew him. Useful things pilot fish, but they warn you to look out for a shark. This time the pilot came second, and we already know Werner. He's a clever man, clever enough to hide the facts. He's been seen with Maurice of Stalheim. As pretty a scandal as you can find anywhere. Mervyn Vale has the greatest admiration for the fellow. I could never afford to have Werner watched for long, but we know he was familiar with every mischief-making device possible. A fine airman, too!"

"Why was he allowed into the country?"

"My dear Cotton, you know, or ought to know, that unless I put a request through Scotland Yard, it's N.B.G. If I do, the C.I.D. want to know the whys and wherefores; someone gets a question asked in the House; no information forthcoming; the policemen turn on me, and that's that."

Gun left him with only his own thoughts and no help from X. He walked along Henrietta Street, then down into the Strand, where he signalled a taxi and drove to his club. A message was there for him to go on to the Berkeley. It was barely half-past six by the Palace clock, so he strolled up St. James' Street.

On arriving at the Berkeley, Gun learned that Charles had taken a sitting-room where cocktails were being served. Ferrara told him all this in the hall; also he said: "I have sent up some fresh caviare to Mr. Cazleton as a little present." Ferrara was standing with the arch smile of a Regency beau.

"That's the act of a gentleman," Gun said, smiling.

"No, Mr. Cotton. An artist." Gun knew that he was an artist besides a maître d'hôtel. "Most artists paint from the palette, but I paint also on the palate, Mr. Cotton."

Upstairs in Charles' sitting-room, he found Toni seated, with her cousin, Corinne Drexel, on a sofa together; Toni,



with her dark beauty and blue eyes in vivid contrast to her cousin, who was fair, with hair naturally golden. Gun could see at his first glance that she was beautiful.

She smiled, showing her white, even teeth. "Why, Toni, this is a different kind of Englishman." She spoke with bell-like clarity. "I'm sure it doesn't hurt him to laugh."

"What's all that about?" It was Charles' voice from the bathroom. From the noise originating there, Gun was forced to believe that Charles had decided on demolishing the hotel.

"He's breaking ice up; says it's not small enough," Toni said in reply to Gun's surprised expression.

Then Charles appeared in the doorway complete with ice. He had taken the two girls to a matinee, and from what Toni whispered to him, Charles was a constant source of amusement to Corinne.

"Don't forget we're all dining with Caspar at the Embassy," said Charles. "You, too, Gun, and I hope you behave yourself."

"At what time?" Gun exclaimed. "I'm playing squash at 7.15."

"Plenty of time; we're not dining till nine."

IT was then seven o'clock, so Charles drove the two girls to Cadogan Square and Gun made his way back to the Club. He had fixed up to play with Valentine Williams. He would be waiting, ready to give him a few points and call him "Guns." A little trick of Valentine's, that, adding "s's" to people's names.

In the hall he was handed a small parcel and a note from X.

"Thought you might like to see these orchids climbing up some little lady's shoulder."

"The clever old buck! Now, how the devil did . . ."

"The gentleman's only just left."

Gun hurried out to the Club steps. When he came back into the hall there was a frown on the usually cheerful face. There had been no sign of X, but in a car swinging round from Pall Mall he had seen Werner, and with him was seated the landlord, Grood.

It was 9.30, so that Caspar's party had the Embassy bar to themselves. Caspar was busy talking and receiving his guests.

A Cabinet Minister came in as a late arrival and was seated near Caspar. His manner struck Gun as urbane and ridiculously gracious.

"Are these what your papers call the idle classes?" Corinne asked her host.

"Well, they're mostly rich," Caspar replied, "but I wouldn't say idle. The only difference between the rich and the working classes as far as I can see is that the rich seldom go to bed."

Gun could not risk talking to Toni about her father, but he told her that he had seen a very good friend of his, and she seemed to understand. She showed her gratitude in her dark blue eyes. They were shining . . . then her long black lashes swept her cheek before Gun's gaze.

They talked of many things that night, of dogs and meadows and flowers, and Gun realised that it was by her wish that they lived in the country. She loved coming up to London, but only occasionally, she said.

Gun danced with Toni. He realised that

he had been looking forward to it all the evening. Her near presence filled his senses with her charm. Her small head rested on his arm and he was conscious of the faint perfume of her hair, close to him. As they enored the dance, she laughed into his eyes, and he noticed for the first time that she was dressed in creamy-white.

"Charming," Gun said. "Ruedelapaixian," she answered. "But these are charming," she said, touching her orchids.

After that Gun danced with others at the table, but all the time his eyes were following Toni, and when it wasn't Toni, then it was Corinne.

Gun saw that the party was breaking up. He would have liked to stay longer with Toni, or to go on somewhere else, but Corinne had promised her father that she would be back early that night.

Then Caspar said to him, "Come along to my place for a whisky-and-soda, Cotton. I'd like to have a talk to you. Charles is taking the ladies home."

Gun accepted. A talk with Caspar was not to be missed, especially if Caspar was to do the talking.

In the cloak-room Gun whispered to Charles what he was doing.

"X seems to trust the fellow so little that you'd better be very careful, Gun. I've half a mind to come along with you."

"My dear fellow, what good would that do? I feel he wants to see me alone. Besides, I know how to look after myself."

Charles took Gun's coat and slung it over to him. As he did so, Gun saw him drop something into the pocket. He slipped his hand down and felt a small automatic.

"I say, Charles, I don't need this."

"Look here, Gun. You may be in London; you may be an Englishman, but that's no reason to be a fool."

"I say, who's that?" Caspar had appeared suddenly.

"He says I am, Caspar, because I am going back to Drynfen to-morrow."

"Perhaps Charles doesn't understand the subtle fascination of painting and sketching."

"That's it, I suppose," Charles said, but Gun saw him give an uneasy glance at Caspar.

The two girls were waiting outside, examining photographs in the glass cases. Caspar's car was there to take them home, and he was to take a taxi. That was typically one of Caspar's little kindnesses which made him popular with people. His house was in South Audley Street, and Gun was pleased that it wasn't too far out.

At the door he insisted on paying off the taxi, and Caspar opened the door with his Yale key. Gun stepped into the dark hall, Caspar behind him. The door snapped with a click, and Gun heard Caspar's heavy breathing. Instinctively he knew that he was in danger; and curiously enough the danger was not physical but mental.

Gun heard a sudden snap and a light was turned on. Caspar stood smiling at him, and he felt ashamed of his suspicions. They carried their coats, at Caspar's suggestion, up to his room. Caspar led the way along a passage leading to the back of the house. At the far end he opened a door to the right and, switching on the light, he invited Gun into his office, as he called it.

"I really do all my work here, and if you've any idea of the amount of letters and inquiries a member of the House gets every morning you'll understand what a busy office this can be. This is my bedroom," Caspar said, opening a door leading off. "If you don't mind I'll just slip into a smoking jacket."

Lying on his dressing-table were two thin books, one on top of the other. Green and dark blue, to Gun they were quite unmistakable—a passport and a Cook's ticket case. The passport lay face down on the top, and the ticket case just showed below. Gun knew them too well to hope to find out the destination, for this would only be shown on the ticket inside.

As he watched Caspar helping him to a whisky-and-soda it seemed inconceivable that the man could be anything but what he represented himself to be. As a matter of fact, even that was extremely vague. He was just a good fellow; one who in France would be described as *bon garçon*.

Seated in a big armchair Caspar carefully fitted a cigarette in his long amber holder. His round face was full of good-nature, and yet for the first time Gun seemed to see something almost cat-like in that smiling composure. There were moments when the man seemed to be purring.

"Very pleasant party," Gun said by way of breaking the silence, which had begun to be oppressive. "I'm sure everyone enjoyed it; I think Miss Maisson did."

Caspar looked up. "She must be a little lonely at present."

"Why, she has her cousin," Gun replied.

"Of course, I had forgotten Miss Drexel; so charming!"

Gun took a cigarette from his case and lighted it with care. Outside a passing taxi wound its way towards Grosvenor Square—a pleasant sound; and Gun had a strong wish to be gone and leave this peculiar man to his own thoughts. He was suddenly conscious of a wish to be in the open. He was suffering from an acute attack of claustrophobia. He was shut in, divorced from the streets and the traffic and the hurrying people.

Caspar was smiling now. "Glad you came round, Cotton." There was a cheerful ring in his voice, and he had risen to his feet. Like a man who has performed an unpleasant duty and delivered it from his chest, he stretched his arms and laughed quietly. "I'll be back at Drynfen in a few days. I like you, Gun, and I hope you like me. You're always welcome at my place any time you care to look in. The protection of my house is always open to you."

On their way downstairs he laid a friendly hand on Gun's shoulder. "Till we meet again, then," he said, as they stood under the stars above Mayfair.

As Gun stepped on to the pavement he saw Caspar look up, and he wondered whether he was not contemplating a sudden Channel crossing for the morrow.

NEXT day Gun Cotton returned to Drynfen. In the dull afternoon the inn showed up dark and dreary under the heavy grey clouds. The inn door was closed, and Gun stood under the creaking signboard, wondering whether to carry out his *fen* reconnaissance and return later; but at that moment the door opened before him. The idiot was stand-



ing there, beckoning him in with open hand closing into a white-knuckled fist. At the sight of the parrot on the poor simpleton's shoulder all Gun's suspicions returned. Everything that John Eagen had discussed with him came back, and as he looked into the wild, staring eyes, he wondered what secret the crazy mind was hiding.

Pushing past him, Gun walked into the living-room. He found this empty, likewise the upstairs room, for he called Werner without receiving a reply. Was it possible that he had been lucky enough to return when Grood was out as well? He hurried down to the hall. The idiot was still standing there, the parrot nibbling his ear. Gun, turning to the right at the foot of the stairs, passed into the room leading to the kitchen. The idiot followed at his heels.

"NOT allowed, not allowed," he muttered, but Gun, taking no notice of him, opened the door at the far end of the room. Here he found himself, as he had expected, in a small kitchen. The oven had not been used, and Gun could see that their meals had been cooked on a small gas-oven in one corner of the room. There was nothing in the least suspicious in the kitchen, nor in the scullery that adjoined it. A door led into the yard. This was overlooked from the upstairs landing, and Gun glanced up to the window from which he had first looked down on this yard. The idiot was now gazing down at him, the great mouth open and the heavy brows growing over the staring eyes. Gun was thankful to be rid of his presence, but it was annoying to have the fellow spying on him from above.

One side of the yard was flanked by an entrance; the door was open, but the bare room was empty except for some old packing-cases. There still remained two doors. These were on the fourth side of the yard; two weather-stained doors, similar in appearance to the others. Both were locked, and it seemed to Gun, bolted, for there was no yielding in either as he tried them. He had certainly drawn a blank here. Behind the yard, between the outhouses, lay a rough tract of open space. At some time or other this must have been divided into fields, for here and there sections of hedge were plainly visible. Beyond this showed the grey-green outline of the distant railway embankment.

As he stood by the second door, he was suddenly aware of a strong smell of spirit. Petrol certainly, though why they should store petrol here was beyond him, unless Caspar had insufficient space up at Epmead. It might be as well to walk over that way after lunch, and have a look around.

Gun's investigations led him back to the door through which he had passed out. Nowhere in the house, or as far as he could see outside, was there any door that might lead to a cellar. An inn without a cellar was peculiar, to say the least. In the kitchen, as he looked round, he saw that one cupboard contained the whiskey and Bordeaux port from which he and Werner drew their supplies. A barrel of beer stood under the bar in the tap-room.

He passed through the old tap-room into the hall. Upstairs he could hear the idiot shuffling about. He had grown accustomed to the musty smell that filled the inn, but that morning it seemed to be stronger than usual.

At that moment some instinct called him to the doorway of the inn. It was half

open, and he passed out on to the road. The road leading to Epmead was deserted, but looking towards the station he could see Grood's tall figure making his way home. With Grood making his way back there would be no further opportunity of exploring the inn. Gun regretted his failure to find any clue that might lead to Maison, and he retreated into the sitting-room.

Gun stood well back in the corner of the room. It was unlikely that Grood would look in, but there was the possibility of his doing so. The further door was being pushed back, and Gun heard the man scraping the mud from his boots. In the sitting-room Gun stood waiting. Grood's footsteps passed the door; then suddenly he must have changed his mind, for the door was half opened, then closed again. The heavy footsteps passed down the corridor.

Gun went out: crossing the road, he moved carefully along the bog track. By keeping to his left he reckoned that he would come out by the Epmead side gate. As he pushed his way forward, sending his way across the fen, his eyes contemplated the distance between the inn and the house. Was it possible that a secret passage ran between? If this were so, then it must have been constructed on the west side of the road.

Gun had reached the spot from which he had turned back with Werner on the day following his arrival at the inn. A track led up to the right; it was in this direction they had been moving when Werner had suddenly turned him round for home. It must have been here that Toni Maison had been walking. Werner had seen her, and tried to avoid their meeting.

Here the path turned, and a few yards farther on a bridge led over the ditch. There was a narrow wicket-gate through which Gun passed, then the path led over the bridge. This was a small rickety affair without a hand-rail. Beneath him the dark waters of the ditch showed black and slimy like treacle. On the far side he found himself in park land. The grass beneath his feet was green and verdant, otherwise all suggestion of the fens seemed to have been left behind. He had no real plan, but with his failure to improve the situation at the inn he felt driven to seek what he could at the house. Here at all events was the home of the most important figure in the Maison business. It was from here that the dark developments at the inn had been directed.

The afternoon was drawing to a close as Gun passed under the trees and moved slowly towards Caspar's house. From the view he now obtained of it he could distinguish the dining-room and drawing-room. The front door was on his left. By following the house round he would come to the out-houses, stables and garages. He could always say that he had lost his way in trying to find the front door. Fortunately the place seemed to be completely deserted, nor were there any gardeners about the grounds. As he came round the last corner of the house he kept behind a screen of bushes. He was thankful for his precaution, for at that moment a door opened, and Werner stepped on to the path, unaccompanied; he glanced round deliberately, then followed the path leading round to the stables. Gun was able to follow his movements until suddenly, to his surprise, Werner turned to the right—an unexpected direction this. Gun wondered what interest he could have in that direction. Trees hid him from view now, but beyond those a flat plateau of grass seemed to

stretch. To leave his position would expose Gun to too much risk of discovery. It was well for him that he remained in hiding, for now Werner returned, rubbing his hands together. As he approached the house, to Gun's surprise, Caspar emerged from the same door.

"All set," Caspar called.

"O.K.," Werner replied, "any time and every time."

"They've got Zudor."

In the twilight Gun saw a look of startled wonderment on Werner's face.

"Got him?" he cried. "You mean dead?"

Gun noticed that he had broken into German.

"Where?"

"In Paris," Caspar replied.

"How do we stand?"

"Safe," Caspar replied, and he used the word sweetly. "But you understand, I have only the French papers to go by, and it may be a trap; in any case, it interests you more than it does me. What do I care about Zudor? You're a fool, Werner, to be mixed up with him. Can we trust Grood while I am away?"

"You're going, then?"

"Certainly, I must know."

"Listen, Caspar, if Maison really threatens you there is always Weltraum."

"Careful, Werner, there is such a thing as playing a game too far; here in England we respect law and . . . life."

"I understand, Caspar, you rub your hands in gunpowder to make your kid gloves slip on easier."

Weltraum—what did Werner mean? There was a strange, sinister interpretation to the word that left Gun uneasy and wondering.

"To-morrow you must leave for Paris and possibly Vienna, but you must report at the Rue des Eaux. And Maison."

"Caspar laughed a strange laugh, one that Gun had not heard before. There was something altogether too cruel about it to please Gun's ears. 'Maison's our safeguard,' he continued.

"We have but two days, Caspar. What will be required of me in Paris?"

"First you will learn whether Zudor took his knowledge with him to the morgue. Or whether . . ." They moved away towards the door, and their voices passed out of Gun's hearing, but he had heard enough to fill his brain with disquieting thoughts. Under cover of the darkness he made his way back to the bridge and along the winding path to the inn.

WERNER abroad fitted in well with Gun's plans. After dinner he was free to walk into Dryden. He never left the inn without a feeling of relief. It may have been the gaunt landlord or the sinister idiot that filled the inn with a sense of evil, but somewhere a sense of foreboding hung around its old walls and an atmosphere of unrest.

The lights were bright in Panmeadow Cottage when he reached the garden gate. Toni was there to greet him. Old Lady was unpacking with Corinne upstairs.

"We've just arrived," Toni said, holding her small hand out.

"I didn't expect you here, but I came to use your telephone," Gun explained.

She indicated the telephone with a slight movement of her head.



"Can I stay?"

"Of course," he said.

She smiled at him and there was a warm color in her cheeks as she stood beside him while he spoke to X. After that he told her how he would be leaving for Paris next day, and she was desperately serious when he gave her his latest news, nor could she suggest what they meant that her father was to do.

The next day found Gun in Paris. X had decided immediately that Gun, who was known to the Quai d'Orsay, might be able to carry through inquiries better than any other agent. On the air crossing Gun realised that a more vital matter than Maison's disappearance had entered the game. X had not shown the surprise that Gun had expected when he had reported to him. It was a constant source of suppressed annoyance to Gun that as a secret agent he was seldom allowed to have knowledge beyond what he himself was able to conjecture.

Gun was in Paris to consult Deuxieme Bureau, a difficult task. He knew Larriere intimately. They had come together more than once. It had usually been Italian frontier trouble and there had never been any question of anything except co-operation. Even then it had been curiously delicate work, each watching the other and obviously anxious to avoid any differences. In this case Gun had no idea whether his inquiries would lead him. Then, again, he knew that he had only been told exactly as much as they wished to impart, and in some way he might be playing into their hands, for already his mission had become international.

X relied on Gun in Paris. He spoke French no better than the average Frenchman, a decided advantage over the Embassies, where the young men speak more perfectly than the French themselves. Then again, Gun could smile easily and dream; and then he might laugh suddenly and there was insolence in his eyes.

Gun knew that in staying at the Ritz, Caspar, who might be in Paris, would certainly meet him, but the hotel was the centre of Anglo-American society, and in Paris people talk, which is very useful to a man who is listening. He had telephoned to Larriere, who would lunch with him in the grill-room.

Larriere was an old hand at the secret game, with a mind that would grasp a situation through long experience, but, cradled in a night nursery of suspicions, he would sometimes, womanlike, fail his instincts, which were his greatest asset.

That morning in his apartment he had received Gun's message before he had chosen his tie. In his dressing-gown he had telephoned to Dosset and that gentleman's voice vibrated nasally down the telephone in his usual tone of plain-tiveness.

"There are four things that Cotton may want. You may enlighten him about Lunapar's Circus man. The Surete have taken this matter over. It may be Chavetto. They were interested in the man's proposed visit to England."

Larriere's soft voice carried a note of interrogation.

"No use, mon ami. Vous pourriez dire a cet homme que la femme bete a parle avec lui et qu'elle est revenue aujourd'hui avec un bouquet de roses, et voila tout."

"With no information?" Larriere inquired.

"Nothing. Oh, yes, I forgot—also a manicure set."

"Cotton will laugh. He calls that our pillow persuasion policy."

"Keep him laughing, Larriere," the other voice called. "It's time well wasted."

"Suppose he should ask me what facts we know of one Zudor?"

There was a short silence, then the voice from the other end came through again.

"Surely they can have no knowledge if that already? Did you hear me?"

"I think they may . . ."

"May what?" the voice said.

"May have learned something."

"Then it's for you to find out and learn without informing. In London they seem to think that we are an information bureau placed here by divine providence to supply them with information."

HE shaved slowly, then dressed himself neatly in black with button boots, and on his handkerchief was the faint perfume of lilac. It was thus that Gun found him at his elbow, and they immediately passed into the grill-room. Their greeting had been casual, for Larriere had learned the art in England and Gun was one who invariably took up an acquaintanceship exactly where he had left it off.

Luncheon was ordered and served to them at a table by the window. At first they spoke in English, for Larriere was too much of a Frenchman not to enjoy that; but later they spoke in French, a wise precaution at the Ritz if your conversation is to remain secret.

"Do you know anything about one Zudor?" Gun asked.

Larriere hesitated a moment as though he was trying to recall something to his mind. These English had a terrible way of firing questions at you like shells from eighteen-inch guns. It was a relief to know that Zudor, in spite of his knowledge of him was not really the information that Cotton was asking for.

"You have heard of the man, Cotton?"

"Certainly. How would I have known otherwise of his existence?"

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you how you came to hear of him?"

Gun had sized up the situation, and already he knew that Larriere for some reason was not anxious to enlighten him willingly. His first answer had been childishly guarded, and Gun knew that by pressing him he might only be building up a barrier of words, like a wall built brick by brick to hide their real intentions. As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he answered Larriere's question.

"Daily Mail"—a newspaper friend told me about it. Gun had broken into English. The matter was of no importance and it was excellent practice for Larriere. The more he talked the better. "I understood he was murdered in the Bois."

Larriere raised his eyebrows and stroked his black moustache.

"What interested me was that I heard that he had called in at the 'D.M.' office in the Rue Scribe and told them that he had offered some secret invention to the French Government." Gun laughed easily, lifting his glass up to the light.

"The story is a good one," Larriere replied, "but the true one is less romantic. This fellow Zudor, it is true, did come to the Quai d'Orsay and he talked

a great deal about very little and left. Finally he was not shot in the Bois de Boulogne. He was picked up drunk."

"Half shot?" Gun said seriously.

"Not even that," Larriere replied, misunderstanding. "Merely drunk."

Later they discussed the Italian affair in which the B.F.O. were interested, for Gun was anxious now to disassociate himself in Larriere's mind with anything relating to Zudor other than curiosity.

When they rose from the table it was in the friendliest manner, for Gun was anxious to suggest that apart from business it was a constant pleasure to meet his friend and substantiate the happy understanding that existed between the two gipsy services.

"I hope we shall meet again before your departure, Cotton. Will you be in Paris long?"

"A few days, probably," Gun replied. "We may meet again."

"I am always at your service. You have but to command me," Larriere replied, seriously; but Gun was watching the other's long fingers buttoning up his glove. Larriere, Gun knew, had not always been so strictly allied with the law. There must even now be fingerprints of those deft hands in the archives of the Surete. An old poacher makes a good game-keeper.

Larriere, as he passed out into Rue Cambon, was thinking in his turn of Gun—so quiet and so often dreaming, but dreaming always with his eyes open; and by the time that he had reached Voisin he had decided that the Englishman must be in love.

GUN loved Paris. He had always loved that courtesan of cities from his first visit as a child when the old coche with the merry whistle and the shining hat had driven him joyously down the long Rue de Lafayette.

Gun dismissed his taxi at the end of the Rue de l'Elysee, that most English-looking street. At the door of the Sporting Club he hesitated, then, taking a cigarette from his case, continued on his way past the restaurants of the Champs Elysees and up towards the Rond Point. At the Sporting Club he had hesitated whether to indulge in the luxury of a swim, but had decided that he must not risk missing Werner's arrival in the Rue des Eaux.

Gun was humming softly to himself as he mounted the steps of the club. The promise of action that Werner's presence in Paris indicated was bringing him into a better frame of mind. To be actually doing something to get to the bottom of his business was lifting his mind out of the unsatisfactory mist of wild conjectures. To-night, at least, he would be in a position to know, with any luck, on what peculiar line Maison had steered his course. Werner was to be in the Rue des Eaux. He was arriving in Paris at 6.30. Caspar also was in Paris. This news awaited Gun in the club. Werner was being followed, and his whereabouts would be reported to Gun at the Ritz as soon as it was possible to cease vigilance.

He stood in the hall reading X's message.

"There may be another letter for you, sir," the porter said, running his fingers through a pile of letters. "You always bring beautiful weather with you to Paris."

"I think so too," Gun replied, for his



# GUN COTTON

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thoughts were still on X and his vague-  
ness.

In the smoke-room several friends  
greeted him, but he was in no mood to  
talk. As he seated himself comfortably,  
a boy entered the room and approached  
him with a message that Monsieur Cas-  
par would like to speak to him on the  
telephone. Gun whistled softly to him-  
self as he made his way to the telephone  
box.

"Thought I might catch you. Heard  
you were in Paris. Are you doing any-  
thing particular?"

"A vulgar whisky, that's all," Gun re-  
plied.

"Come and have the other half with me  
here."

"Where?"

"Ritz. Suite 18."

"Very well," Gun said.

"Good," came the reply. "I've sent my  
car round to the club for you. It should  
be at the door."

As Gun collected his hat and stepped  
into the black shining Rolls he mar-  
velled at Caspar's cool manner of doing  
things. He realised that to avoid the  
man would not help him; but Caspar  
might want to detain him. Supposing  
that the man suspected that he knew of  
Werner's arrival in Paris; then his chief  
object would be for them not to meet;  
but he could hardly know that the con-  
versation of the previous night be-  
tween himself and Werner had been over-  
heard. Caspar must have crossed the  
same evening by the Newhaven-Dieppe  
service. The fellow was certainly well  
served in information to have already  
discovered his presence in Paris.

As the car swung round out of the  
Rue de Rivoli into the Rue de Castiglione  
Gun wondered what this secret could be  
that would lead a man of Caspar's posi-  
tion into suspicion and account for the  
complete disappearance of a man of  
Maison's caution.

In the hotel he was quickly conducted  
to Caspar's suite, and as the door was  
opened Caspar came forward to meet  
him.

"Come in, Cotton. Make yourself com-  
fortable. Whisky and soda are on the  
table."

"Thanks," Gun said, walking over to  
a chair and seating himself.

"I've something rather confidential I  
want to say to you, Cotton."

"That ought to be interesting," Gun  
replied.

THE other looked up  
quickly, but Gun was leisurely feeling for  
his cigarette-case, so Caspar proceeded:  
"As a friend, I want your advice, Cot-  
ton. I find myself in an awkward posi-  
tion."

"Deuced unpleasant. I know how em-  
barrassing these positions can be."

"You're not helping me, Cotton."

"Well, you've not told me your trouble,"  
Gun replied dryly.

Caspar seated himself. Slowly he leaned  
forward in his chair.

"You think I've something to do with  
Maison's disappearance, Cotton."

"What makes you think he's disap-  
peared?"

"Werner told me."

"How did he know?"

"Through Toni, I imagine."

"Didn't he tell you how he heard?"

"He gave me that impression."

"How can I help you?" Gun inquired.

"Let's put our cards on the table."

"Things I never carry," Gun said.

For one moment he hoped that he had  
enticed Caspar into an indiscretion, but  
the latter pulled himself up and con-  
tinued mildly:

"Are you on your own?"

"I'm backing myself," Gun said. "I am  
Maison's friend, and I mean to find out  
where he is. Once I'm satisfied that  
wherever he is, he is there of his own  
free will, I clear out."

"Maison's my friend, you know, Cot-  
ton."

"Good. Then you'll help me find him."

"That's not so easy."

"You mean you don't know—"

"I mean I was never fully in Maison's  
confidence. In the position I find myself  
in," Caspar continued, "I can come to  
terms with you—terms that will satisfy  
both of us, and it will be a contract be-  
tween gentlemen."

Gun treated the remark as he might  
have done a cobweb.

"Caspar," he said, smiling, "I have so  
much respect for your intelligence that  
naturally I am only too pleased to hear  
any proposition that you might like to  
put forward."

Caspar's small blue eyes were fixed  
on Gun's.

"I promise you," he said, with slow  
deliberation, "that Maison will be re-  
turned to his friends within two days  
from now, on condition, Cotton, or I  
should say on your promise, that there  
will be no further inquiries after him."

"Am I then to come to an arrangement  
without knowing what Maison's wishes  
might be?" Cotton asked quietly.

"Of course he will be released safe and  
in the best of health."

"You mean he will be in no danger?"

Gun pursued the subject:

"Must we use that stupid word?"

"I could think of no better one."

From outside the strident sound of taxi  
horns pierced the silence in the room,  
as Gun appeared to turn over Caspar's  
proposition in his mind. He looked at  
the clock. In the interest of their  
conversation he realised that time had  
been slipping by. It was now 6.30.

"Look here, Caspar. I want time to  
think this over."

"How long, Cotton?" Caspar inquired.

"You see I'm Maison's friend. You may  
find it difficult to believe, but it's force  
of circumstances that has placed me in  
this position. Make up your mind soon,  
Cotton," he said, rising from his seat.

"You used a stupid word a little while ago,  
but perhaps you were right. I think  
Maison might sleep better to-night if he  
knew that we had come to terms."

On the floor above was Gun's room.  
He made his way to it. Opening the  
door, he entered; seated in an armchair  
by the window he found Prescott.

"Hello, my friend. What's brought  
you here?"

"Aeroplane from Croydon, Mr. Cotton.  
Werner flew after all."

"The devil he did. You followed him  
up?"

"Yes, sir, to the Hotel Crillon."

"Are you staying there?"

"I didn't book there as I had no lug-  
gage."

"Get over there, Prescott. Take this  
along," Gun said, tearing a label off a  
suitcase. "There are shirts here and  
anything you want. You'd better be over  
there. I'm expecting him to make a  
move to-night."

"Where to, Mr. Cotton, if I might ask?"

"Rue des Eaux."

"He's already been there."

Gun smiled grimly. "Seems an im-  
portant address, that, Prescott."

"It's difficult following in Paris. Held  
up at the Place de l'Opera, then I thought  
I'd lost him in the Place de la Concorde,  
but I just caught sight of him getting  
out at the Crillon."

"He's there now?"

"Yes, sir. Room 84. He was having  
a bath when I left."

"Let me know where he dines, Pres-  
cott. Shall you be able to find out?"

"Certainly. The hall porter's an old  
Embassy man."

"Don't risk that, Prescott. It's not the  
war now. The French are a little jumpy  
in these days, and I don't blame them  
either."

AS Gun dressed for  
dinner that night his thoughts returned  
to Caspar and the new turn events had  
taken. He found it impossible to believe  
that Caspar could be Maison's friend.

Gun gave a final twist to his front stud;  
then, with deft fingers tied his black  
tie into a neat bow. If Caspar thought  
that his terms were going to fill his  
thoughts to the exclusion of Werner's  
activities in Paris, then he was mis-  
taken. There was a sound behind him.  
In the mirror he saw Prescott.

"Come in," Gun called. "That's  
enough, Francois," to the valet.

As the valet left the room Prescott  
looked inquiringly at Gun.

"You and I, Prescott, will dine at the  
Restaurant de la Fontaine Gaillon."

"Yes, Mr. Cotton."

"We will sit together and we will dine  
well, but you will hardly enjoy your  
dinner as much as I shall."

Prescott looked up inquiringly.

"For all the time you will keep those two  
eyes of yours on Henri's door. C'est  
enough."

The two Englishmen crossed the  
Avenue de l'Opera, and passing Henri's  
corner entered the Restaurant de  
la Fontaine Gaillon. The good smil-  
ing Monsieur Detres, only lately recovered  
from an illness, received them.

"And how is London, Monsieur Cot-  
ton? You still love Paris?"

"London is an umbrella and Paris is a  
sunshade," Gun replied solemnly.

They dined under the white and red  
awning over the terrace on the far side  
from the fountain. Here they com-  
manded a full view of Henri's corner.  
They dined simply and effectively, but as  
Gun had promised him, Prescott's mind  
was occupied with a swinging door on the  
far corner to the exclusion of all other  
things.

Gun was lighting his cigar when Pres-  
cott quietly gave the word that Werner  
had left the restaurant. In the bright  
light from the door they saw him standing.  
He seemed to glance swiftly from one  
side to the other, then signalled to the  
porter to call him a taxi. He was alone.  
Was it possible that Caspar was unaware  
of Werner's presence in Paris? Already  
Gun saw Caspar as someone uncertain  
of his best position playing desperately  
for a situation which would relieve him  
of the unwelcome influence of Werner.  
It was impossible for Gun to think further  
as X would say. No knowledge is better  
than wrong information.

A taxi drove up and Werner entered



it. The door banged and the taxi, swinging round in the Place, headed for the Avenue de l'Opera.

Gun left the table. Prescott remained seated. He could see Gun questioning the porter. The light shone on the silk facing of his light evening coat and his black felt hat was pulled well down over his eyes, but even from that distance Prescott could see that he was smiling. A second later he was back at the table "Ca marche," as the French say, "en voiture . . ."

On the way Gun turned over in his mind what the result of direct conflict with Werner might mean to them. It was not his intention to show Werner his hand but he had firmly decided upon discovering what business lay between Werner and Zudor.

They took the route running along the side of the river approaching the foot of the steep hill which ran up to the base of the Trocadero. Gun dismissed the taxi, and the two men continued on foot beside the river until they reached the Rue des Eaux running up to the right. Gun touched Prescott's shoulder, and Prescott stopped to listen intently to Gun's instructions.

Slowly the men approached the house and shop which harbored Werner and his mysterious friend. Gun was still speaking.

"Otherwise, Prescott, your brief will be a watching one," he continued.

"I'm glad that's all, Mr. Cotton." "Follow these steps up," Gun said. "From the top you will have the front of the house under perfect observation. If you like a stroll on a pleasant night like this, you may wander round the court that opens out by the Metro; and from there you may be able to see the back of the house. In any case, Prescott," he went on, with a little chuckle, "don't worry too much about me unless I'm there for more than two days; then go to a telephone box."

"Yes, Mr. Cotton?"

"And order a hearse."

"You think it may be dangerous then?" Prescott exclaimed.

"My dear Coffin, it is dangerous to throw empty bottles on the line. Everything is dangerous in these days."

The next second Gun's dark figure was making its way under the shadow of the overhanging balconies.

Outside No. 12 Gun found himself facing a small shop window. Books and papers were displayed, but from the dim light which shone within it was impossible to see more than this. The door was ajar, as though opened automatically by the concierge. The last person entering had failed to close the door. Either that, or it had been left purposely open to admit someone who was to follow.

Gun stepped inside. Before him, as his eyes became used to the gloom, he saw a spiral staircase leading up into the darkness.

In the middle of these calculations he suddenly heard a footstep on the stairs above him. He had hardly time to reach the black shadows under the stairs before a light was switched on and someone descended into the hall. The muttered curses and low grumbling told him that it was the concierge or her husband descending to close the door. He could dimly see that it was an old man.

He pressed his body well into the corner, and it was with a sense of deep relief that he heard the pressure on the

stairs just above his head as the old man returned to his room.

Gun was about to move; suddenly he became aware that someone was at the door. The street lamp opposite threw the silhouette of a man's figure on the glass panel. Then followed the sound of a bell and the sudden click of the door opening. There were other visitors to the house besides Werner that night.

Slowly the door was closed again, and the figure moved forward uncertainly. It seemed to Gun, for at the foot of the stairs the unknown came perilously near to touching him. His footsteps mounting were soft and cat-like. He seemed to be taking two steps in each stride. The next moment all sound and suggestion of him was swallowed up in the murky blackness above.

Gun calculated that it must be about 9.30. The clock "warned" once with the keyed-up sound before it strikes, but no further sound had come from it beyond its incessant ticking.

Gun left his retreat and started to negotiate the stairs.

He was half-way up between the next two landings when he heard the bell ring and a second later the click of the door as it closed. Someone had entered and was slowly climbing the stairs behind him. He could feel the vibration as the man's hand gripped the banister, and hear the soft tread of his feet on the stairs.

As he hesitated which way to move, Gun could hear his breathing. Above him somewhere there was the man with the cat-like stride and Werner; below, the unknown.

Gun was now on the second landing. From here he could hear voices from above. They were not raised, but came to him in slow murmuring. There were doors on each side, but in the short time at his disposal he was afraid to risk approaching them, and the sound of voices seemed to come from two doors on his right, overlooking the back of the house. He was now beside one of the doors, and could hear the voices clearly. The other, the first man, must be either in the room or on the landing somewhere beside him in the shadows. The voices in the room were louder now. Suddenly Gun was conscious of someone near him: a dark figure was standing next him. There was silence: the men in the room had stopped talking.

At that moment the door before him opened. "Why not come in, Cotton?" Werner said, with a sneer.

**G**UN was completely taken by surprise, which in itself was extremely annoying, but the only advantage to be derived from the situation was that it would help him to think quicker. Thrown suddenly into the light he saw only Werner, then a second later perceived that he stood in the doorway of a small room more studio than anything else, with a sloping roof and a big window facing the street. Seated at the table by Werner was a small, grubby-looking man fingering some papers which were strewn over the table. He seemed as surprised as Gun himself, for now he looked up smiling at Werner with a crafty look in his little eyes.

"So zat is Monsieur Cotton. Come in, Mr. Cotton, come in; zat is not so dusty," he said, rubbing his horny hands together, "not so dusty."

"Just been having a little spring clean-

ing, have you?" Gun said, as he smiled at Werner.

"Look here, Cotton," Werner said—and Gun could see that he was angry—"I don't want any of your smart stuff here."

"All right," Gun retorted. "Forget it."

Werner went to the door and shut it gently, then, still with a hand on the latch looked across at Gun. "Are you alone?"

"Who do you think I'm here with? Caspar?"

"Sit down," Werner pointed to a chair beside the window.

"Thanks. I'll be pleased to sit, Werner, but I must say your manners have not improved since your arrival in Paris."

"Sit down, I say," Werner hissed, and Gun noticed that he seemed to be afraid of making too much noise. "I've got you cornered, Cotton."

"What on earth do you mean, Werner?" Cotton lighted a cigarette, with cool deliberation.

"You know what I mean, here in my pocket."

"All right, don't let's think any more about it, Werner. One would think it was the first time you'd ever had a gun on you, and it doesn't suit you either."

"Dat man is ver fonny, he make laugh at you, Werner."

"Why did you trail me here, Cotton? What's your clumsy idea of interfering with me?"

"You're a very odd fellow, Werner," Gun said. "It's true I want to speak to you privately, and perhaps my arrival was inconvenient, but I hardly expected you to treat me as though I had stumbled on some guilty secret."

Gun saw Werner's eyes narrow; the man realised that he had been too hasty. His blustering manner had had no effect on the urbane Cotton, and he knew that here was someone who could not be bullied.

The little man at the table had collected his papers and wrapped them in a black silk case.

"Dem's better dere," he said. "Dat's been," he said, tapping the case, "where dere's still snow on de ground."

"That's enough, we all know about that," Werner grumbled. Then turning to Gun again, "I'm sorry," he said. "My manners may not have been quite what they might have been, but you took me by surprise."

"You seemed quite ready for me," Gun said pleasantly.

"Oh, I was in a way, ever since that little fellow came over with me by air. I guessed you were somewhere round. I left the door open for you. Thought you might be along."

"Thanks," Gun said, "that was thoughtful of you."

"Now look here, Cotton," Werner went on, seating himself, "you've been taking a great personal interest in my affairs, haven't you?"

"None at all," Gun replied. "I had an idea at the back of my head that you might help to find a friend of mine, Maisson, otherwise I don't think I ever want to set eyes on your ugly face again. What's more, unless you put me in the way of finding Maisson, you'll find yourself very uncomfortably placed." Gun's voice had become hard and there was a steely look in his eye.

"You can't bluff me like that, Cotton."

"I have no wish to bluff you at the present moment," Gun laughed softly.

"You know, of course, that this house is surrounded?"



"What, by that frog-faced, bat-eared, knock-kneed attorney's clerk of yours?"

Gun's laugh rang through the room. Werner's description of Prescott was too good to be forgotten. "Frog-faced." The laugh rose and fell. "Bat-eared." Louder the laugh rang. "Knock-kneed." With a shout that vibrated through the house, Gun threw his head back.

"I seem to have amused you!"

"You have indeed," Gun cried, as he recovered himself, "but the fact remains, my friend, the house is surrounded."

"By whom, I should like to know?"

"Ask him," Gun said, pointing a finger at the little man at the table.

Werner turned to him.

"Not dem, not dem," the little man cried. He was visibly disturbed.

"And Caspar, what would he say if he knew that you had got yourself mixed up into this particularly embarrassing situation?" Gun added.

"I don't believe a word of what you say, Cotton."

"Well, you have been warned, Werner. It's your funeral, not mine."

The little man had risen from the table and was clutching at Werner's coat.

"Vy do ve not go ven ve can?"

"Sit down," Werner shouted. "Look here, Cotton, what are you trying to put over me? If it's Maison's disappearance, that's no business of the French police, and there's nothing in this country that they could have me for."

"Are you sure, mein freund?" Gun whispered.

Werner stiffened himself. "I've half a mind to finish you off now as you sit there."

Gun could see his eyes dilating and he noticed, with extreme discomfort, that a mad look had crept into those eyes.

"You've been nothing but a hindrance to me, and all through your precious friend Maison, who was another interfering one like you." The revolver was out of his pocket now and he was pointing it directly at Gun.

Gun was at a loss to know what the next move would be. At that moment the door opened. Caspar stood in the doorway.

HE was behind Werner, and for one second Gun thought that Werner was going to fire. Slowly he turned his head. Caspar was smiling.

"A little target practice, Werner? Very unwise."

"What's he doing here?" said Werner, jerking his head in Gun's direction.

"I wonder you didn't ask him that yourself. In any case, Werner, why didn't you tell me you were coming over here?"

"That's my own business."

"What do you want me here for now, and who's this?" Caspar said, pointing with his stick at the small man.

"That happens to be a friend of mine, and I should like to remind you that you are not here on my invitation."

"You sent me this, Werner."

"I sent nothing of the sort. I did not even desire your presence here."

"Then who—?" Caspar's eyes fell on Gun, who was smiling, leaning against the wall with his chair tilted back.

At the same moment there was a knock at the door, and it opened to admit the

conierge whom Gun had previously seen.

"Quick! the police, the police surround the house."

"It's a trick."

Both men turned to Gun, a look of hate in Caspar's eyes.

"You swine! you tricked me into this."

Then turning quickly to the conierge, he asked: "How do you know it's the police?"

In the man's hand was a card.

Caspar snatched it from him. "It is, it's Larriere, by Heaven!"

"I was not to tell you. I have risked all for you," the wretched conierge cried, as he hurried out.

Werner turned on Gun in fury, but Gun raised his hand for silence. He was still seated astride the chair with his white shirt-front shining and his teeth gleaming as he smiled.

"Look here, boys, and I'm including you, old man," he said contradictorily, nodding to the little man, "you've about a second to decide the position. If you want me to help you out, I can. That nice little man there is full of interest to the police."

You, Werner, I think the last time you were here you were over Paris in a Gotha. I imagine your passports would be reviewed under fiction, and Caspar, M.P., it's a leading article for you. You probably realise, Caspar, that notebook on my person will save you from a great deal of scandal. I will not be searched. I can assure you of that. With that in my possession it is quite possible that you may each in turn slip through the hands of the law; otherwise—"

Gun rose quietly from his chair, and, walking to the table, picked up the notebook.

Each man stood motionless.

Caspar knew that if he were arrested or even found with the man in whose possession the notebook was found his career was indeed finished.

Werner himself was smiling grimly and glaring at the automatic, balancing it gently in the palm of his hand and weighing it.

"Careful with that, Werner, it might go off."

As Gun spoke he stood with his back in the doorway.

Suddenly Caspar's voice rang out. "He's bluffing us, otherwise he'd want to know Maison's whereabouts."

Gun saw the danger he was in.

Caspar half stepped forward. He saw Werner lift his automatic. With one quick motion he switched off the light and bent his body. A bullet went flying over his head. As he swung open the door another shot rang out, and there was a shower of plaster beside him, a burning pain in his arm and he was on the landing. Swiftly he descended the stairs. They were close on his heels. In the hallway he saw the door open. A taxi was drawn up. Prescott helped him in, and then he felt the motion as the car gathered pace along the boulevard.

"You did everything splendidly, Prescott, you're really a very reliable fellow," Cotton said.

"Thank you, Mr. Cotton."

"Not so much noise, Prescott," Gun said when they were back in his rooms at the Ritz. "we'll have the hotel detectives up here or your friend Werner; he loves you; a very amusing fellow."

"I heard you laughing, Mr. Cotton."

"Oh, yes, that was something he said about you."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I think he said you weren't respectable."

"Well, I don't think there's anything funny in that," Prescott answered, with a wry face.

"No, you're probably right," Gun said, wrinkling his brows. "Perhaps it was the way he said it."

Gun undressed slowly while Prescott held the notecase. "I don't believe it's really of much value to us," he said, nodding at Prescott's hand which held the case. "I have an idea Maison had already seen it." When it came to taking off his shirt Gun felt the scar where the bullet had grazed his arm. "Lots of handkerchiefs, please," Gun called. "It's clean enough, but it stings."

"I heard a gun, Mr. Cotton," Prescott said, with wide staring eyes. "He was shooting you?"

"No, Prescott, old boy," Gun whispered, as he sank back into bed. "He was shooting stars."

THE next morning Gun was disturbed by the telephone ringing beside his bed. Leisurely he continued eating a slice of iced orange. Slowly he poured some milk into his coffee, then turned to the insistent telephone. It was Larriere, who wished to know whether Gun would see him.

"By all means," Gun said; "always pleased to see you, but not before lunch."

"You were out late last night—yes?" the voice came.

"Not really. Come along now if you like." It was best to leave Larriere with no suspicions.

"I would sooner this morning; I am busy later, and the matter is important."

Gun replaced the receiver and stretched his arms above his head. A stinging pain in his arm reminded him that it might be as well not to let Larriere know too much.

A few minutes later, in his dressing-gown, Gun opened the door to admit Prescott.

"Well?"

"Yes," Prescott said. He was looking as pale and unperturbed as usual.

"Yes, what?"

"Very well, Mr. Cotton."

"That being so, will you go along to 83 and see if Caspar's there, and if possible find out what happened last night. I'm expecting Larriere here shortly, so come in by the bathroom door and wait in there. I don't want him to see you."

After Prescott had left the room, he rang for the valet. "Francis," he said, "I am expecting a visitor. In the meantime I will take my bath and I wish you to explain to him that I shall be as short a time as possible."

Taking a gold and platinum case from his dressing-gown pocket, he extracted a cigarette and lit it carefully. It was difficult having Larriere so soon on his track.

The telephone bell rang. It was Arthur Paget from the Embassy.

"Hello! Glad to have caught you. Heard you were in Paris."

"There's not much you people don't get to know," Gun replied, brushing his hair with his disengaged hand.

A laugh came from the other end, and the voice again, slowly and lazily:

"Authorities interested in Hueffer Caspar, M.P. I suppose he's all right, isn't he? Do you know anything about him?"



He's Labor without being Red, isn't he?"

"My dear Arthur, I'm hardly awake yet, and there's not much I could say with any degree of certainty about him, but you've met him."

"Yes, I think so—it's really a confounded nuisance."

"What is?"

"London being so near Paris; there's a lot of mischief done on a week-end trip."

"Will he be here long?" Paget inquired.

"Don't know."

"Can't you ask him to dine in London with you to-morrow?"

"Will you pay for the dinner?" asked Gun.

A long silence, then:

"Certainly; I think it's worth it. I rely on you to do something about it."

ARTHUR PAGET relied on him to do something about it. Well, he'd do his best. Were these inquiries the outcome of last night, or was it a case of the usual suspicions attached to a Labor man in Paris?

The sound of the bath water running reminded him that Prescott was probably seated there, patient but despondent in a cloud of steam. Gun passed in, locking the door behind him.

"What news, Prescott?"

The man was seated in a corner of the bathroom suffering visibly from the heat.

"I'll turn on the cold," Gun said, suiting the action to his words. "Running water will drown our voices. What did Caspar say?"

"He sent a message to you saying that he was sorry for what occurred last night. He was also sorry that you had thought fit to involve him unwittingly into taking sides against you. Beyond that, he said only that I was to tell you he was well and hoped to remain so."

"Very civil," Gun remarked, from the bath. "You sent the papers off?"

"Yes, sir, in one of the Embassy bags: I have the copy here."

"Slip it in my dressing-gown pocket, please. Step out now, Prescott, I believe Larriere is in the other room. Wait, you mustn't meet him in the passage."

Gun turned off the water.

"Larriere," he cried, "Larriere."

The two men heard a guttural voice singing back cheerily through the door:

"Don't hurry, my good friend Cotton."

Gun turned the water on again.

"Now slip out," he said, "and be here at five."

Shaved and bathed, Gun felt better equipped to face Larriere and his cunning.

"Oh, Cotton, you deceiver," Larriere cried, as Gun appeared.

"Faites fallentes, you must deceive deceivers," Gun said laughingly, but he did not like the opening that Larriere was taking.

"Why didn't you take me into your confidence?" Larriere asked in a hurt tone.

"Never mind, Larriere, I can't always tell in which directions your interests lie."

"Surely, Cotton, they lie so often together that we should help each other more. What do they say in German—since Hand wascht die Andere—one hand washes the other. Do you know?" Larriere pointed his stick at Gun—"you were just before me."

"Where?" Gun said, slipping a tie inside his collar.

"In the street of the waters."

"Why didn't you tell me that you were going there?" Gun asked, smiling in his turn at Larriere's discomfited face.

"I tell you, Cotton, I did not know myself, but now that I know how interested you are in Zudor, I am willing to help you in every way possible."

Gun knew that Larriere was probably making him this offer because he wanted some information that had escaped him.

Larriere seated himself, and Gun, in his waistcoat, was slipping his watch and chain into the pockets.

"How many were there with you last night?"

"We were four. That, of course, included Zudor. Tell me, Larriere, they all three slipped through your hands?"

"Yes, I was there too late, Cotton."

"Why, that—"

"I went there on a telephone message. I recognised whose hand was in it as soon as I had been there five minutes. Why did you use my card, Cotton?"

"That's a long story that can wait," Gun replied, offering Larriere a cigarette.

"I just missed the shooting. Was that Zudor?"

"No, a friend of his—Werner. By the way, Larriere," Gun asked casually, "would Zudor's plans be of any use to you?" He waited impatiently for the reply.

The Frenchman shook his head slowly. "No, Cotton. We've seen the plans. I'm sure your Government have. They've been hawked round from one capital to another. No one can make head or tail of them, and the really important thing is where the thing is itself. If we only knew that!"

Larriere sighed. "Zudor's not the man who's behind this. He's merely a species of Continental traveller, going the round of Governments. I will be frank with you, Cotton. The man you saw, or one of the men with Zudor last night, is the inventor, and is actually at work on the emplacement."

The inventor—the plans—the patent—the emplacement . . . Gun was still completely fogged as to what the invention was.

"We have only one clue. This, Cotton, is very confidential," Larriere said, in an undertone. "You and I are used to things which do not always come to the surface—matters about which Geneva," he said, with a wink, "never hears. I am very open with you because without your help I can do nothing, and without the knowledge I wish for, you gentlemen can do nothing. Now listen, Cotton. Have you ever heard of an hotel or a house called Pitiez Mol?"

Gun felt Larriere watching him closely, but the Frenchman leaned back disappointed, for the other was merely interested. Larriere swore beneath his breath. He would surely have detected something in Gun's face if he had heard the name before. Now, was there any object in telling him the reason for wishing to know where Pitiez Mol was situated? Would he not be giving away secrets which might be valuable to the English?

"Can you help me?" Larriere asked.

"When do you want to know?"

"By the day after to-morrow without fail . . . Diab!e!" the Frenchman swore

under his breath. He had slipped. Larriere saw that Gun was smiling. Was it pleasure at discerning something he wished to know, or just that half-bored, half-amused smile that Englishmen so often affected? Larriere bent forward and placed his hand on Gun's shoulder. "Remember, Cotton, we are friends; at one time during the war our interests may have been more common, but—"

Gun rose from his seat. It was always tiresome when Larriere started on that strain. He wondered whether there was anything more to be fished out of the man.

"Of course, I can see that you don't wish to tell me more."

"For instance, we might be more interested on your behalf if we knew why you wanted to find this place?"

How could Larriere answer Cotton's answer? It was impossible for him to take the responsibility of revealing what was really a State secret. He shook his head.

"You know, Cotton, how sometimes the thing gets a bit too big for us." Then quickly he said: "How long will you be here?"

"Till to-night," Gun answered, "or possibly till to-morrow morning."

"Perhaps I wasn't quite open enough with you yesterday."

"Of course you were, Larriere. You told me all about the circus manager and then the fat lady on the wagon lifts, and the roses."

"Ah, Cotton, you enjoy your laugh at us. Wasn't it Horace who very wisely said that a man learns more quickly and remembers more easily that which he laughs at than that which he approves and reveres? I think he was right. Till we meet again, then," the Frenchman said, "and may it be soon," he added, shaking Gun's hand.

As the door closed Gun sank back in his chair. "Phew!" He ran his hands over his forehead.

"They're the devil, these Latins!" Looking at the time, "Two o'clock!" he muttered. "No cocktail, no lunch, no brandy, no cigar, and, by heavens! no time!"

He hastily finished his dressing. Taking his hat, and swinging his overcoat over his arm, he gave a last look around the room. His bag lay open on the stand at the foot of his bed; the dressing-table with brushes and bottles was all correct, and the wretched plans were in his pocket. He closed the door.

Outside in the Rue de la Paix he picked up a taxi. "Le Bourget!" he shouted, as he jumped in.

GUN landed in Croydon a few hours later. The crossing had been a good one, and the time had passed quickly. X had sent a car to meet him at the airport, which was thoughtful of him, and Gun was pleased that he had telegraphed the approximate time of his arrival. He knew that a car would probably be sent for him, and in all probability a message. The car was enclosed, as was the note. He was to meet X for dinner.

Gun made straight for his rooms in St. James' Street. They consisted of bedroom, sitting-room, and bathroom, comfortable and well furnished.

X was to call for him at eight o'clock, and as Gun settled himself in a comfortable chair and rang the bell, it occurred to him that to dine there would



be pleasanter and more private than outside.

He knew that X would like the place; the old man had a horror of restaurants.

The bell was answered by Richards, who looked after Gun.

"I had no idea you were back, sir."

"Light the fire, Richards, and ask Mrs. Richards to produce the best dinner she can, for two, at 8.30."

"Very good, sir. She'll be pleased to do her best for you, sir."

The front door had been left open, and X came straight up into the room.

"No ceremony, Cotton," he said, standing in the doorway.

"We dine here, if that pleases you?"

"Good idea. I hate restaurants. Hello, Richards."

"Good evening, sir."

"COCKTAIL?" Gun said, moving his head to indicate the man, who stood behind X with a tray in his hand.

As Richards left the room, X threw off his overcoat; it was often his way to stand about in it, so that Gun had not called his attention to it.

They dined well. Mrs. Richards had come up to scratch, especially with a stuffed chicken, and as X put down his knife and fork, he quoted:

"It was a dream of perfect bliss, too beautiful to last. And your wine is delicious," he added.

Over the port they discussed the matter that was of greatest interest to them. Briefly, Gun told X of the events that had taken place, not forgetting Larriere's attitude when he had been questioned with reference to Zudor, nor did he fail to describe Caspar's inexplicable view of Maison's disappearance. When Gun came to Larriere's final bid for knowledge of Pitiez Moi, as he called it, and his admission that he must have the information immediately, X sat back with a look of grim interest in his face.

"By Jove, Gun, I believe you've stumbled on to something so preposterous that the F.O. and the wise blokes refused to credit the story."

Under his well-controlled emotions it was easy to see that the old man was thoroughly roused.

"I'd like to hear more of this. You will, too, if it is what I suspect. It means your leaving for Drynfen to-night. You say Caspar is still in Paris?"

"He was when I left."

"He may manage to put it off."

"Put what off?" Gun inquired.

"Put off the meeting. D'you think he suspects you of any interest beyond the finding of Maison?"

"I think he knows that I'm not acting on my own, but I don't imagine he thinks I know anything of any meeting, unless he guesses that I have seen Larriere."

"That's not likely, is it, after last night?"

"No."

"But then he must realise," X broke in, "through Maison's disappearance, that he has drawn the limelight on to the Pitiez Moi, which he meant to keep for this secret meeting. I can't follow the man at all. From what he told me I gather that Maison's disappearance was organised by Werner to prevent his patent being spied upon." X looked grave. "Maison was after something bigger than Werner's gun."

"It was a gun, then?"

"Zudor's plans, which arrived to-day by bag, those you took last night, were plans which had been turned down by the Admiralty nine months ago—probably for the same reason as the French. They were too inconclusive, and the man refused to show the original machine. Now you have discovered that Werner is himself busy with Zudor, it means that probably Zudor's anti-aircraft gun is Werner's gun, and that's at Drynfen."

Gun remembered the drumming that he had first heard in his sleep. Then the carbon brush. X was speaking again, deliberately thinking it out as he pressed forward his conclusions.

"Somehow, the French must have known that this meeting and delivery of secret papers was to be staged at the same place where the gun had been constructed. When they discovered this, their object was to find out where from Zudor. Larriere told you he was found drunk. That was one method of making him speak. It must have failed, but they had learnt something of Pitiez Moi. No, Gun, I don't believe it was this gun Maison was after. It was the Treaty, the fact that we underground beggars have heard whispers of, and that the big noises refused to believe. Maison's stuffed bugbear, someone called it."

"What Treaty is this?" Gun asked.

X had put down his cigar. It lay forgotten on his plate.

"I suppose you realise, Cotton, for five years we learnt what war could be with modern inventions. Most of us came out of it with the feeling that it must never happen again. That feeling is represented by Geneva; but there were other nations who had only tasted the sweet savor of power, and they have not been idle since those days. There are certain blood centres where they breed war. You have heard people talk of the Yellow Peril, you have heard threats of Jehad, when the whole Mohammedan world will turn on the Western Infidels. Well, if I know anything, this Treaty is far more formidable than that."

"Where are these breeding-grounds of war?"

"Japan, China, Afghanistan, Arabia, Persia, Turkey, Oriental races, Cotton; each of these nations is developing as much on European lines as possible. Japan on American lines. But all are hurrying to acquire Western civilisation before they are prepared for it, and their chief interest in becoming Westernised is to have the trained armies and machines of war to keep them independent."

"And this Treaty?"

"If such a thing exists, it is a Treaty that will unite the southern half of Asia in one long frontier. We have heard stories of this, but it has been hard to believe. The idea that these people of different religions and nationalities might agree had always been rather questionable, but lately they have been finding their feet. They are realising the power they might be. Modernised Japan, China with 400,000,000 inhabitants. Afghanistan, the buffer state, Persia, rapidly developing, and then Turkey with Kemal. Very disturbing, Cotton. The programme may never develop, but it is the first indication of a common object in view that has come from the East."

The two men sat silent. Gun was draw-

ing at his cigar, and each man was wondering how this possible Treaty was to affect their actions for the moment. If this Treaty, this amazing Treaty, really existed, why should it be brought to England? Gun put the question to X.

"I can't tell you that. I can only suggest reasons. This strange pact between the Oriental nations would hardly be in the interests of Russia, and what little we do know about it leads us to believe that it is anti-Soviet. Supposing that this is so, then Russia might be interested that England should have full knowledge of the Treaty, and France also, so that the European nations might in some way either become embroiled with the East in war, or peacefully try to break up so formidable and sinister an alliance. To inform the British Government of such a scheme, Russia would have to choose a man carefully. Someone not too anxious to question their motives, and someone who would be trusted by the Cabinet. It might be that Russia did not want to be implicated in it, so that they must employ someone who would keep the Soviet out of the discussion."

X lit a cigar carefully.

"Who better than Caspar?" he said softly. "Caspar knows what is coming to him from Russia, but he is too clever to risk being found in possession of the Treaty before he has seen the Government. He cannot risk it. He has too much respect for our seaport intelligence. There's not much Caspar doesn't know; so he arranges to have the papers delivered to him at the Pitiez Moi. I'd like to see that Treaty, Cotton. We ought to have a look at it."

"But what's the use of that," Gun said, "if we know it's going to the right Service, and we know they'll get the information? Why interfere? If Caspar kept it to himself that would be a different matter, but for all we know he may be playing the game."

"That's all right, Cotton," X said slowly, "but I hate the idea of treaties of this sort going the round of the Cabinet. Things have a way of leaking out through Government offices." He winked at Gun. "Besides, the fact that the French are so anxious to see the Treaty suggests to me that there may be something more to interest us than we already guess. When the French are anxious in these days, it usually means one thing, with a capital I."

"Italy," Gun murmured.

"ITALY," X repeated. "If Italy's interested, which God forbid, the French would represent it as a violation of the Locarno pact. Things might become uncomfortable here in Europe."

"But surely Italy would never enter into an arrangement of that sort?"

"My dear Cotton," X said, "I do not wish to imply that the Treaty would necessarily be aimed at any one Power, so that Italy might feel justified, if it was to improve their trade relations, to enter into a secret agreement with the Eastern Powers. Italy is an ambitious country, and peace begins only when ambition ends."

"I gather you want me to get these papers?"

X nodded.

"It's not going to be easy."

"No, it won't be," X replied. "I'll send Cazleton down to you, so that it will be just you two. If you can manage it I'll be very obliged. If you can't, that's an end of it."



"All right," Gun said. "I'll try definitely."

"Good, and, before I forget, the police have been in touch with that American friend of yours; he's making himself useful."

Gun's thoughts were elsewhere. He was thinking of Werner, and whether he would be there.

"Where does Werner come into this X?"

"That's what you've got to find out my boy. He's the unknown quantity. I can't see what his game is at all."

"When do you want me to go down?"

"To-night," X replied. "I'll get busy on the telephone while you get some clothes together."

GUN slept in the Daimler until the chauffeur woke him to inquire the turning into Drynfen. It was twelve o'clock, with a full moon shining on the old village. Gun directed him past the church, then down the little winding lane that would bring them to Panmeadow Cottage. Lights were showing brightly from the windows, and as Gun made his way up the path in the fragrant night the door opened and Old Lady showed him quickly into the drawing-room.

Both girls were seated on the sofa. Toni seemed paler to Gun than when he had last seen her, and as he took her small, firm hand in his, he guessed that the strain was beginning to tell on her.

"Hello, Gun!" Corinne said quietly. "We all thank you so much for the flowers."

"I hope your journey was successful," Toni said, taking his coat from him and looking across at him seriously.

"I can't tell you really whether it was or not," Gun answered, "but one thing I'm quite sure of, that your father will be back with you to-morrow."

A look of deep relief spread over Toni's face. "I'm sure it's thanks to you, Gun," she said.

They heard the sound of the Daimler backing and running down the lane.

"There's supper for you, Gun," Toni said, "waiting in the dining-room. We thought you might be hungry."

"Not at present," Gun replied, "but I might be later. What I'd like now is a bicycle." He explained that he wanted to have a look round the inn before the morning.

"Take you down in the car," Corinne said.

"I don't want to be noticed."

"We could leave it at the station."

"I'd like to come, Gun," Toni said, with shining eyes.

As they drove off Gun looked back to see Corinne's slim figure in white standing by the garden gate. "I should like to have come," she had whispered, "only I couldn't help much."

As they took the road that led to the Pitty Me, the mist was lying low on the fens. Above, the starry sky was clear and luminous, but just skirting the sodden ground a line of flimsy white stretched out, enveloping the countryside in its clammy grip. Gun realised that under cover of the haze they would be able to approach the inn, which otherwise they could hardly have risked doing.

A faint light was showing from the inn. Slowly they approached the dark pile that loomed up on their left, keeping to the side of the road to deaden the sound of their footsteps. Gun whispered to Toni that she was to stand at the corner of the inn beside the road; then,

keeping well to the wall, he moved forward to the lighted window. The blind was pulled well over, but through a crack he could see the landlord's back turned towards the window. He was bending over something at the far end of the room. As far as Gun could see, the man was alone. Once he stood upright with his head on one side, as if listening. Then Gun noticed that the table in the centre was laid for supper. At that moment Grood turned and faced the window.

Gun bent his head quickly. The window was slightly open and he could hear the sound of glasses. When he looked up Grood was standing by the fireplace reading what looked to be a telegram. But it was not the telegram that interested Gun; it was the sight he had of a tray laid ready just as he had seen it once before—Maison's food. That meant that Maison was still safe, that he was still somewhere in the neighborhood.

Suddenly the front door was flung open and a dark figure stepped out on to the road. Gun had barely time to crouch under the shadow of the wall. Coming out of the light he probably failed to see Gun, for at that moment he turned, and in the light his features were revealed. Gun saw with a sense of relief that it was the idiot; the parrot perched on his shoulder, and the light from its eyes shone evilly in the darkness. The boy mumbled something, then moved back into the inn.

IT had been a lucky thing that he had not been seen, and it reminded Gun that he was risking discovery if he remained there any longer. The door had been shut again, and Gun slipped back to the corner of the inn where Toni awaited him.

"Quick, Gun!"

Slipping her cool hand in his, she suddenly drew him back into the yard. They were not a moment too soon, for now the dull orange fog-light of a car appeared out of the mist.

"I thought I heard them," Toni whispered. "I was coming over for you when you came back just in time."

The car had stopped and they could hear someone going into the inn, then a voice—Caspar's—saying:

"To-morrow, Werner."

The car slipped into gear and Gun knew that Werner had been dropped and Caspar was proceeding to Epmead. They could hear Werner's voice raised in anger; then the door banged and all was quiet again.

They waited thus in silence for quite ten minutes. Then in the silence of the night a sound came, thrilling Gun in spite of his expectancy—the dull, dumb-like drumming. Now, as Toni's hand lightly held his, the sound seemed to be coming from beneath them and yet away from them.

"It's across the road," Toni whispered. Swiftly she crossed the road, with Gun behind her.

"It's louder," Gun said.

"It's in the fen," she answered. "I can lead you there, I believe. How long will it last?"

"I can't tell you, but ten minutes, at least."

"We must hurry then." With unerring instinct she led him on to the path; the one, it seemed to him, that Werner had first shown him. They seemed to be moving diagonally across the front of the inn, and already the light behind them was swallowed up in the mist.

The drumming was still in their ears, louder now, and the sound was less hol-

low; there was a metallic ring, steel-like, and less flexible.

Toni hesitated, then stopped abruptly. They had come to the turning of which Gun remembered Werner had warned him. To the left the path ran on to the swollen dyke that surrounded Caspar's place; to the right, an old path, disused and dangerous.

Gun could see from Toni's attitude that she was listening. The sound of drumming was still before them, and it seemed to him that it was slowing up.

Suddenly she seemed to have made up her mind, for, lighting the torch she carried, she examined the ground.

"We must risk it, Gun."

The drumming had died away now, and only the sound of gurgling water was to be heard, and every now and then the hollow sound of suction.

Suddenly Toni stopped. "Look!" she cried.

A few yards away from them they could see the gray form of a concrete platform. It appeared to be three levels evenly divided, with a ledge that ran round the sides. As they moved nearer Gun could see that it was concrete, and in its form it reminded him of a German block-house sunk up to its roof in the mud. They were near enough now to see that there were openings facing the sky with iron bars across two of them.

"It's the emplacement!" Gun cried. Then out of the darkness a voice called. "Who's that?" and Gun knew that it must be Maison, for Toni had run forward, and he could see her kneeling on the circular roof and talking down into one of the openings.

He left her there for a few minutes. When he came near, she was crying.

"That you, Cotton?"

"It's thanks to Toni we found you."

"My heavens, Cotton, what a position to be in. I feel I've been here for weeks—what's the date?"

Gun told him.

"Then it's to-morrow night..."

"We know, Maison." Hurriedly Gun told him what had happened since his disappearance.

"You know more than I do, then. Speak low; I'm expecting my grub any minute. There's a passage that leads from here to the inn. Can you imagine anything so damnably medieval?"

"Half this block-house is Werner's gun patent?"

"Yes, of course it is, and the devil of a big dynamo, too," Maison replied.

"You've not been too bright in finding me. I thought you were going to be too late."

"Sorry," Gun said quietly.

"Oh, I didn't mean that, Cotton, only it's been the deuce waiting here and realising that I could do nothing. X is right; it's the Eastern business, or I've made a fool of myself for nothing. I understood your message on the tray, and I can't tell you what a ray of sunshine it was. There's no hope of rescuing me out of here until to-morrow. Even if you had the chance, it might put them on their guard. I can't give you a hint about this damned gun, but it's one of the ray patents meant to stop the mag-neto of an aeroplane. Werner's mad, I think."

"He's a big flying man. I wish we knew his real name," Gun said thoughtfully.

"He's a sportsman," Maison replied. "who knows his job in the air."

"Where does the passage come out in the inn?" Gun whispered.



"Next door to your room, steps—down this alley. Listen!"

As Gun bent down with his head close to the grid, he could hear the hollow echo of footsteps making their way to the back-house.

"That's Good," Maison whispered. "Leave me now quickly, and for heaven's sake don't mess things up to-night," he muttered.

It took them twenty minutes to make their way back on to the road, then ten minutes to the car.

Gun drove the car back with Toni, her arm through his, close to him. Dawn was breaking; he turned the headlights out. He knew that Toni was full of happiness, but there was still plenty of trouble in store for them if things went wrong that night.

Under the porch at Panmeadow Cottage, Toni looked up at him with an expression of deep gratitude on her face, and to Gun it seemed that he had never seen eyes before so night-blue, nor lips so soft and inviting.

"It's so nice to have you here to-night," she said. "Back at Panmeadow." She sighed.

She showed him to his little room and left him thinking of her gentleness and charm.

Gun was tired after his journey from Paris, and all that had passed since then, but when he slept it was lightly, like a dog or a mother.

WHEN Gun awoke the curtains were being drawn in his room. Old Lady was smiling down at him, and his breakfast stood on a tray beside his bed.

"It's a lovely morning, Mr. Cotton." "I think so, too," he answered, for the sun was pouring into the room through a long casement window.

He found a little bathroom leading from his room, and splashed about in the sunny water until the rich chimes of a clock somewhere in the cottage sounded the hour of ten. He dressed extra carefully that morning, as a man will when he has something else to think about.

Downstairs in the hall he found Corinne.

"You're like me," he said, "you don't like early rising."

"I have always felt that the best hours in the morning are those you spend in your bath."

Corinne was carrying a long straw basket under her arm, and this she handed to Gun.

"Come on," she said. "Toni's waiting for us."

"But I've got to telephone."

"All right. You know where to find us."

Gun got through to X and told him how they had run Maison to earth, literally too, he explained. Charles had left London and would be with him in the late afternoon.

Gun left the telephone after promising to ring up X again if the necessity arose.

Prescott had returned from Paris after reporting Caspar's departure, and with him he had brought Gun's clothes. Also X warned him that Charles was in a bad temper over some ridiculous claim for expenses that he was making.

Gun hung up the receiver. Lighting a cigarette, he passed through the French windows into the garden.

It was time for Charles to put in an appearance; the amiable Charles was

going to have something to think about that evening. Gun could imagine his cursing when X had sent for him to follow down. He'd probably arranged to dine somewhere; probably even ordered the dinner. Then Gun's eyes rested on Corinne, and it occurred to him that Charles had probably been delighted that he had been ordered down; he had not arranged to dine anywhere, nor had he ordered the dinner. This was what any man might have realised. Gun decided, when he saw the slight flush of excitement on Corinne's cheek and the delightfully nonchalant manner in which she was reading the "Sketch" as though for all she knew or cared Charles was in Bloemfontein or even Magerfontein.

"That's a car," Toni said.

"No, it isn't, honey," Corinne replied.

"I thought I heard one."

"You only thought it, Toni."

And so they argued as people do argue on hearing an expected noise, until the question was definitely solved by the sound of Charles' high voice reviling the taxi-man. When he came into the cottage, he was followed by another man, and Gun was delighted to see that it was John Eagen.

"What brings you here, Eagen?" Gun cried.

"The C.I.D.," he answered, with a grim smile.

Charles was as debonaire and cheerful as usual, but after he had introduced Eagen to Toni and Corinne, he put his hand lightly on Gun's shoulder. "Let's have a talk in the garden before tea; we've lots to talk about."

"What's Eagen doing here?" Gun asked, when they were alone.

"He's here to give evidence for the police against persons unknown for the murder of Holden, the former landlord of the Pitty Me," Charles replied.

"That means we've got the police messing round as well."

"Hardly that," Charles said. "I don't think they know anything about our part of the show."

"Has X been in touch with them?"

"I imagine so, otherwise he would hardly have known that Eagen was travelling down with me."

Gun put him in possession of all the facts relating to the previous night.

"Why not hammer Maison out of that place, Gun?"

"Don't be such a fool, Charles. Our only hope of getting those papers is by letting them think that we know nothing about it."

"They know that Maison knows. That's why he's there. If he's out they know the story's out."

"It's too late for them to alter their plans."

"No, but they'd be better prepared for emergencies."

"Why couldn't X have had the parties watched? And one of his really smart people one hears so much about could have secured the papers on the train or the boat or something like that."

"There's a good reason for that, Gun. X thinks the papers are arriving by aeroplane."

Gun whistled softly.

"At night—that means landing in the dark?"

"I suppose so."

"There's some nerve behind this show, Charles."

Caspar's got his own plane there, so there must be some sort of landing ground."

"That may make it easier," Gun said.

"Is there no reason we can find for getting the police to round the whole gang up? Can't you run in the aeroplane man for landing?"

"Not if his papers are in order; we could delay him, of course. Then any papers on him would go to Scotland Yard and out of X's hands. That's what he wants to avoid."

"Well, X always gets what he wants in the end," Charles said.

"I hope he does this time, because I don't see how the deuce it's going to happen unless luck is on our side."

In the drawing-room they found Toni and Corinne. Eagen had gone off to the police station to consult with the Chief Constable, who had arrived from Arndock.

"We didn't call you in to tea," Toni said; "with all you've got to talk about we thought it better to leave you, but there's whisky over there," she added, pointing to a table by the piano.

Corinne played to them later, and after that they listened to the divine harmonies of Deilug's "Brigg Fair" on the gramophone. The wind had risen slightly, and Corinne shut the garden window as Old Lady came in with seasoned logs of wood to pile up on the fire. Gun opened his cigarette-case and extracted a cigarette, but instead of lighting it he laid it in an ash tray beside him unconsciously. An inspiration had crossed his mind which, gathering force, developed with such rapidity that the original cause was forgotten, and he was summoned to action. Quickly he rose from his chair.

"I'm taking a walk," he said.

"Take the car instead," Corinne said.

"Thanks," Gun answered, "I think I will."

"Want me?" Charles said.

"Not at present, Charles. You stay here with Toni and Corinne. I won't be long away."

There was a look of deep anxiety in Toni's eyes as he left the room.

"Where's he going?" she asked.

"To have a look round, probably. He may have some idea, and it's best to leave him to think it out himself. He's a funny fellow."

CHARLES was about to speak when the door opened and Old Lady entered.

"Mr. Werner has called to see you, Miss Toni. I showed him into the library. Are you at home?"

Toni looked at Charles. He nodded.

"Ask him to come in here, Old Lady."

A minute later Werner entered the room. He was pale-faced and nervous in his manner as he shook hands with them.

"I'm glad to see you, Werner," Charles said, and he meant it.

"I didn't expect to see you here," Werner replied with a slight smile.

"He is staying here for a few days with us."

Toni and Corinne had taken the cue from Charles, and Werner was made as welcome as though nothing was in the air.

"I have been in Paris," he said, looking at Charles. But if he expected Charles's face to betray his knowledge of this he was disappointed. The amiable Charles, with his imperturbable face, was pleasantly inexpressive.

"Did you see Cotton? He went over there."



"Yes. We met there more or less by chance."

Werner went over and sat by Toni.

There was a momentary pause.

"I really came to say good-bye, Toni—I may call you that?" Werner said quietly.

"You've always called me that, haven't you?"

"Perhaps I have," Werner said. "I've always thought of you like that."

"You're leaving Drynfen then?"

"Perhaps; I don't quite know yet."

"When do you think you may be going?" Toni asked.

"To-morrow or the day after. I'm going back to my own country for a time."

"To Holland?"

"No, to Germany."

"I always thought that you were Dutch."

"If I'd known you'd thought of me at all it would have given me pleasure. Knowing you has brought something into my life that never will be effaced."

As Werner spoke to her Toni's thoughts were all of Gun somewhere on the dreary road by the fens. . . Gun, tender and wayward and difficult.

Toni remaining silent, Werner continued: "When I am away, will you think of me a little?"

"A little, I expect," she answered.

He was unable to catch the true inflexion of her voice, to understand her reply. His mind—and it was typical of the man—was filled with two ideas and his visit with two objects: one to declare his love to Toni, and the other to discover whether she or her friends had learned their plans.

"If you'll be with Mr. Caspar to-night, we might run over and see you," Toni said gravely. She turned to Corinne, who had ceased playing, and she included her in her suggestion.

Werner's brain moved quickly. Was it his best policy to say "Yes, I shall be with Caspar," and thus ally suspicion, or should he pretend that he was leaving that night?

"I may be," he compromised. "I don't know for certain whether he will be back from Paris."

Toni knew that he was lying, and she felt her heart cold towards him as he smiled at her. A definite lie, when it is invited, leaves a feeling of terror in the heart that few actions can surpass.

NOW it was time for him to say good-bye and leave. As he shook hands with each one in turn he wondered what their thoughts of him might be. No one knew, but there might be strange doings that night. There was Caspar to be dealt with, and there was his own country to be served.

The taxi swung into the Market Place of Drynfen, almost blinded in the powerful headlights of a car. Passing the station platform was in darkness, and Werner wondered where the car in Drynfen had come from.

As he paid off the taxi at the inn Grood stood facing him in the doorway. Werner could see at a glance that he was white and trembling. In the light of the hall perspiration showed plainly on his forehead, and his fingers were running nervously up and down the lapels of his coat.

"What's the matter, Grood?"

The other led him upstairs with a motion of his finger to indicate silence. In Werner's room he turned, leaning

with his back to the door, smiling evilly at Werner.

"So you have double-crossed me, you swine," he snarled.

"What on earth are you talking about?"

Grood leaned forward, his eyes glittering, and all the time wetting his thumb with his tongue.

"We have a visitor to-night—yes, one who has been here many times, and he is interested in the parrot."

AS Werner stood watching Grood, his mind went back over the months that he had known him. The arrival at the inn, when the former landlord had been running the place; he had been there for a purpose. He had learned in Germany of the gun emplacement and block-house, cleverly concealed in the fens. During the war it had been responsible for much damage. It had proved on inspection to be the ideal place for his anti-aircraft invention, secure from intrusion and secure from the inquisitive French who haunted Germany with their agents. Then had followed the difficulty of carrying on his work without the knowledge of the people at the inn. That was the one objection to the place. In Germany he had heard of the secret passage running to the emplacement; he had realised in a short while that the landlord was himself unaware of this. Then one day he had met Caspar, and that gentleman had been accompanied by Grood. It was only later that Werner came to learn who Grood was. There had been the idiot. There had been perplexing problems how to carry on with his work. One wild, windy night he had been wandering through the marshes when he had seen, in front, Grood and the idiot on the narrow path moving forward. The cry, the muffled shout and the sound of squelching mud had followed. That night he returned to Drynfen, where he had been staying; there he awaited the news that was to come through from the fens. The inquiry followed, with no satisfactory results. The inn was sold, and, paying a visit there one day, he found that Grood, the man he had seen with Caspar, was the landlord; he had not been long in bringing Grood to heel. He knew too much of the former landlord's death than was healthy, and Grood fell into step with him. By this time he knew that Caspar had some object in securing the inn for his private use, and he knew that Grood was his man; also he surmised that it was for no good purpose, otherwise he could have bought the place in the open market.

The landlord's gruff voice brought his thoughts back to the present.

"You've double-crossed us."

"Us?"

"Yes, Caspar and me."

"Don't be a fool, Grood. I'd be cutting my own throat if I did."

"You deserve that, you swine!"

At that moment the door was quietly pushed open.

Grood stepped forward a pace, and Caspar stood in the doorway.

"I heard what you said, Grood," Caspar lisped. "Keep your head, fool, unless you want to hang by it." Then, turning to Werner, with a cold look in his eye, he asked: "Do you know anything about this, Werner?"

"Is it likely I do? It's as annoying to me as it is to you, I presume, especially if he stays here long?"

"Is he staying, Grood?" Caspar asked.

"I don't know. At present he has a drink in the sitting-room. He has no luggage, but he may be staying for supper."

Caspar swore softly. "This is that confounded Cotton's doing, and yours, you fool," he said, turning on Grood, "not having the sense to burn the visitors' book."

"Don't forget, Caspar, if it hadn't been for wanting to lock up Maison there would have been no inquiries and no Cotton."

"That's easy to say now, but how was I to know that Maison was being followed about by a lot of tame keepers?"

"It was a bad move on your part."

"It's no good saying that now. In any case, I can justify what I did when I present my papers to the Cabinet to-morrow."

Caspar signalled them to be silent. In the room below they could hear the fire being poked up.

"He's probably going in a few minutes. In any case it wouldn't do any good, if the fellow's been throwing his suspicions around, for me to be found here."

"Found by whom, Caspar?"

"By the police," Caspar replied.

"No," Grood sneered, "we must always remember to keep the respectability of Mr. Caspar, M.P., above suspicion."

CASPAR looked coldly at the man. "It's your only chance if the police did get busy."

"They would learn who had put the money up for me to buy this house. That would be interesting; and for what purpose?" Grood whispered, his head thrust forward and his eyes glittering. "And then there's you," he continued, pointing a long, dirty finger at Werner, "you and your infernal machine. We're all in it, each one holding on to the other to save ourselves from being . . . sacked under."

Werner watched Caspar and Grood with interest. In his opinion Caspar was a mere bungler using a blunt tool in Grood. The U.S.S.R. had been foolish to believe that he was the man to approach with the copy of the Treaty. Already their man must be in the air, and Caspar seemed completely oblivious to the fact that half Europe knew of the existence of the pact, and one Power at least was aware of where the pact was to be landed. He would have liked to bargain with Caspar for the Treaty.

"When is Maison to be released?" he inquired.

Caspar looked up quickly.

"At eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, unless I hear to the contrary."

"If you do, send word."

"It will be by telephone to Epmead, then by messenger here."

"Will you be going to London to-night?"

"To-night or very early to-morrow morning."

"How?"

"My dear Werner, you're full of questions to-night. If you want to know, my car is broken down, so that I may go by air."

"In my plane?"

"No, in a friend's," Caspar replied with a sly smile.

As they stood silent for a moment, each man busy with his thoughts, each man charged with suspicions against the other, a bell echoed up from the hall.

For a moment Grood stood still, hesitating. "That's him," he said, "the sitting-room."

"Go on, then, Grood," Caspar said. "You're running the place."

"If you like I'll go," Werner broke in. "I may learn something from this interfering American."

"In that case," Caspar said, "I shan't be seeing you before to-morrow. Remember."



ber that your secret"—and he nodded his head towards the fern—"that secret of yours," he continued, "will be safe with me. And after Maisson's release I can satisfy them that Maisson's suspicions are unfounded. You can do a great deal with this power that I shall have in my hands."

"Do not over-estimate your power, Caspar. It may betray us."

Caspar looked sharply at Werner as though he had read some threat behind the other's words of warning.

Once more the bell sounded through the inn. With another casual glance at the others, Werner left the room. In the hall everything was quiet, but he saw Kapax standing in his usual place in the shadow by the old bar. He signalled him to retire to the kitchen, but the fellow merely stared vacantly and put up his hand to protect the parrot from harm.

He found Eagen seated at the fire when he entered. It was the first time the two had met, and Werner introduced himself with that direct manner at which it was difficult to take offence.

"I've taken the liberty of answering your summons," he said. "I've never had the pleasure of meeting you before."

"That's so, I guess."

"I was coming here in Holden's time."

"So was I."

"Then I continued coming here when this man took on."

"So I see," Eagen replied.

"I liked Holden, and it was a great shock to me when I returned here and heard of his death," Werner continued.

"You weren't here at the time, then?"

"No. I was not. Now, what I wanted to say was this, Mr. . . . ?"

"Eagen's my name."

"Well, Mr. Eagen, we're both foreigners in this country—guests of the country, you might say—and, to get quickly to the point, is it quite . . . what they call here playing the game? to suspect without reason and to show your suspicions, prying against the present landlord here for something connected with poor Holden's death?"

EAGEN was about to speak, but the other held up his hand.

"Hear me out, Mr. Eagen. I am here because it suits me. I admit I preferred Holden in every way, but I see no reason why that should influence me to a form of mental bullying that you have apparently inflicted on this wretched Grood."

"You're an excellent counsel, Mr. Werner."

"No, not counsel. No one is on trial here. I am merely a friendly interloper whom you will probably see in Jerusalem for his pains," Werner spoke with a pleasant smile, watching the other carefully.

"Supposing I do have my suspicions, what can it matter to Grood if they are not justified?"

"I was not discussing their justification."

"Another point you made, Mr. Werner: you said that we were both guests in this country. I agree, but surely that is no reason to withhold information which might lead to the arrest of an Englishman—one of our hosts, you'd say," Eagen added with a smile.

Eagen was anxious to bring the interview to a close now before he lost ground.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Eagen. I didn't wish

to be brought into a deep argument on these things. All I saw was an apparently innocent man being made miserable through another man's irrepressible curiosity; that's all, and I was sorry for him."

"In that case, I'm sorry to have offended you in suspecting him."

"Shall you be staying to supper, Mr. Eagen?"

"At present I'm staying to get warm. It's a cold night, Mr. Werner," the American answered.

"Well, I can guarantee you'll make someone feel warmer when you've listened to what I've got to say. It's a message."

"A short one, I hope?"

"Short enough for you to remember, and one for your friends."

Outside in the dimly lighted hall Grood was bending forward, listening at the door. There was an evil glitter in his eye and a twisted smile on his lips.

"All set, Gun," it was Charles' voice as he watched Gun pulling his coat off.

"An upset," Gun replied.

"What's happened?"

"Well, it's not so much what's happened; it's not knowing what's happening."

Gun exclaimed, throwing himself into an easy chair. "Eagen's down at the inn there; that's something to do with the C.I.D. probably. He'd take the hint and clear out if we wanted, but do we want, and what do we want?"

"You're in a quandary, Gun," Charles exclaimed.

"I'm in nothing so vulgar. I'll admit I've been in a quagmire, but that was to see Maisson. Where are Toni and Corinne?"

Charles pointed his cigarette-holder upwards.

"We can make up our minds that Caspar's foreign gentleman with the papers is coming by air. Maisson thinks so, too. I've been up to Epmead and past the Pitty Me. Everything was quiet enough at the inn, unless Eagen makes a rough-house there. I went along to Epmead to find out whether the fellow was coming by aeroplane or seaplane. Make a bit of a difference to us."

As Gun thought of Eagen there on his own, his mind went back to the inn as he had seen it for the first time on his arrival, bleak and inhospitable, with the wind in the ferns and the wild sunset behind the willows.

"There's going to be no trouble at the Pitty Me, then?" Charles said.

"I don't really think so."

"But what about this wonderful gun of Werner's? Is it any good, and what's it supposed to do?"

"Heaven knows! Maisson knows nothing except that the dynamo keeps him awake at nights."

"I say," Charles exclaimed, screwing his eyeglass tighter, "ought we to have done something about it?"

"We might have done, but it would have meant going through the inn."

"We might have blown it up."

"What! With Maisson in the other section? No, there's nothing we could have done without warning Caspar. There's no doubt," Gun continued, "that Caspar would have put off to-night if he'd been able."

"Caspar looks harmless enough. He was extraordinarily nice to me."

Gun lit a cigarette slowly. "He's all right, I suppose . . . no worse than a sharp business man; but I don't know, Charles. . . . Is he so harmless? He's got a lot to lose if things go wrong to-

night for him; he's got to explain away Maisson."

"So has Werner."

"He's got to explain Grood. If the police get busy on our friend, Caspar may not be so harmless when he's got so much to harm him."

"And Werner . . . ?"

"Ah, Werner!" Gun said, with a laugh.

"Now, there you have something interesting. X called him the pilot fish, and Caspar was the shark; what if the pilot fish leads the shark into a hooked bait?"

"Is Werner going to stand by while Caspar takes all the spoils?"

"What about Germany, Charles? A flying man like Werner—"

Gun held out his Russian cigarette-case with its red and blue knotted wick hanging. The case was made in colored gold, and Charles watched it, fascinated, as it caught the light from the wood fire.

"Take one," Gun said; "then I'll tell you what I want you to do."

CHARLES lit his

cigarette, and Gun watched him till he had put his lighter away.

"To start with, the girls are out of this."

"Quite!"

"You and I make our way along to the back of the inn and straight across on to the edge of the road that leads to Epmead. We daren't risk the fen path. We've got to try to get to the house without being seen. They may be on the lookout for us, or we may be lucky. When we get to the house, we wait there until our friend from foreign parts lands. Then we attack him."

"And Toni and Corinne?"

"Can't come—definitely."

At that moment the two girls came into the room.

"I heard what you said," Corinne said, looking at Gun with annoyance in her eyes. "We're not to come."

"That's right, Corinne," he answered, as cheerfully as possible.

"You don't want Toni to know what's happening to her father there?"

"She can take my word for it that he will be safe."

"We might be useful, Gun; you never know," Toni said.

"I'm often wrong, Toni, but I'm always certain."

Which remark made Charles laugh, because it was Gun's way of slipping out of things like that. He would leave people wondering when he was completely mystified himself.

After dinner there was still an hour before the time at which Gun had made up his mind they were to start. Caspar's guest was to be a midnight arrival, and it wouldn't do to be found round the place before they could bring matters to a head.

Charles and Corinne had gone in the Chrysler to get petrol from the garage on the Arndock road.

"You're quite domesticated, Toni," Gun said, as she lit his cigar for him.

"You mean I'm not exciting?"

"I don't mean that at all. There's too much excitement in your eyes for that, and firelight, too," he said.

A silence. Gun watched her profile as she gazed into the burning logs. Her cheeks were flushed, and he noticed the



black lashes that fringed her eyes, long, and turning up.

"You can come with us to-night, Toni, if you wish to."

She turned to him, her eyes soft with dreaming.

"I want to, Gun," she answered quietly, and she spoke as though her mind had always been made up that way.

"Have you thought much about marriage, Toni?"

"Yes, quite a lot. You see, I've so many friends who've been unhappily married; it seems very difficult. It's easy to be in love once with a man, but to be a success a girl must fall in love twice, once with the man she is going to marry and then with the husband that she has married."

There were new sides to Toni constantly showing themselves, unfolding naturally as he came to know her better; in this new light, with her philosophy of life thought out, he found her as attractive as she was when he found her lost in some dreamland of her own.

She slipped quickly to her feet, her slim figure nymph-like and graceful.

There was a little music in her faint laughter.

As she stood there in the middle of the room, laughing, they heard the sound of Corinne's car at the gate.

Charles was first to enter.

"Put more lights on, I say!" he exclaimed. "I can't see a thing." He peered forward, holding his eyeglass in his eye.

"I see you've lost one headlight," Gun said, pulling his sleeve.

"I don't mind you pulling my leg, but I do object to you pulling my suit," Charles said, with dignity.

Then Gun laughed, and the more Charles tried to silence him, the more he laughed.

Gradually Gun's laugh fell to a chuckle, and then they saw that his eyes were on the door. John Eagen stood in the doorway, his felt hat in his hand. The three people in the room noticed at the same moment that there was a serious look on his face.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said to Gun.

"Not at all, but Charles makes me laugh more than anyone I know. It's something about the fellow."

Eagen stepped into the room and closed the door behind him. "I can talk in front of these ladies?" he asked, with a quiet look at Gun, who nodded assent. "Then I've got a message from Werner."

"A pleasant one, we hope," Charles said.

"Well, it's to the point, and it shows he's got something on you boys somehow."

"Let's hear it," Gun said.

"Werner wants you, Cotton, to know that he met you once before. You may have forgotten him, but he doubts if you have forgotten the occasion."

Gun looked puzzled.

"He was known in the War as Haskerlinden—Manfred von Richtofen's man."

Gun nodded.

"The circus manager, we called him."

"Well?" Gun said sharply.

"He wanted me to remind you that the last time you met he came out on top, and as you had been lucky enough to survive, he did not think you would risk any further encounter with him, on land or in the air, but if you did, you were to expect the same result."

As he did not expect to see you again, he asked you to remember him to his friends, Eddie Rickenbacker, William Bishop and Rene Fenck if they have lived through the peace."

There was a silence. Charles watched the look of grim amusement on Gun's face.

"That's very civil of him."

Then the grimness went, and Gun turned to Charles. "Do you know," he said, with a smile, "I'd like to meet Haskerlinden again."

Then, as he left the room, he called to Eagen:

"Thanks for bringing the message along. It's done me a power of good."

In the room below, Toni turned to Charles. "Does he really want to meet this man again, now he knows who he is?"

"I'm quite sure he does," Charles said, wiping his eyeglass with his handkerchief. "You see, until he met Haskerlinden in the air, Gun was known as Ace High."

GUN crouched, with Charles behind him, in the bushes of Epinead garden. It was a moonlight night and the stars were shining brilliantly in a luminous sky. They had made their way carefully to Epinead by way of the back of the inn. Eagen had returned to the inn and at an arranged signal he had met them in the backyard. Here they learned that Werner was still there and that Grood had left the inn.

In the darkness a few yards away a man stood. His back was turned to them. He turned towards them and Gun made a spring at him. In a moment they were rolling on the ground together. Then Charles saw Gun's arm upraised; the hilt of the shining automatic came down on the man's head, and he ceased to struggle.

"Rough-house number one!" Gun panted, as he drew a bundle of rope from his pocket.

They tied the man up securely, and carried him some distance from the drive, where they secured him to a tree and gagged his mouth. He was still breathing heavily.

"That was lucky," Gun whispered. "Firstly that he was not looking our way, and secondly, that he made no noise. Keep close to me now, Charles. I worked this out this evening."

They were gradually making their way round the house now until Charles could recognise the dark angle jutting out to the left—the west wing.

Gun pulled Charles quickly down beside him behind a clump of bushes by the house. At the same moment a figure passed them, walking quietly in the grass. They saw him move forward, then stop for an instant. Charles was ready to leap at him and deal with him, as Gun had with the first man on the bridge, but, apparently satisfied, the figure moved forward and they saw him disappear into the gloom of the landing ground.

"That's two," Gun whispered. "I hope to heavens that he won't go round looking for the other fellow."

Slowly and carefully they made their way round the house. Here Gun whispered they would remain for a little. It was 11.30 by the luminous watch on his wrist. From their position they were hidden from the open by a balustrade behind which they were crouch-

ing. This was approached by steps from the lawn which led up to a glass door into the house.

By this time their eyes were accustomed to the light and their ears attuned to the eerie sounds of the wind in the trees and its thousand accompaniments.

Suddenly Gun put his hand softly on Charles' knee. Someone was close to them, approaching the far side of the balustrade. Charles could see nothing of that side, but Gun was looking directly over his shoulder. Some silent figure was nearing the house. The next moment Charles felt the man's presence; he could hear the soft tread mounting the steps behind him. The man was breathing evenly and he saw that Gun remained motionless.

Suddenly a light appeared in the house and a door was opened. They could hear a voice—Caspar's voice. The light from the house flooded the steps and terrace, but they were well in the shadow of the balustrade.

"You're expected," Caspar said. "I always expect my friends." There was a note of concern in the quiet voice. The man on the steps passed in without a word and the door was closed.

Charles wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Put that white handkerchief away, my amiable Charles. We seem to be in the thick of things to-night. And not too quick with that!"

Charles was holding his automatic, and he felt Gun's cool hand on his.

In the grim silence that followed each man wondered what was taking place in the house. The wind through the ivy behind them caused an uncanny sighing about the house.

"There's plenty of wind up there," Gun said. "Not a head wind, either. He ought to be over in good time. It's well after twelve." A note of anxiousness crept into his voice.

The wind stirred gently round them. Suddenly Gun sat upright, his head on one side.

Far away over the sea they could hear a dull faint droning, like a bee in summer-time. The sound was carried to them in gusts, but second by second it became louder until, far above them, they could distinguish the mark of an aeroplane.

CASPAR, seated at a low desk in his smoking-room, was reading something by the light on his table; the rest of the room was in darkness. Every few minutes he glanced impatiently at the clock, his white, podgy fingers beating a tattoo on the edge of the table.

Caspar looked up again at the clock; it was twelve. In an hour from now he would be on his way to London, with his future in his pocket. He rang the bell. "Bring champagne and other drinks," he said, as the butler stood awaiting his instructions.

A few minutes passed while Caspar watched the clock. The drinks were brought in by the soft-footed manservant.

As the door closed Caspar rose from his chair, and, pulling aside a heavy curtain, looked out. Had there been anyone in the room his sudden intake of breath might have been heard. His mind made up quickly, he opened the glass door that led out to the garden.



"Come in," he called, "you're expected. I always expect my friends."

A dark figure wrapped up in a great-coat stumbled into the room.

"What are you doing, Grood?" Caspar said. "I can't have you hanging round just at this time."

The man opened his coat collar, and his face showed pale and gaunt as he peered down at Caspar.

"There's going to be trouble at the Pity Me."

"Don't come telling me those tales."

"It's true; the police are to be there to-night."

"How do you know?"

"Kapax told me he overheard the American speaking to Miss Maisson."

"Miss Maisson's at the inn?"

"Yes, and a lady friend."

"No sign of Mr. Cotton?"

There was a crafty look in Grood's face as he answered: "No sign of Mr. Cotton, sir."

"Where's Mr. Werner?"

IN the strange pause that followed both men could hear the dismal sound of the wind sweeping past the house.

"Mr. Werner is not at the inn; of course, he may be at . . ."

The man hesitated.

"I know. All right, Grood, get back there and don't be afraid; they've got nothing on us, and I'll stand by you."

Caspar was listening. Suddenly he heard the sound he had waited for for so long.

"Leave me now, Grood, by the front door, please. By the way, did you see Marks at the drive gate?"

"No, sir; there was no one there."

"That's strange," Caspar muttered.

The next moment Grood had left and Caspar was opening the door to admit his guest. No word was spoken until the man had thrown off a heavy fur coat. In his hand he carried a despatch-case.

"I heard you arriving."

"That is not surprising. We travel in a powerful plane."

"You do not travel alone?"

"Oh, no. A glassy smile passed over the man's fallow features. His eyes were dark and oily, and Caspar noticed that his dark hair was trained over his bald head.

"I am Hueffer Caspar. Pray be seated."

"Thank you," the man replied. "I am Smovensky, see! There is no need for you to know. But how am I to know that you are Hueffer Caspar? I must make certain, see! My masters instructed me to ask you how you would make use of these papers."

"Your masters already know that."

"My masters instructed me to ask you how you would make use of these papers?" the man repeated in a low voice.

"They will be delivered to the Prime Minister to-morrow."

"You mean the text?"

"I do not mean the text."

The man laughed softly on a low note.

"There are things that your Government will sign first."

"Then you are not standing by our agreements."

"I know nothing about agreements. Do you imagine that my country will hand you all this information with nothing in return, see?" he smiled. "No, no, Mr. Caspar."

"You may be wasting your time, Monsieur Smovensky. My Government will

sign nothing that could possibly be of advantage to you. I should also like to point out that unless my country knows about this Eastern Pact, then your Soviet will have little hope of breaking it up yourselves; it is a menace to you."

"It may also be a menace to Europe. You do not know the latest addition to the signatories, Monsieur Caspar; what your Government may not agree to the French will—"

Caspar realised with dismay the interest that the French might now have in the Pact.

"What will these terms be?"

Caspar was utterly opposed to violence, but he wished now that he had not trusted these people; he might have known that they would cheat him.

"Our terms are here, and the Treaty, too," the man said, tapping the case on his knee with his well-manicured fingers. He must have seen something in Caspar's eyes, for he drew back slightly in his chair, with a laugh.

"We must not become disorderly, see!"

"How do I know that what you have with you is genuine?"

"You will not long be in doubt." The man was running his white hands over and along the edge of the case lovingly; with his shoulders raised he was smiling at Caspar.

"See!" he whispered; "you do not offer me some wine!"

Caspar rose and walked over to the table on which the drinks stood. "Champagne, whisky, brandy."

"Champagne, and sweet, please, see."

Caspar poured his guest a glassful, then one for himself.

"I drink to a better understanding with you."

The two men clinked glasses together, but when they looked up Gun Cotton was standing beside them.

"Will you introduce me, Caspar?"

Gun said with a slight laugh.

"Let me present—Mr. Cotton—Mr. Smovensky."

Gun admired Caspar's composure. For one second he had looked surprised, but he recovered himself immediately, and it was with the greatest calmness that he effected the introduction.

The Russian looked quickly and suspiciously at Caspar, but the other's imperturbability reassured him.

"I am among friends?"

"Who else would you be among in my house?" Caspar said, but it was typical of him that he was wondering, not so much how Gun had entered, as how much he had heard.

Gun looked from one to the other. He was uncertain what his next move would be, but he was determined not to leave the room without the papers in his possession.

Caspar was at a loss to understand Cotton's attitude. Was he there to gain the papers for his own use or was he a Government man? From the date of his arrival at the Pity Me, he had realised that in kidnapping Maisson they had touched some hidden organisation which by this time Caspar knew must be the Secret Service.

Gun laid his hand casually on the despatch-case.

"These papers are for Mr. Caspar to hand over to the Government."

"On terms," the other replied.

"Surely the terms are constituted by

the benefit that would accrue to your Government from the knowledge that you had imparted."

"Call these terms if you like; there are conditions as well."

"You are determined to insist on these conditions."

"You know them?"

"I suspect them."

Gun had moved round towards the door leading into the garden.

"A very obstinate friend, this of yours, Caspar. You ought to have made more certain of him before getting him over to England."

Caspar watched Gun with interest. There was a smile on his face now and a look of adventure in his eyes.

The Russian looked up, smiling.

"I have no authority to deal with anyone except Monsieur Caspar. I only speak to you now because he is present in the room, and, what is more, I withdraw none of the conditions."

"Well, my friend," Gun said lightly, "as you refuse to withdraw any of the conditions, and as you have not the authority to do so, I must ask you—not as a friend, of course—he smiled—"but as a Government official, to show me your passport and British visa, see?"

For one second the Russian stood impassive, then with the quickness of long practice his hand went to his pocket. Gun leaned forward, catching his wrist in a grip of steel.

"Not that pocket," he said.

Caspar could hear the Russian curse softly under his breath. The silence was broken. Werner was standing in the doorway, a revolver in his hand.

"I'd like to see you all with your hands above your heads," he said grimly.

FOR one instant everyone stood silent and motionless. Quickly Werner said:

"Put them up! I mean it."

As Gun moved his hands up slowly he laughed, quietly at first, then louder.

The Russian looked at him bewildered.

"Stop that, Cotton!" Werner cried; but nothing would check Gun's laugh now. It rose and fell until even Caspar was smiling faintly.

The more discomfited the Russian looked, the more Gun laughed; the more annoyed Werner looked, the higher the laugh rose, until the room vibrated with its droll cadence, irresistible and uncontrollable.

"You have so much to laugh about perhaps you will allow us into the joke," Werner sneered.

"Over your shoulder!" Gun shouted.

Werner turned. Charles' pale face, with one hand at his eyeglass, was peering fatuously at him.

As Werner turned, like a flash Gun let fly with his automatic at the solitary standard lamp on Caspar's desk. The same instant the room was plunged in darkness. There was a cry, then muttered curses. Each man, Gun knew, was staggering forward, stumbling, to the centre of the room.

In the confusion, Gun slipped quietly through the garden door behind him. Outside the first coming of dawn was throwing a pale, ghostly light over the garden. Figures were appearing from the bushes on the right; Gun hurried forward to his left. Moving quickly from



tree to tree, he hastened towards the waiting aeroplane. As it took shape out of the gloom, a man appeared from behind it. There was no time for explanations. Gun caught him a blow under the chin; the full weight of his body was behind it, and the man stumbled back, then fell. Gun knew that the fellow was still sensible. He saw the man groping for his pistol as he leapt for the cockpit. Gun knew the model. He'd seen one at the Montreal Aircraft Exhibition. In a second he was seated, feeling for the starting button. . . . The engine burst into life with a roar that deafened everything around him. As Gun moved forward bullets were singing over his head. Quickly he turned the plane into the wind and taxied forward in a series of spine-jarring bumps. Shots were still following him over his head, then one ricocheted harmlessly off the fuselage. As he glanced quickly over his shoulder he saw that lights were showing all over the house. Above the roar of the engine he seemed to hear shouting voices.

Gun lifted the plane steadily. He must get used to her gradually. She rose smoothly off the ground and he corrected a wing drop as she caught a sudden gust of wind. Quickly his hands found the switch to the electric indicator board. Automatically his eye ran over the temperature and petrol gauges; then he noticed for the first time with a thrill that she was armed—a machine gun! He had made off with a fully equipped fighting machine.

He opened his engine out. As he roared upwards he wondered how he had been lucky enough to get away with it.

After hearing Caspar's conversation with the Russian, it was obvious that he was too cunning to carry the papers with him. Gun realised with a shock how much he had banked on that being so. Supposing they weren't in the machine?

Leveling her at 2000 feet he swung round in his seat to search the plane for what he wanted. As he turned his head round he pulled back with an exclamation. A goggled face was peering at him from the rear cockpit. The goggles were raised, and he saw a pair of laughing eyes looking into his.

"How the deuce did you get there, Toni?" Gun signalled to her to put on her ear-phones. "How the deuce did you get there, Toni?" he repeated.

"I guessed what was going to happen, so I climbed in and hid while the other man was busy round the house." There was a faint sound of laughter.

"You were taking a big chance, Toni." "Not really, Gun. You see, I had a feeling about it."

He banked off to south-south-west. Shutting out even the roar of the engine through his ear-phones he could hear Toni's voice telling him the contents of a bag which she had found in the plane.

"We've got what we wanted, Toni, and other interesting things, too."

Then he heard her voice say very softly: "Hurrah!"

At the moment of Toni's "Hurrah!" some sixth sense made him look back and up into the sky. High above him he saw an aeroplane outlined; he cut out his motor and listened. As he did so, the other shut off, and far above them they heard the sinister clatter of a machine gun.

"That's Werner. Don't worry, Toni,

it's probably bluff." Gun looked up again. He could see now that the other plane was painted blue. She was gliding down now in a sweeping circle. Suddenly he saw with a thrill that her tail was red, with a black cross in a white square—the old sign of the Cirkus Richthofen.

Gun laughed softly. He was getting the old kick out of it again. Toni saw that he was looking up like a wild dog scenting adventure. He was manoeuvring for position in case Werner was not bluffing.

The first indication they had of Werner's intentions was a long stream of licking tracer bullets.

There were two things that Gun felt sure of with his aeroplane, two important things: horse-power and strength of construction. As far as her manoeuvring ability went, he felt fairly confident.

Werner was still some way off, but he was gaining on them. Gun had to make up his mind whether to climb and lose the distance or to keep straight on at the same elevation.

THEY were doing one hundred now. Werner was approaching slowly; he must be a little more powerful, but the aeroplanes were fairly evenly matched, and Gun wondered whether Werner's machine could risk a long spiral dive with a quick pull at the end of it. Gun's plane was climbing 5000 up. Looking over the side, he saw that they were over the land now. The mist had cleared below, and they could see the patchwork pattern of fields. To the left a seaport town showed up.

He looked back. Werner had levelled off and was nearer than before; then he was lost in a cloud. Gun pulled back the stick, and the aeroplane, straining in the wind, rose unsteadily, gained confidence and zoomed upwards.

He was not left in doubt long about Werner's intentions. A stream of tracer bullets flashed past over him and he knew that it was Werner's declaration of war to the death.

A neat hole appeared suddenly in the side of the cockpit, and Gun knew the fight had begun. Gripping the stick, he eased it back to his body gently, kicking over the rudder. The plane zoomed upward again.

"Keep down, Toni! His shooting's improving."

Gun thumbed the trigger—backwards and forwards, then up and down, twisting, diving, banking, then climbing for position. The tracers whipped between them, ripping the air with their deadly whine.

Gun was playing for altitude before Werner could get on his tail again. He could see Werner now; he was manoeuvring for position. Gun felt the old thrill of battle returning to him. The color was in his cheeks and his lips were smiling easily as he levelled off.

"Don't worry, Toni. I remember all the old Richthofen tricks."

His altimeter showed 12,000 feet, and he banked off westward. He could see the blue plane climbing rapidly. He let off a stream of screeching tracers. The blue plane was zooming up; the next moment he was lost in a cloud. Gun banked sharply to the south, opening out his engine as he climbed. Suddenly he looked up to see Werner ricocheting down on to him in a screaming dive. A burst of tracers spread on all sides of him. Gun saw that he had just climbed out of danger.

Gun dived his plane sharply. As he

did so he heard the crack of Werner's gun following him. The wind whistled through the flying wires. He was diving straight, with the earth coming up to meet him at a hundred and fifty miles an hour. For 1000 feet he kept her in the dive. The rattle of Werner's machine gun was behind him . . . just what he wanted. Another 200 feet to drop.

Then Toni's voice: "We're crashing."

"All right, it's all right."

Kicking the left rudder he jerked her into a vertical line, then levelled her off. Werner had been on his tail. Below him, Gun saw the plane bank sharply. Werner was coming up to meet him. Gun dived. Werner's plane was in his sight; he was coming straight up to him.

Gun felt a hot streak across his cheek. Werner's gun was blazing at him. His bullets were tearing the wing covering to shreds behind him. It was a question of his nerve or Werner's. He was diving straight at the plane. Suddenly he saw Werner jerking at his controls. It was too late. With a terrific burst of fire Gun saw he had put him out of control.

Werner pulled savagely at his stick to avoid Gun's deadly attack. His numb fingers loosened their control on the stick. Something red-hot, jabbing fire, had torn across his chest. He could no longer bend. Suddenly there was a terrible drumming in his ears. He tried to swallow to deaden the sound. He could hardly breathe. His plane was out of control. Cotton had got him. He was going to his end at a terrific speed. He knew that by the shrieking of the wind, the deafening roar of the engine; the earth was coming up to meet him at two hundred miles an hour. The plane was twisting and turning, wing over wing. He could see the fields now, brown and green, clearer and nearer; everything showed in detail. Something was burning—a flame. Then suddenly, far away, he saw a blue light, and someone was knocking nails into a bench, slower and . . .

Gun heard Toni's voice—"Ace high." The words were like a whisper on the wind.

He answered, but the note of triumph had left his voice.

Gun leant over the cockpit and watched, fascinated, as the blue plane swung into a deadly spin. Far away below them they saw flashing on a dark piece of ground a burning cross, and Toni was saying:

"Oh, Gun! You see—the cross! The danger's not over."

"You're all right, Toni?"

"Yes," she answered, but there was a slight hesitation in the voice. "I'm shot in the shoulder, I think."

But Gun hardly heard her, for he had just made a sinister discovery. His control stick was out of action. They might continue at the same elevation until the petrol gave out unless they bumped into trouble. Gun bent down to try to find the trouble, but it was obviously nothing that he could fix himself. Something had been shot away. They were 8000 feet up by the altimeter and heading south-south-west by the compass. The plane was bumping heavily now. He looked back. Toni seemed to be watching him expectantly. He climbed back into the cockpit with her.



"Toni, will you . . . ?" Gun held up his parachute.

In a moment she seemed to understand. She nodded.

Then Gun helped her into the harness. She must have looked down. For one second there was a frightened look in her eyes, then she smiled. Gun slipped on his own chute and strapped the canvas bag round his body.

In her riding breeches, she seemed so light and gentle as he helped her on to the wing. The plane was swaying and Gun clutched a strut to support her.

"When you come to earth, cut the chute away from you," he said, slipping a knife into her pocket, "otherwise you'll get your clothes terribly torn."

His words gave her confidence. Here he was talking about torn clothes when she had to jump into 8000 feet of space! Gun had not spoken to her of her wound again. He knew that the pain would come with the reaction. The wind was tearing through the wings and whining past them.

"Now, Toni . . ." He showed her how to crouch down, then throw herself backwards. "Don't look down, Toni! Look back and up at me."

"Oh, Gun!" he heard her say; then, with a little cry, she let go his hand and he saw her falling back into space.

As Gun watched the wind catch the silk and tauten it, he realised suddenly that the plane was falling into a nose dive. He jumped. He felt himself tumbling head first into the air.

As he floated down Gun could see the wreck of the aeroplane lying in a neighboring field. He wondered whether Toni had been badly hurt by the kick of the chute as it opened. He closed his eyes. His head was throbbing. He put his hand up; it was wet. As he came down he remembered he had given Toni the knife for the string. Slowly he pulled on the guides until he lowered himself to the ground easily.

Someone came running forward. Gun turned to speak.

"The young lady's been taken on a car, sir. Here, let me help you, sir," for Gun had fallen in his arms.

Someone had come up in a car, and Gun found himself seated beside the driver.

A chauffeur hurried up to Gun. "You were with the young lady?"

"Is she all right?"

"She's coming to," the man replied. "She's been calling for a gun and crying, but she's coming to."

Gun found her in the back of a large closed car, lying huddled up along the back seat. Her face was white, relieved only by the soft red mouth, and her eyes were shut.

The chauffeur drove them to the nearest cottage hospital.

After they had carried her in, she regained consciousness slowly. Her eyes lit up for a moment as she saw Gun beside her, then she must have fallen back into unconsciousness, for her eyes were closed, and when Gun spoke to her there was no answer.

"I don't think the wound is serious."

"Can you move her?" Gun said.

"Where to?"

"Drynfen."

"That's sixty miles. It's a long way, even by ambulance. Would she be happier at home?"

Gun nodded.

"Very well, then."

"Can I travel with her?" Gun asked.

But the doctor shook his head. "Not till I've had a look at your troubles. Lie down here, please."

WHEN Gun woke up he learnt that he had slept for three hours. Toni, he heard, had been taken to Panmeadow Cottage in an ambulance.

Gun slipped quickly into his clothes. To the astonishment of the Sister when she came into the room, he announced that he was leaving for London. Could he hire a car? She said she thought not; besides, he was not well enough to.

Gun cut her kindly advice short. He wanted to telephone to Panmeadow to hear news of Toni. After long delay he got through, but Toni had not answered. Maison was out on the Arndock road to meet the ambulance. It was Old Lady's voice, with a ring of anxiety in it. She asked no questions, and Gun blessed her as she promised to telephone to his flat in London. Gun found out whose car had brought them to the hospital, and a few minutes later the owner promised him the car for the drive to London.

Gun slept on the way up, with the black bag clasped tightly under his arm. At the flat he undressed and slipped into a hot bath. Richards had prepared everything for him with his usual quiet efficiency. He had rung up X, who would call round to see Gun. As Gun watched Richards laying the warm towel over the chair and straightening the bath mat, he wondered what his thoughts were. He had not questioned Gun with so much as an uplift of his eyebrows.

"What suit will you be wearing to-day?"

Gun was spared this momentous decision, for at that moment the bell rang and the man went to admit X.

"I receive you in my bath, like a Roman," Gun said as X seated himself comfortably. "I'm just going under the shower. There's something on the table in the next room that may interest you. I'll be with you in five minutes."

He dressed quickly and strolled into the sitting-room. There were two men there, whereas he had only expected to find one—Robert Glass, his doctor, was the second.

"Richards rang me up to come along," the doctor said.

Gun's tall friend dressed the wound in his head, and it was typical of him that he should ask no question. Gun was grateful to him for this.

X was deeply engrossed in the contents of the black bag. Occasionally he would whistle between his teeth, a habit he had when he was interested. As X turned over the papers Gun's thoughts turped to Toni. Her eyes had been the last to see them; her hands had been the last to touch them. Taking up one of the pages he recognised a long word over which she had found difficulty.

He smiled. He was waiting now for the long-distance call that would give him news of her.

Breakfast awaited them in the dining-room, but X was still too much interested in the contents of the black bag to be disturbed. Gun ate ravenously. He hoped to speak to Charles. The amiable Charles had carried out his part to perfection.

"Over your shoulder, Werner." The old trick had done it, with Charles there to hold the man's glance long enough.

"Devouring this will satisfy my appetite," X said. "I can tell you, Cotton, you've not done badly in getting this."

"Useful, is it?" Gun inquired blandly.

"The man whose bag we've got here was a specimen of Soviet tradesman; and now I know why Larriere was after this man's bag."

"Why?" Gun asked disinterestedly, for his ears were waiting for the sound of the telephone ring.

"Morocco—my boy—Morocco—Maison was dead right. Japan, China, Afghanistan, Arabia, Turkey; but he didn't know about Morocco. With Morocco in the alliance they might have been powerful enough to force the French to withdraw. Thanks for this, Cotton."

Gun had never seen X so enthusiastic. "We've got to hush up this Werner business. I wonder whether his gun patent was merely a blind, or whether it was just luck that put him into Caspar's secret," Gun said.

"There was something more than luck in it, Cotton. Werner, on behalf of his Government, had been flying about, interesting himself in what will cause the next war."

Gun smiled. He was used to X's confidences.

"The Balkan States," Gun said.

"No, Cotton, the next war will be for one reason only and one word . . . Oil, my friend, oil. Werner first got wind of this Treaty in Persia."

X was always impressive.

"And Caspar?" Gun inquired.

"Oh, Caspar is the soul of indiscretion. We can't take any action against him that would do us any good," X replied thoughtfully.

"By the way, X, who was Zudor?"

"A Turk who was part inventor of an anti-aircraft gun that he had been hawking round the governments. I imagine the gun was more the excuse to have free access to different countries, for he knew lots about Turkey's part in the Eastern business," X answered, indicating the papers before him. "It was probably this man in the first case who gave Werner the information to work on against Caspar."

"Why didn't Larriere have me followed?"

"He did; he did better, as a matter of fact. He followed you himself. You remember I bundled you off to Drynfen the same night you came from Paris. You slipped him in Paris."

Gun laughed.

"He came here and we had a talk together. I told him that we expected him. I think he went away satisfied. I promised him that if we could help him we would, and we will, Cotton. As long as we can stick by France we ought to, and there are things here that it's their right to know; and others," X added, "quite private."

"Did he get on to Caspar?" Gun inquired.

"No, I don't see why he should link up Caspar with you."

"But Werner—"

"Werner slipped away. You know more about that than Larriere," X said with a wink of his eye. "You've got to make it up with Larriere. We might do him harm but we can keep him in his place now—he may be useful to us one day."

"There'll be an inquiry about Werner," Gun stated.

"If it goes too far, then it's self-defence, but you needn't worry about that."



"Are you going to clear up things at the Pity Me?"

"That's a job for the police," X replied. "Give me a cigar, will you? Thanks." He chuckled. "This is one up for Maison."

"Will it go to the Cabinet?"

"It'll go to the F.O. first."

Gun leapt from his chair as the telephone bell rang. It was Old Lady speaking again. Miss Toni had arrived, the doctors had seen her, and the specialist was leaving London to see her. The wound, it appeared, had proved more serious than it was at first supposed. The doctors were worried. Toni had asked for him and Mr. Maison would welcome him there. That was enough for Gun. Shouting for Richards to bring round the Rolls, Gun hurried to his room, where he threw clothes from his cupboard into a suit-case.

"I'll know where to get you, Cotton, if I want you."

"You know where I'll be," Gun answered, "but I am in no hurry for more work for a bit."

"Run along, then. Best wishes to Maison and a speedy recovery to the little lady."

Twenty minutes later he drew up the car at the side of the lane a quarter of a mile from Panmadow. Toni might be sleeping and the slightest noise might wake her. Leaving his bag in the car, Gun ran to the house, hatless. Maison met him at the door, a quiet, pale-faced Maison with a look of fear in his eyes. Gripping Gun's hand, he led him into the room where Gun had spent so many happy hours.

"Specialist's car, that one outside?" Gun nodded to the gate.

"He's examining her now," Maison said. Each man was speaking in a whisper. "It's worse than we thought, Gun."

Gun started to explain things that were cutting into his conscience.

"Don't say a word, Gun. I know what happened. Nothing would have prevented it. We've only got to think about getting her well again now. Sit down. We'll hear the specialist's report in a few minutes," Maison indicated a chair. "Sooner stand, thanks," Gun said.

THE minutes seemed to drag wearily by. At last the door opened and Sir Percy, the great surgeon, came in. He was followed by Corinne and the two doctors. Maison seemed to brace himself up, then gently he motioned them to chairs.

"How's Toni? Let's have it frankly," Maison said.

Gun watched the specialist's pale blue eyes flicker slightly.

"Your girl's got to be operated on immediately—that's with your permission."

"My permission?" Maison said with a faint look of bewilderment.

"I'm afraid it's a dangerous operation, Maison."

"Are you sure?"

"I couldn't be more certain," Sir Percy replied with a kindly look in his eyes. "The nurses are preparing the large room for the operation, and I think that now she is conscious you should spend a few minutes with her. Anyone she would care to see for a few minutes?"

Sir Percy laid his hand lightly on Maison's shoulder.

"Are you sure?" repeated Maison, a look of entreaty in his eyes.

"Near the heart, Maison; as near as she is to yours."

Maison left the room and Corinne came up to Gun. There was a misty light in her eyes. Gun found the words difficult to speak. He wanted to know whether she'd pull through. She must pull through. He found himself helpless and useless in the moment of this great uncertainty.

"She wants to see you, Gun. She knows the risk and everything. She seems to understand and she wants you, Gun."

Pale and misty-eyed, Corinne led Gun past Maison in the hall and up the stairs to Toni's room. Quietly she opened the door. For a second he stood in the doorway. Then he heard her low musical voice.

"Ace high."

Corinne had shut the door behind him and he stepped lightly to her bedside.

Then a small cry, "Your head, Gun."

"It's only a graze, Toni. It looks a lot with this bandage, but it's only for a day."

She smiled with a relieved expression. "Corinne's put a chair there for you, Gun."

There was a smile in the dark blue eyes as she looked up at him.

"I'm sorry I've brought you this worry," she said. "It was all my fault."

"Toni, don't say things like that. I loved you for taking that chance with me."

"Will you love me for taking this other chance?"

And he knew she was thinking of the approaching operation.

"But this one's got to be all alone," she said softly.

There was the little note of sadness in her voice again.

"Toni, I love you."

"Since when?"

"Eternity," Gun whispered.

"Is a few minutes eternity to you, my Gun?"

"Ever since I met you I've loved you, Toni."

"Why didn't you tell me then?" she sighed.

"I don't think I realised."

"I loved you quickly, my Gun: much quicker than I thought it was possible to love anyone—I think I would have waited for ever for you."

"You're not afraid, Toni, of what's coming?" Gun asked quietly.

"I'm not afraid with you," she answered.

"You were mine when I said that last when we were waiting for the aeroplane, you remember, but you didn't know it. You didn't know that you were mine. I've nothing to be afraid of."

He bent over tenderly and kissed the soft red lips.

"I'd love to have my arms to hold you tight, my Gun. Bring my mirror here, Gun," she said, indicating a side-table.

"Hold it close to me, Gun. Hold it steady," she said.

"Oh." There was a little laugh with a suggestion of disappointment in the exclamation.

"What is it, Toni?"

"Nothing, dear. Except I thought after that I'd look different somehow. I feel so different."

As she turned Gun saw that she had suddenly become serious.

A gentle tap sounded on the door. A nurse was by his side.

"Good-bye, my Gun," she whispered.

"Only till to-night, my Toni."

"To-night's a million years. How soft your eyes are, and so misty. Kiss me again. You'll be thinking of me?"

Gun nodded silently.

"I'm not afraid . . . not with you thinking of me, Gun."

There was a slight tremor on her lips as Gun kissed her, and then he kissed her eyes, her forehead, her mouth again, and in her ears he whispered mad, haunting words of love that left her starry-eyed and brave.

As he looked back at her she turned her head slightly on the pillow and followed him with her eyes.

"One, two, three," he murmured.

"Ace high," she whispered.

MAISON was in his room. Gun passed through the smoking-room, his aching head forgotten in the anxiety of the moment.

Quietly he seated himself, leaning forward in the chair. Time dragged slowly by in silence—silence like a humming swarm of bees.

He covered his face with his hands to shut out the vision that was haunting his mind, the picture of Toni smiling and encouraging him, when death was standing at her elbow and near her heart. Slowly the hours passed until the velvet curtain of night was sweeping across the windows.

Gun jumped to his feet. There was a movement upstairs. He hurried to the half-open door, and the sickly smell of ether was in the air. Dared he go up? Where was Corinne? Charles stood by him.

"Touch and go, Gun."

His hand was on his shoulder. There was no touch and go with the best surgeon. He felt Charles' friendly grip on his arm.

"Steady, Gun."

The doctors were coming down, their eyes were tired, and Gun spoke quickly and humbly to one. His words passed unnoticed. Somewhere a tap was running.

"There's a basin overflowing," Gun whispered, but no one seemed to hear him.

He was at the foot of the stairs.

Suddenly he saw Corinne; she was beckoning to him. He hurried up to her side. He wanted to shout his questions to her, but in that house of whispers he held his breath. Her eyes were dim, like a half-closed book. She caught his sleeve and led him to the room where Toni had been. Opening the door, he stepped forward with melancholy hesitation. Conflicting thoughts were rushing through his brain. The room was dark. Gun held his breath. The world was on tip-toes in the stillness that precedes great things. Then, chasing away the shadows from his mind, a low, soft voice fell sweetly on his ear.

"Ace . . . high . . . my Gun," Toni whispered.

Over the fens evening was mantling the skies in broad red spirals sweeping to the winds and running before the approaching night.

#### THE END.

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.)

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